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REV. CALVIN COLTON.

MR. COLTON is a man of very decided abilities, voluminous and various in their manifestation, and assiduously cultivated during a long life, in which he has never failed of the curiosity, ambition, and industry of a learner. The untiring freshness and hopefulness of his spirit is shown by his undertaking the study of the French language not more than three or four years ago, and obtaining such a mastery of it as to read with delight its most abstruse authors, and to preach in it with fluency and even with eloquence. It is characteristic of him that he is always earnest, and that he considers whatever he has to do worthy of his best abilities, so that in writing of theology, economy, polity, or manners, he arrays in order for each particular subject all the forces of his understanding, and makes its discussion their measure and illustration He has been in an eminent degree devoted to literature as a profession, and although he has produced works which may be deemed unfortunate in design or defective in execution, it must be admitted that he is entitled to a highly respectable position as a thinker and as a writer, and that in opinion and in affairs he has exercised a steady and large influence.

He was born in Long Meadow, Massachusetts, graduated at Yale College in 1812, studied divinity at Andover, and in 1815 took orders in the Presbyterian church. For several years he was settled in the village of Batavia in western New-York, but his voice

failing in 1826, he became a contributor to several of the principal periodicals occupied with religion and learning, and in the summer of 1831, after an extended tour through the western states and territories, proceeded to London, as a correspondent of the New-York Observer.

In England, he led a life of remarkable literary activity. In 1832 he published a *Manual for Emigrants to America*, which had a large sale among the middling classes; and *The History and Character of American Revivals of Religion*, of which there were two or three editions. In 1833, in a volume entitled *The Americans, by an American in London*, he replied, with an unanswerable display of facts, to the libels on this country by British travellers and reviewers; and published *The American Cottager*, a religious narrative, *A Tour of the American Lakes and among the Indians of the North-West Territory*, in two volumes, and *Church and State in America*, a vindication of the religious character of the country and the voluntary principle for the support of religion, in reply to the Bishop of London, who had endeavored to show that the United States were going back to paganism because the church was not here connected with the state.

Returning to New-York, in 1835, he published *Four Years in Great Britain*, in two volumes, which were soon after reprinted, with some additions, in a more popular form. In 1836 he gave to the public anonymously, *Protestant Jesuitism*, a criticism of the constitution, extreme opinion, and unwise action of many of the benevolent and religious societies; and having taken orders in the Episcopal church, *Thoughts on the Religious State of the Country, and Reasons for preferring Episcopacy*, a work which was much read and the cause of much critical observation in Great Britain as well as in the United States.

From that time Mr. Colton has written very little on any subject intimately connected with religion, but directing his attention to public affairs, has been as conspicuous in the state as he was previously in the church. In 1838 he published *Abolition, a Sedition*, and *Abolition and Colonization Contrasted*, in which he contended with equal earnestness and ability that the entire subject of slavery is beyond the limits of the proper action of the national government, and that there is no justification of its discussion, except in the states where slavery is established, or for the wise and really philanthropic purpose of promoting African Colonization. In 1839 he again took up the argument of our social relations with Great Britain, in a work written in Philadelphia, but published in London, under the title of *A Voice from America to England, by an American Gentleman*. The plan was judicious: it was not so much to express opinions as to state facts which should compel opinions in the adverse audience he addressed. While mainly defensive, he was at the same time bravely critical. He contended that in its constitution our government was republican and not democratic, but that the extraordinary force of public opinion among us has made it democratic in fact. A large portion of the work was devoted to the several ecclesiastical polities existing here, which he treated with singular freedom and originality, so that the frequent impertinences of ignorant laymen and obtrusively-meddling women, in the affairs of churches, rendering the clerical profession humiliating and difficult to a person of manly character and cultivation, were stated without any hesitation or attempt at concealment. The entire performance is still attractive for frequent sound observation upon institutions, judicious criticism of manners, happy illustration, and good humor, and its opportune appearance was advantageous to the best fame of the country.

In 1840 he made a more distinct and powerful impression than ever before, by the publication of *The Crisis of the Country, American Jacobinism*, and *One Presidential Term*, a series of tracts under the name of "Junius," which were circulated in all the states by thousands and hundreds of thousands, and were supposed to have had great influence in the overthrow of the democratic administration. In 1842 he edited at Washington a paper called *The True Whig*, and in 1843 and 1844 he brought out a second series, embracing ten publications, still more popular than the first, of the *Junius Tracts*.

In the autumn of the latter year, when the fortunes of the whig party seemed to be entirely broken, when full half the nation felt a personal grief for the defeat of a leader, added to the mortification of political discomfiture, Mr. Colton determined to write the life of the chief he had followed with unwavering admiration and unfaltering activity. Casting aside all other cares, so that his every thought might be given to the work until its completion, he set out for Kentucky, where he was sure of the friendly assistance of Mr. Clay in whatever concerned the investigation of facts. In November, 1844, he reached Lexington, where Mr. Clay laid open to him the stores of his correspondence, and the documentary history of his career. The work was finished in the spring of 1846, and published in two large octavos; and so great was the demand for it, that the first impression of five thousand copies was sold in six months. It is unquestionably an able performance, and from the circumstances under which it was composed and the conclusiveness of some of its arguments it is probable that it will always be regarded as a valuable portion of the material for contemporary political history; but, it appears to me very unequal in execution, and signally unfortunate in design, if considered either as a biography or a history. For the subjective ra-

ther than the chronological arrangement of the facts in it there is however this defence, that it rendered the work much more easy of citation, and therefore more valuable as a magazine for partisan controversy. The influence it obtained may be illustrated by reference to a single point: for a quarter of a century the staple of declamation against Mr. Clay, the opposition which thrice cost him the presidency, was his supposed bargain with John Quincy Adams; but since the appearance of Mr. Colton's exposition of this subject any person in an intelligent society would forfeit the consideration given to a gentleman who should repeat the charge.

For several years the attention of Mr. Colton had been more and more attracted to the literature and philosophy of political economy. In 1846 he printed his first work in which it is formally treated, *The Rights of Labor*, in which he asserted, illustrated, and with unanswerable logic vindicated the American doctrine of the privileges and dignity of Industry; and in 1848 he gave to the world his last and most important work, *Public Economy for the United States*. From the formation of the first system of society the subjects embraced in this production have employed the most powerful intellects of all nations. But though illustrated by the liveliest genius and the profoundest reflection, they have not until recently assumed even the forms of science. We cannot tell what formulæ of economical truth passed from existence in the lost books of Aristotle. The father of the peripatetic philosophy undoubtedly brought to public economics the severe method which enabled him to construct so much of the everlasting science of which the history goes back to his times; but whatever direction he gave to the subject, by the investigation of its ulti ate principles and their phenomena, his ·ccessors, and the writers upon it since the evival of learning, have generally been gui d by empirical laws, which in an especial degree have obtained in regard to the economy of commerce. Scarcely any of the literature or reflection upon the subject has gone behind the bold hypotheses of free trade theorists, which have been as unsubstantial as the fanciful systems of the universe swept from existence by the demonstrations of Newton. Not only have economical systems generally been made up of unproven hypotheses, but they have rarely evinced any such clear apprehension and constructive ability as are essential in the formation and statement of principles; and down to the chaos of Mr. Mills's last essay there is scarcely a volume on political economy which rewards the wearied attention with any more than a vague understanding of the shadowy design that existed in the author's brain.

In the eminently original and scientific work of Mr. Colton we see economy subjected to fundamental and ultimate methods of investigation of which the results have a mathematical certainty. We have new facts, new reasonings, new deductions; and if the paramount ideas are not altogether original, they are discovered by original processes, and their previous existence is but an illustration of the truth that the instinctive perspicacity of the common mind often surpasses the logical faculty in recognizing laws before they are discovered from elements and relations. Mr. Colton has not rejected the title "*political* economy" because he proposed to enter a different field, or because the subject and argument have no relation to politics, but chiefly because the term has been so much abused in the rude agitation of what are commonly called politics, that he does not think it comports with the dignity of the theme; and the second part of his title is adopted from a conviction that the economical principles of states *are to be deduced from their separate experience and adapted to their individual condition*. The task which he proposed to himself is, the exhibition of the merits of the protective and free trade systems as they apply to the United States. He expresses at the outset his opinion that the settlement of the question is one of the most desirable, and will be one of the most important results which remain to be achieved in the progress of the country; and we can assure him that the accomplishment of it will be rewarded by the best approval of these times, and an enduring name. The second chapter of his work is a statement of the new points which it embraces. By new points he does not mean that all thus described are entirely original, though many of them are so; but that on account of the importance of the places he has assigned them as compared with those they occupy in other works of the kind, they are entitled to be presented as new. Many of them involve fundamental and pervading principles that have not hitherto appeared in speculations on the subject, but which are destined to an important influence in its discussion. Some of the most prominent are, that public economy is the application of knowledge, derived from experience, to given positions, interests and institutions, for the increase of wealth; that it has never been reduced to a science, and that the propositions of which it has been for the most part composed, down to this time, are empirical; that protective duties in the United States are not taxes, and that a protective system rescues the country from a system of foreign taxation; that popular education is a fundamental element of public economy; that freedom is a thing of commercial value, and that the history of freedom for all time, shows it to be identical with protection.

Recently the renewal of his voice has enabled Mr. Colton to devote more attention to the favorite pursuit of his life, and he is a very frequent preacher, in French or English. He resides in New-York.

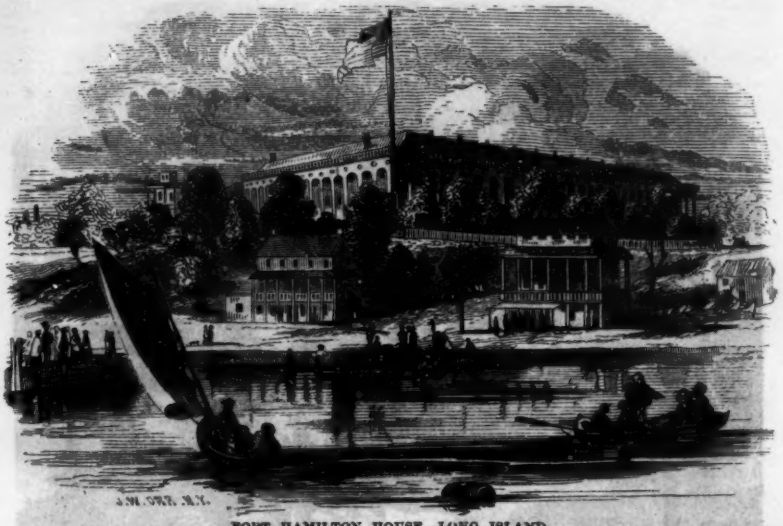
THE YOUNG MARRIED GENTLEMAN WHO "COULD N'T POSSIBLY GO TO THE SPRINGS."

A GLANCE AT THE WATERING PLACES.

ALL the gay world of the cities, and even of the villages and country homes, who can do so, by the first of August are "going," or "gone," as Mr. John Keese says of a last invoice, to the watering places, and other summer resorts, which serve as fairs for the disposal of valueless time and "remainders" of marriageable daughters. With the crowds intent on speculation are a few invalids, a few students of human nature, and the common proportion of mere lookers-on, who have no purpose but to be amused. Times have changed, manners have changed, since Paulding gave us his *Mirror for Travellers*, though Saratoga still maintains the ascendency she was then acquiring, and for certain inalienable natural advantages is likely to do so for a part at least of every season.

New-York is the grand rendezvous: once settled in our hotels, the splendid Astor, the comfortable American, the busy Irving, the gay New-York, or the quiet Union Place or Clarendon, the stranger has little desire to go further, until the last and imperative demands of Fashion compel him to abandon the study of those noble institutions we described in the last *International*, and to forego the observation of those great public works in which the energy of our rich men has flowered, or those appointments of Providence which render New-York a rival of Dublin, Naples, or Constantinople, in scenic magnificence.

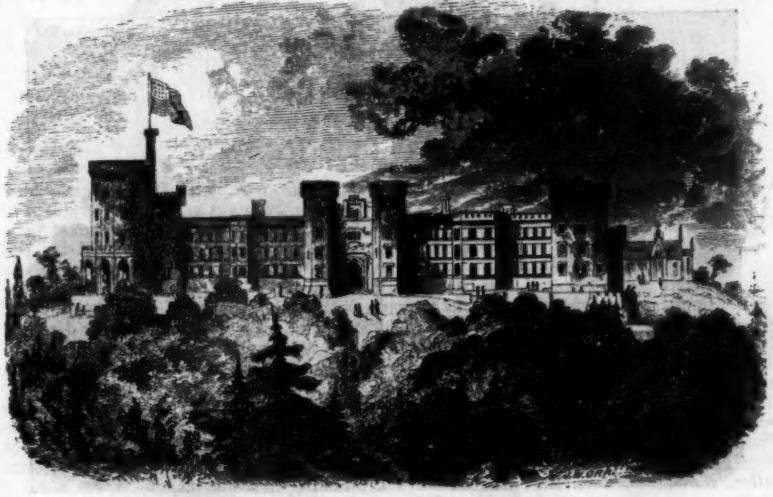
Many indeed who come from distant parts



FORT HAMILTON HOUSE, LONG ISLAND.

of the country, linger all summer in the vicinity of the city, in the hottest days quitting Broadway for a sail or drive, to the Bath House, Rockaway, Coney Island, New Brighton, Long Branch, or Fort Hamilton, where they dine, or perhaps stay over night. At Fort Hamilton, indeed, Mr. Clapp is apt to keep those who venture into his hotel, with its luxurious tables, pleasant rooms, cool breezes from the ocean, and fair sights in all directions, for a much longer time; and every one of these places, in the hot months, has attractions that would make a visitor at the Spas of France, Germany, or Italy, could he wake in them, think he had eluded the watchful guard St. Peter keeps at the gateway of another retirement, to the which, it may be feared, the gay world has far less anxiety to go.

Ascending the Hudson, from the social metropolis of this continent, to which all "capitals" of states or nations, from Patagonia to Greenland, are in some way subject and tributary, the traveller finds the palace in which he rides, continually near embowered pavilions for the public, and clusters of private residences, which but add to their enjoyable-



PROPOSED SUMMER HOTEL AT THE HIGHLANDS OF NEVERSINK.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

ness. Cozzens's Hotel at West Point, is perhaps as well known as any house of the same class in the world, and its picturesque situation, as well as the admirable manner in which it is kept, will preserve for it a place in the list of favorite resorts. The Catskill Mountain House, in the midst of grand and peculiar scenery, on the verge of a rock two thousand and five hundred feet above the Hudson —seen with its various fleets at a distance from the long colonnade—is thronged even more than West Point. There are other pleasant houses on the river, and many turn from its various points to visit newer or less crowded places than Saratoga along the lines of the western railroads, as Trenton Falls, Sharon Springs, or Avon, or further still, the towns by the borders of the great lakes.

Saratoga is now for several weeks the gayest scene of all. At the United States Hotel,

HOTEL AT TRENTON FALLS.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

with its fine grounds, are the leaders of fashion; at Congress Hall, with its clean and quiet rooms and unsurpassed *cuisine*, are representatives of the substantial families that have had grandfathers, and in the dozen or twenty smaller houses about the village are "all sorts and conditions of men," and eke of women. With drives, dinners, flirtations, drinking of drinks, and, once in a long while, imbibitions of a little congress water, all goes merry as a marriage bell—except with ladies of uncertain ages who are disappointed of that blessed music—until the Grand Ball gives signal for departure to other places.

THE NOTCH HOUSE, WHITE MOUNTAINS.

From Saratoga parties go northward to Lake George, (for which region, of the most romantic beauty, they should be prepared by a perusal of Dudley Bean's admirable sketch of its revolutionary history;) and down the Champlain toward Montreal, whence they return by way of the Ontario and Niagara Falls (where our engraver Orr's *Pictorial Guide Book* is indispensable to the best enjoyment), or go through the glorious hills of northern Vermont and New Hampshire to the White Mountains. All the last grand region has been most truthfully and effectively represented in a small folio volume of drawings from nature, by Isaac Sprague, described by William Oakes, and published in Boston by Crosby & Nichols. We commend the book to summer tourists.

NIAGARA FALLS.

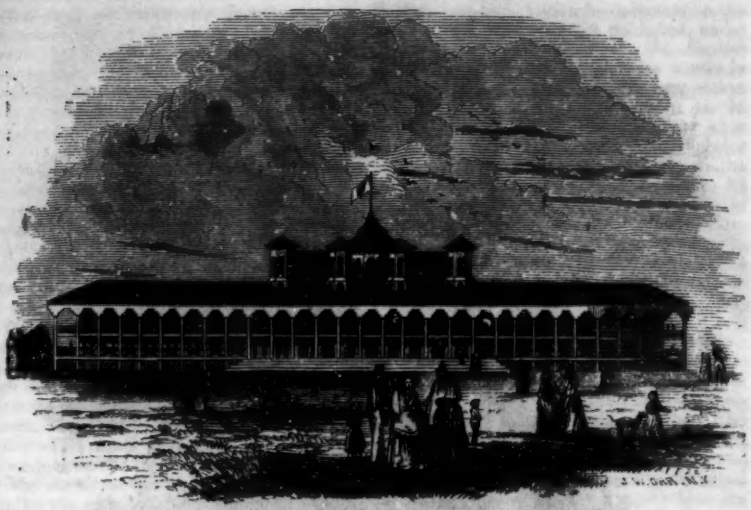
OCEAN HOUSE, NEWPORT.

A considerable proportion of the guests who are at Saratoga in the earlier part of the season, proceed to Newport in time for the Fancy Ball which every year closes the campaign there. Newport increases in attractions. Its historical associations, fine atmosphere, beautiful position, and facilities for sea-bathing, fishing, sailing, riding, and other amusements, are continually drawing to its neighborhood new families, whose cottages add much to the beauty of the town, as they themselves to the pleasantness of its society; and for transient visitors no place in the world has better hotels or boarding-houses.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

After the season closes at Newport, and from her Ocean House the last unwilling traveller has taken his way, strewn with regrets, many linger at the more quiet summer haunts scattered through New-England and New-York, particularly at the rural and luxurious hotel of Lebanon—a country palace which a king might covet—filled always with good society; or go southward to the Virginia Springs, which have many attractions peculiar to themselves, and with their unique pastimes, their tournaments, field sports, &c., happily vary a summer's life commenced at the more northern watering places.

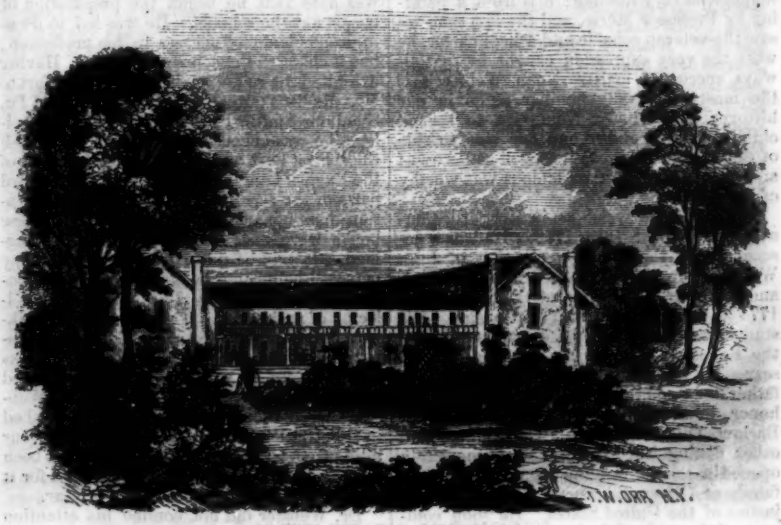
COLUMBIA HALL, LEBANON SPRINGS.



MOULTRIE HOUSE, SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, NEAR CHARLESTON.

The South Carolinians have this year seceded from the northern resorts, and those who do not go from Charleston to the up-country or to Georgia, may well be content with Captain Payne's spacious and splendid hotel on Sullivan's Island—the coolest and most agreeable place by the seaside we have visited, north or south, for years. From the south, and indeed from all parts of the country, parties go more and more every year to the Mammoth Cave, (of which we have in store a particular and profusely illustrated account), and up the great rivers and lakes of the west, all along which, first-class hotels, steamboats, &c., render travel as easy and delightful as on the old summer routes in the middle and eastern states.

—Thus we have taken our readers—some of whom haply cannot this season go by other ways—the circuit of the principal scenes of enjoyment to which the denizens of the hot cities are intent to escape through July, August, and September. If any have till this time hesitated where to go, possibly we have aided them to an election: certainly, we have led them cheaply along the fashionable tour.



MAMMOTH CAVE HOTEL.

NOAH WEBSTER.

THE above portrait of the author of *The American Spelling-Book*, of which there have been sold thirty millions of copies, and of the *American Dictionary*, of which his publishers have hopes of selling as great a number, is very life-like; it is from a painting by Professor Morse, and the last time we saw the veteran scholar and schoolmaster, he wore the very expression caught by that always successful artist. Noah Webster's is the most universally familiar name in our history; every body, from first to second childhood, from end to end and side to side of the continent, knows it as well as his own; and he who made it so famous was worthy of his reputation.

Noah Webster was born in Hartford, Connecticut, October 16th, 1758. He was a descendant, in the fourth generation, of John Webster, one of the first settlers of Hartford, and afterwards governor of the colony. In 1774 he was admitted to Yale College. His studies were frequently interrupted during the Revolution, and for a time he himself served as a volunteer in the army, with his father and two brothers. He graduated, with honor, in 1778, in the same class with Joel Barlow, Oliver Wolcott, Uriah Tracy, and other distinguished men, and immediately opened a school, residing meanwhile in the family of Oliver Ellsworth, afterward chief justice of the United States. He soon commenced the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar in 1781; but the poverty and unsettled state of the country prevented any immediate success in the courts, and he resumed the business of instruction in 1782, at Goshen, Orange county, New-York. It was here that he began the preparation of books for the schools. He was led to do so in despondency of success in his profession; but it changed the course of his life. Having exhibited the rude sketch of his initial effort to Mr. Madison (afterwards President), and Dr. Stanhope Smith, Professor in Princeton college, he was encouraged by them to publish the "First Part of a Grammatical Institute of the English Language." The second and third parts of the series soon followed. A generation has not passed since some of these books were occasionally seen in New England. It may be that here and there a copy may still be lurking in the garret of some ancient family, or on the dusty shelves of a collector of antiquities. There is no more striking contrast than that suggested by a comparison of Webster's "Third Part," as it was familiarly styled, with the admirably printed school books now in every family. Webster's were the first school books published in the United States. In 1847 twenty-four million copies of the Spelling Book had been sold, and for several years the demand for it has been at the rate of a million a year.

Dr. Webster did not confine his attention to his own publications; but having learned

that a copy of Winthrop's Journal was in the possession of Governor Trumbull, he caused it to be transcribed and published at his own risk. In this way was given to the public one of the most important memorials of our early history, and the first example furnished of printing the documents, and other materials, illustrative of our original experience. Mr. Webster was poor, and the country had never yet evinced any disposition to encourage enterprises of this sort; but he had always a confidence that it was safe to do what was right and necessary, and therefore disregarded in this, as in many other cases, the opinions of his friends that he would incur inevitable loss.

The peace of 1783 involved the whole country in political agitation, at certain points of which the calmest and wisest well nigh despaired of the republic. At that time the influence of the pen was greater than ever before. It seemed that the decision of principles which were to last for centuries was dependent on the force of a single argument, or the earnestness of one appeal. In this conflict the ambitious and self-relying spirit of Mr. Webster led him to take an active part, and from the peace till the close of Washington's administration, he was an industrious and efficient writer. No period in the history of this country was ever more critical; in none were so many principles subjected to experiment, in none was discussion more able, exhausting, and high-toned.

The first topic which engaged Mr. Webster's attention was the decision of Congress to remunerate the army, then recently disbanded. This measure was violently opposed in all parts of the country. Meetings were held to organize resistance to the law, and two-thirds of the towns of Connecticut were represented in a convention for this purpose. Mr. Webster was then twenty-five years of age, but he contributed to the leading paper of the state a series of essays, signed Honorius, which induced a decisive change in the public feeling; and he received for his important services the thanks of Governor Trumbull. In the winter of 1784–5 he published a tract, *Sketches of American Policy*, in which he advanced the doctrine, that to meet the crisis and secure the prosperity of the whole country, a government should be organized that would act, not upon the states, but directly on the people, vesting in Congress full authority to execute its own acts. A copy of this essay was presented by the author to Washington, and it is believed that it contained the first distinct proposal of the new constitution. About the same time, he exerted himself successfully for what was then called an "International Copyright" law between the several sovereign states; and at a later period he spent a winter in Washington, to procure an extension of the period for which a copyright might be enjoyed. In 1785, he prepared a series of lectures on the English language, which he delivered in the larger towns, and in 1789 published, under the title of *Dissertations on the English Language*. In 1787-8, he spent the winter in Philadelphia, as a teacher. The convention called to frame the new constitution was in session during a part of the year, and after its labors were completed, Mr. Webster undertook to recommend the result to the then doubtful favor of the people. This he did in a tract, entitled *An Examination of the Leading Principles of the Federal Constitution*. In the next year he established in New-York *The American Magazine*, but it was unsuccessful. In 1789 he opened a law-office in Hartford, and his reputation, diligence, and abilities, insured business and profits. He was now married to Miss Greenleaf, of Boston, and enjoyed the advantage of one of the most brilliant literary circles of the country, consisting of Joel Barlow, Lemuel Hopkins, John Trumbull, and others who at that time were eminent for their capacities.

But the political excitement of 1793, caused by the proclamation of neutrality, disturbed his plans, and brought him again into the arena of affairs. The sympathy for the new French republic, natural and pardonable as it was, overran all limits of reason. The popularity and influence of Washington were hardly sufficient for the repression of disorder and violence, and an armed espousal of the cause of the French. Mr. Webster was solicited to devote himself to the support of the administration, and means were furnished for the establishment by him of a daily paper in New-York. He accordingly commenced *The Minerva*, and soon after, a semi-weekly, *The Herald*, which ultimately received the names which they now retain, of *The Commercial Advertiser*, and *The New-York Spectator*.

Another agitation soon followed, if possible, still more alarming—that which grew out of Jay's Treaty with England. The discussions to which this gave rise were earnest, often angry and vituperative, but always able, enlisting the most accomplished men of the country. In these discussions Mr. Webster was, as might have been anticipated, remarkably active. A series of papers by him, under the signature of Curtius, had an unquestionable influence on the whole nation. They were extensively reprinted and afterwards collected in a volume. Mr. Rufus King said to Mr. Jay, that they had done more than any others to allay the popular opposition to the treaty. During these conflicts, Mr. Webster often encountered as an antagonist the celebrated William Cobbett, at that time conducting a journal in Philadelphia, distinguished alike for ability and for unscrupulous violence.

While Mr. Webster lived in New-York, the yellow fever prevailed in this city and in Philadelphia, and he wrote a minute and comprehensive *History of Pestilential Diseases*, in two volumes, which was published in New-York and in London. It attracted

much attention in its time, and was referred to with interest during the subsequent prevalence of the cholera. He also published in 1802 an able treatise on *The Rights of Neutral Nations in time of War*, occasioned by the interference of the French government with the shipping of the world, and its seizure of American vessels, under the proclamation of a blockade. He also published *Historical Notices of the Origin and State of Banking Institutions and Insurance Offices*, a work of authority and popularity.

In 1798 he removed to New Haven, but retained the direction of his paper at New-York for several years. After disposing of his interest in it he devoted the remainder of his life to literary pursuits.

His first work was a *Philosophical and Practical English Grammar*, printed in 1807. It was in many respects original, acute, and excellently fitted for the purposes of instruction. It was, however, only one of the studies for his subsequent and far more important performance. For more than twenty years he had been a close student of the elements and sources of the English language; he had gradually, as his various occupations permitted, accumulated and arranged materials for its exposition, and he now felt himself at liberty to forego all other pursuits and ambitions to devote himself for the remainder of his life to the great labors which have made his name so honorably eminent in the history of the intellectual advances of his country and of the Saxon family. The preparation of a Dictionary, under any circumstances, must be regarded as a very formidable task, involving even for an enthusiast the most dry and wearying researches, unenlivened by any of the pleasing excitements which vary the monotony and relieve the tedium of ordinary literary pursuits. Mr. Webster from the beginning had a just conception of the duties and difficulties before him; he was assured that no superficial study or careless execution would command or in any degree deserve approval, in one who followed in the track of Johnson. He was not disposed to make the work of that great man a basis for his own; to be simply an editor, whose duties should be fulfilled by additions of the new words and new definitions introduced in seventy years; he determined to make a new and altogether original work; to study the English language in the writings of its most distinguished authors, to inquire into its actual usage in conversation and public discourse, not by loosely gathered and ill arranged groups of synonymes, but by a clear and precise statement of meanings, illustrated, whenever it should be necessary, by various instances. In this work, Johnson had made a beginning; he first conceived the plan of defining by descriptions, instead of synonymes; and he had introduced into his larger dictionary quotations from the best authors. But his work, valuable as it was, was imperfect, even in regard to the words current in his time, and which he succeeded in collecting. But, if Johnson had perfectly accomplished his design, the lapse of seventy years of such extraordinary and various activity in every department of human action and aspiration, would have rendered a New Dictionary indispensable. New sciences and arts had been discovered, which, in their manifold applications to industry, had changed or wonderfully augmented the technology and common speech of every class and description of workers. New experiments had been made in governments; new institutions had been introduced; literature had assumed new forms; and speculation, with perfect freedom and gigantic force, had forged new weapons for its new endeavors. The necessity for a new Dictionary of the English language, indeed is, demonstrated in the simple fact that the first edition of Webster's great work contained twelve thousand words not in Johnson; the second, thirty thousand. This statement does not, however, give a just impression of the difference between Johnson and Webster, or of the actual labor which Webster performed. The new definitions, many of which were fruits, not more of patient research than of nice discrimination, the arrangement of these definitions, so as to exhibit the history of words as it had been slowly developed, cost the author an amount of toil which can with difficulty be measured. We hazard little concerning the importance or difficulties of the work, when we quote the remark of Coleridge, that the history of a word is often more important than that of a campaign.

The etymology of the language, was a subject to which he devoted much attention, and in which he made great advances. To qualify himself for tracing the derivations of English words, he studied some twenty languages, and wrote out a synopsis of the leading words of each, and incorporated the chief results of this extraordinary investigation in the very full and instructive statement of words of similar imports, which in the larger Dictionary is prefixed to English words, and which he prepared for the press also, as a separate work, of about half the size of the *American Dictionary*, entitled "*A Synopsis of Words in Twenty Languages*," which is still unpublished.

In 1812, he removed to Amherst, in Massachusetts, where he devoted ten years entirely to these labors. He returned to New Haven in 1822; in the following year he received from Yale College the degree of LL. D., and in the spring of 1824 he proceeded to Paris to consult in the *Bibliotheque du Roi* some works not accessible in this country, and then went to England and passed eight months in the libraries of the University of Cambridge.

Returning to America, he made arrangements for the publication of his great work,

and it finally appeared, near the end of 1826, in an edition of twenty-five hundred copies, in two quarto volumes, which were sold at twenty dollars per copy. An edition of three thousand copies was soon after printed in England.

Dr. Webster was now seventy years of age, and he considered his life-task accomplished; but habits of literary occupation had become fixed and necessary, and after a few months he began to rewrite his *History of the United States for Schools*. In 1840 he published a second edition of the *Dictionary*, in two octavo volumes; in 1843, *A Collection of Papers, on Political, Literary and Moral Subjects*, selected from his various writings in early life; and in 1847 another edition of the *American Dictionary* appeared, after a thorough revision of it by Professor Goodrich, of Yale College. In this edition very large additions were made, amounting to a fifth of the whole work. There were new words, and new definitions, when needed; careful attention was bestowed on technical terms of science and art; and it was made a general cyclopædia of knowledge. Yet by employing a finer type, and adopting a close yet clear style of printing, the original work, with all these copious additions, was brought within the compass of a single quarto, which has been styled the finest specimen of book-manufacture ever produced in America. A revised edition of the abridgement was issued at the same time, and both volumes have had a circulation which evinces the general appreciation of their value. Several of the New England states, we believe, have furnished a copy of the quarto Dictionary to every school district within their limits, and the legislature of New-York, during its recent session, passed a law for the distribution of some thousands of copies in the school districts of this state also. Whatever may be said of the Dictionary by Dr. Webster, it will not be questioned by the disinterested scholar that it is one of the most extraordinary and honorable monuments of well-directed intellectual labor of which we have any account in the histories of literature or learning. It is as great an advance from the work of Dr. Johnson, as that was from the wretched vocabularies of the English language which existed before his time; and so accurate and exhausting has been the investigation which it displays that no rival work is likely to take its place until sufficient time has elapsed for the language itself to pass into a new condition.

Much has been said of Dr. Webster's innovations, but for the most part, by persons altogether ignorant of the philosophy of languages in general, as well as of the character and condition of the English language. Dr. Webster attempted, and with eminent success, to reduce the English language to order, and to subject it to the operation of principles. The changes which he made, though in a few instances, necessary for consistency, striking, are much less numerous than is commonly supposed, and even to scholars, with whom the study of languages is not a *specialite*, they would not be very apparent but for the frequent attempts which are made to prejudice the public against the work. An amusing illustration of this fact occurred a few years ago, when, a concerted assault upon the Dictionary having been made, and sustained for some time, a distinguished author who had a new book in the press of the Harpers, was alarmed by intelligence that they intended to adopt for it Webster's orthography. He wrote to these

THE BIRTHPLACE OF NOAH WEBSTER.

publishers his apprehensions that the success of his performance and his own good reputation could not fail of exceeding injury, if their design should be executed, and begged them to adopt some other work as a medium for the display of the Websterian innovations. The Harpers replied that he might select his own standard; they believed he had, perhaps unconsciously, followed Webster in his *manuscript*, and that the several productions of his which they had published in previous years had all been printed according to Webster's Dictionary, which was the guide used in their printing offices.

The incidents of Dr. Webster's life after the publication of the second edition of his Dictionary, in 1840, were few and unimportant. Indeed, with that effort he regarded his public life as brought to a close. He passed through a serene old age, which was terminated by a peaceful death, on the twenty-eighth of May, 1843, when he was in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

DR. MERLE D'AUBIGNE AND THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

THE celebrated German historian, Dr. MERLE D'AUBIGNE, is now in England, and in consequence of certain proceedings growing out of his occupation of an Episcopal pulpit recently, he has published a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury concerning the general subject of the exclusion of continental Protestant ministers from the pulpits of English churches. He is aware that, in consequence of the Act of Uniformity, there are churches which cannot be opened to those ministers, but he hopes that this law of exclusion will be repealed. "It is no longer in harmony with the spirit and the wants of the church in the age in which we live." The Calvinistic historian expresses his conviction that the reëstablishment of the Annual Convocation would not reform the Church. The Convocation has been for more than a century deprived of its powers, and it is to Parliament that the question now belongs. He says:

"Why should I not express to you, my lord, a desire which I have long had in my heart? This desire is, that being surrounded by ministers and members of the Church the most enlightened and . ost devoted to God and to his word, you should digest and present to Parliament a plan, not to *effect* (*sic*) a reform of the Church, but to *establish the authority* (*sic*) which should be charged with its reform and government. It seems to me that the best way would be to establish a body similar to that which governs the Episcopal church of America, composed of three chambers, that of the bishops, that of the presbyters, and that of the members of the Church, the two latter being ordinarily united in one. The Americans of the United States have received so much from you (they have received every thing, even their very existence), why should you not take something from them? I am convinced that sooner or later a reform *must* take place in the government of the Church of England: it is important that it should be done well. I think that there would be some hope of its being accomplished in a good sense, if it were done while you, my lord, are Primate of the Church, and while Victoria is Queen of England."

Every thing seems to tend to an entire revolution in the British ecclesiastical system, and the coöperation of Dr. Merle and other continental writers with those who are agitating the subject in England—demanding the separation of the church from the state—makes the prospect of such a separation more imminent than it has ever been hitherto.

THE EXILE'S SUNSET SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

BY J. R. THOMPSON.

WHEN from thy side, love,
In silence and gloom,
Half broken-hearted
Fate tore me away,
All humbled in pride, love,
I thought in my doom,
That Hope had departed
For ever and aye!

But Fate may not banish
From memory's store,
That blissful communion
Of years that are flown,
Nor make yet to vanish
The lustre which o'er
Our fond thoughts of union,
So tenderly shone.

And still o'er the ocean
My fancy takes flight,
Where oft I see gleaming
Thy figure afar;
And I think with emotion,
That sometimes at night,
We watch the same beaming
And tremulous star.

The sunsets so golden,
That stream round me here,
But call up thy shadow
The landscape between:
And when in the olden
Dim season so dear,
It tripped o'er the meadow
With step of a queen.

As the light of the moon, love,
Like snow softly falls,
And rests on the mountain,
And silvers the sea,
That midnight in June, love,
My memory recalls,
When up to the fountain
I clambered with thee.

How sweetly the river
Reflected the ray
Of moon through the willows
Or sun o'er the hill:
Does the moonbeam there quiver,
The sunset there play,
Upon its gay billows
As splendidly still?

My spirit is weary—
An exile I grieve,
When morn's early voices
A glad song proclaim,
And the faint Miserere
Of nature at eve,
To me but rejoices
To murmur thy name.

Yet Hope, reappearing,
A vision unfolds,
Of rapture together
In joy's happy reign,
When love all endearing
The full eye beholds,
We'll walk o'er the heather
At sunset again.

RICHMOND, Va.

DRAMATIC FRAGMENTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

We played at chess, Bianca and myself,
One afternoon, but neither won the game,
Bh absent-minded, th inking of our hearts,
Moving the ivory pawns from black to white,
Shifted to little purpose round the board;
Sometimes we quite forgot it in a sigh
And then remembered it, and moved again;
Looking the while along the slopes beyond,
Barred by blue peaks, the fountain, and the grove
Where lovers set in shadow, back again,
With sideway glances in each other's eyes;
Unknowingly I made a lucky move,
Whereby I checked my mate, and gained a queen;
My couch drew nearer hers, I took her hand—
A soft white hand that gave itself away—
Told o'er the simple story of my love,
In simplest phrases which are always best,
And prayed her if she loved me in return—
A fabled doubt—to give her heart to me;
And then, and there, above that game of chess,
Net finished yet, in maiden trustfulness,
She gave me, what I knew was mine, her heart!

FROM A PLAY.

Alas! I think of you the live-long day,
Plying my needle by the little stand,
And wish that we had never, never met,
Or I were dead, or you were married off,
Though that would kill me; I lay down my work,
And take the lute you gave me, but the strings
Have grown so tuneless that I cannot play;
I sing the favorite airs we used to sing,
The sweet old tunes we love, and weep aloud!
I sought forgetfulness, and tried to-day
To read a chapter in the Holy Book;
I could not see a line, I only read
The solemn sonnets that you sent to me:
Nor can I pray as I was wont to do,
For you come in between me and the Lord,
And when I strive to lift my soul above,
My wits are wandering, and I sob your name!
And nights, when I am lying on my bed,
(I hope such thoughts are not unmaidenly,)
I think of you, and fall asleep, and dream
I am your own, your wedded, happy wife,—
But that can never, never be on earth!

THE COUNTESS IDA HAHN-HAHN.

WE gave in the last *International* a short notice of "*Von Babylon nach Jerusalem*" (A Journey from Babylon to Jerusalem), by Ida, Countess of Hahn-Hahn, in which she declares her conversion to Christianity and Catholicism. What the Germans themselves think of this work may be gathered from the following brief review, which has just fallen under our notice in the *Central Blatt*. The article is curious, from the "intensely German" style and spirit in which it is written, though we cannot very warmly commend either.

"The above-mentioned work," which contains an account of the conversion of its celebrated authoress to the Catholic belief, says the critic, "presents a sad picture of the complete decay and dissolution of a *void subjectivity* (a vacant mind).

"The writer falls a sacrifice to her exclusive, aristocratic position in society. Without occupying any place in the world, won and maintained by personal ability, and consequently without a well-grounded moral standard, she wanders like a homeless being from land to land, every where influenced, 'as far as it agreed with her disposition,' by her momentary interests, and thus rendering apparent the barrenness of her soul. But this had been developed at an early period. 'That this feeling (that of joy) was occasionally accompanied by the deepest discontent, appearing as an unearthly *ennui*—and that over it swept the darkest melancholy, will be readily intelligible to every one, for they are the twin sisters of the fortune of this world.' 'And occasionally it was a kind of heroism, in that I sat myself down, and—wrote a romance. Was it finished, I travelled—did I return, I described the tour—was there a time when the book was complete and circumstances did not permit of travelling, I took with raging appetite to reading—and when I no longer wrote, no longer travelled, and could no longer read for any determined purpose—because I had none—I knew not what to do with my time. I could not create illusions, and say to myself, Try this! try that! perhaps the world hath yet somewhat hidden for thee—the call of Knowledge is incessant. No, no! she hath nothing. Well—what then? God? There stood the Word, the One, the Eternal.' Thereupon she reads the greater and lesser catechisms of Luther, the creeds of the evangelic reformed church, and the decrees and canons of the Council of Trent. 'But only the Catholic church hath under roof and proof brought her dogma-buildings to a tower, provided with the lightning-rod of authority.' Thereupon she determines, 'I asked no human being for explanation, information, or counsel—not even myself.' Three months after, on the first day of January, 1850, she wrote to the Cardinal Prince-Bishop of Breslau, to beg of him aid in her entrance to the church.

"The moral vacancy displayed in these quotations corresponds with the shallow manner and half romantic, half French style of the book. Though the first part be written in a fresher and livelier style than the second, there is still not to be found in the whole a single well-determined and clearly-impressed thought, and whenever we imagine that we have hit upon such a thing, straightway we find whirling forth the dust-clouds of an obscure, phrase-laden, highly affected sentimental feeling, which, without any real energy, stirs itself up with repeated 'ohs!' and 'ahs!' and other forced sighs and artificial aids. In place of such thoughts we find a shallow and occasionally insupportably wearisome speech on the ideal of Catholicism, or 'the heathenish abomination in art and literature, which, after the fall of Byzantium was transported thence to Italy, and there received with that love which impels sensuous mortals to joyfully draw into the sphere of his life the new and glittering, because it promises fresh and shining pleasures.' (!) In another place she speaks of the reformers as 'miserable, narrow-minded heads, who should have chosen other ground whereon to exercise their love of quarrel-

ling;' while the second half of her book is confined almost exclusively to the democrats, and the events which took place from 1847 to 1849. In this part the authoress displays the greatest want of intellect, and is sadly wearisome; but her frivolity of manners and morals appears most repulsive in her account of the Reformation. None of the Catholics—not even Cochlæus himself—has so far degraded himself as to interpret in such a vulgar manner the deeds of the reformers (more particularly Luther's) as is here done by—a lady!

"If the Countess places at the conclusion of her work the words 'Soli Deo Gloria,' this is merely in accordance with a Catholic custom, and by no means meant in earnest, since the work is more particularly adapted to flatter the vanity and self-conceit of its composer, who cannot imagine why she should suffer the disgrace to belong to the German nation. A vain, coquettish self-regard, an affected, aristocratic-noble nonchalance, and a contradicting, heresy-accusing confidence of judgment, meet us on every side, and render us completely opposed to the pretence and moral vacancy of this book."

These are bitter words, and bitterly spoken, when thus applied to a woman. The reader will in their perusal remember that the writer is evidently influenced by a deep feeling against all that savors of conservatism in politics, and shares in an unusual degree the popular German feeling against *emancipirte Frauen*, or women who strive against the bonds which the customs of society have imposed on the sex,—a feeling, which, however creditable it may be when applied to undue extravagances of manners or morals, should be carefully guarded against when it threatens an unconditional restraint of every exertion of feminine genius and talent.

JULES JANIN, AND THE PARIS FEUILLETONISTES.

JULES JANIN, whose name, of so constant recurrence in the contemporary history of light literature, artistic criticism, and the *feuilleton*, is the Prince Royal of the brilliant court of gifted, tasteful, witty and *spirituel* writers, who compose the body of Parisian *feuilletonistes*. These are men who write, not because they have any thing especial to say—for their peculiar function is to say nothing, in a pointed and brilliant manner—but because they love leisure and luxury, the opera, pictures, and beautiful ballet girls, and must themselves make the golden lining to their purses, which they can do by the very simple process of weaving the similar lining of their brains into a *feuilleton*. They are often scholars, men of fine cultivation and genius, whose tastes however are so imperious, and who enjoy so much the ease thus facilely achieved, that they accomplish no great work, win no lasting name. Of course the *feuilletonist* proper is to be distinguished from the author or novelist who publishes a work in the *Feuilleton*, as Lamartine his *Confidences*, and Sue and Dumas and George Sand, their romances. We propose now to follow briefly the sparkling career of JULES JANIN as the type of the life, character, and success of the *feuilletonistes*.

He came to Paris, a Jew: as Meyerbeer, Heine, Grisi, Rachel, and the long luminous list of contemporary artists who have made fame in Paris, are Jews. He supported himself by teaching—doing nothing, but very conscious that he could do something—at all events he could lecture upon the Syrian language, if for a week he could prepare himself. Then he wrote in little theatrical papers, and received twenty-five francs a month. But in 1830 he happily succeeded to his present position in the *Journal des Debats*. He is now a rich man. He gives splendid soirees in his saloons glittering with oriental luxury, and artists and authors bow before him. Like Henry Heine, his contemporary, whom he as much resembles in talent as in manner, he declared now for the Republic and Freedom, now for the Church and King, until his connection with the *Debats* impressed upon him the conservative seal. He since loudly declaims for public morality—against the prostitution of the press; but his early works were the most licentious of any that have swarmed from the fertile French genius of social protestantism. His first novel, published in 1829, *The Dead Donkey and the Guillotined Woman*, is the history of a prostitute, from the brothel, to the murder of her child, and her execution, garnished with Byronic sentimentalities upon the transitoriness of things temporal.

Jules Janin's next work was one of the most instructive illustrations of the character of French romance at that period when literary feeling and taste seemed to reach the artificial point that is artistically achieved by the melo-dramas of Chatham-street and the Strand. We record it as a literary curiosity, as the work of a "fast" Frenchman, a Parisian Vivian Grey, on a small scale. It is called *The Penitent*, and was published in 1830. It opens with a marriage. The bride, who has been violently dancing, retires, overcome with sleep, and the husband in his rage at her sleepiness smothers her. It is nominally supposed that she has been stricken with apoplexy, but a Jesuit, who meditates many mysteries, understands the whole matter, yet observes the most discreet silence. The young man, who is somewhat conscience-pricked, still persists in profligacy, until he is overwhelmed by remorse, and rushes to the church to receive absolution. He seeks a trusty confessor, and of course finds the old Jesuit; but as he finds it difficult to obtain access to him, makes the acquaintance of a girl, with whom the Jesuit has some kind of relation, and in order to win her to his will, seduces her! Then comes the Jesuit and be-

gins to fulminate excommunications and damnations. But the youth bursts into a passionate strain of repentance, and is told by the old Jesuit, that the difficulty in his case, is a religious one, that in fact the murder was "a circumstance" arising from his irreligious state, and that by genuine repentance the matter will be arranged. *Presto:* The youth repents and enters the church, is made Bishop and proceeds through an endless course of fat capon and Chateau Margaux to an edifying end!

The boldest efforts of young France and young Germany, are feeble by the side of this extraordinary effort. His earlier tales, which are somewhat in the style of Hoffmann, Jules Janin published in the year 1833, under the title of *Fantastic Tales*, and a series of works of less size and importance followed, until the series of papers, half fiction, half fact, which, in the novel form, treated a great variety of historico-literary subjects. His last romance is the *Nun of Toulouse*, written during the revolution of '48. It sparkles with the same sprightly skepticism and spiritual coquetry that distinguished his earlier works, yet he celebrates in it those beautiful times, the "old times," in which the serenity of faith was never ruffled by impertinent thought; and in his recent letters from the Great Exhibition, he indulges in the same strain, and sighs for the magnificence of the monarchy.

But his weekly contributions to the *Debats*, the rapid dashing review of the dramatic novelties and incidents in a metropolis where alone a living drama survives, and which he serves up garnished with the most felicitous verbal graces and the most charming intellectual conceits, every Monday morning—these are the flowers whence the brilliant Jules Janin builds the honey hive of his reputation. He has decreed the fashion of the *Feuilleton*, and the other Parisian critics flash and snap and sparkle, as much like Jules Janin as possible. Their articles are the streak of *light* in the dimness of the preponderating political literature of the week. They hold high holiday at the bottom of the page, although the history of revolutions, and woes, and the rumors of wars and impending millenniums may throw their sombre shadows along the columns above. They raise their banner of a butterfly's wing, emblazoned with *Vive la Bagatelle*, and march on to the tournament of wit and beauty. They belong to France; their game is the gambol of the exuberance of French genius. They are more than witty, they are *spirituel;* and they have more than talent, they have taste.

In a day of such rapid and facile printing as ours, this department of literary labor was a necessity. Every man who has a conceit and can write, may parade it before the world. In the mass of pleasant common-place, what is *bizarre* may supplant the symmetrically beautiful. To seize therefore what every man saw, and with nimble fingers to weave a transparent tissue of gorgeous words through which every man's impressions of what he saw look large and graceful and piquant—*to* sum up a vaudeville in a *bon mot*, and a ballet in a voluptuous trope,—*voila! c'est fait*, you have the recipe of a successful *feuilletonists*. Hence, the influence of these writers, upon *words*, has been remarkable. The French language, long so precise, is now among the most dissolute of tongues. It reels through the columns of a *feuilleton*, drunk and dim-eyed with expletives and exaggerations and beatified adjectives, so that, fascinated with the casket, you quite forget the jewel. The language of dramatic and operatic criticism in Paris is now inexplicable to any one but an *habitué*. If you should tell John Bull, who wishes to go to the opera, that Alboni's singing is *pyramidale*, he would expect to see the fair and fat contralto sharpened to a point at top,—but, I grant, if you should call it "jolly" or "stunning," he would entirely comprehend that you meant to express your admiration in superlatives.

I must not longer gossip as these gay gossips do, these fanciful *feuilletonistes*, nor seek more deeply to draw the outline of these rainbow bubbles upon the stream of the time, whether it flow turbid or transparent. One cannot live upon sugar and nutmeg, or even upon allspice. But our friends are a literary phenomenon not to be omitted, and if you love the Muses, you will not omit to snuff the azure incense offered weekly by the *feuilletonistes*.

Jules Janin shall show us out of this article as he ushered us in. The Great Mogul of the *Feuilleton* had purchased a carriage whose luxury, and taste of appointment, and perfection of footman, was unsurpassed in the Champs Elysée. But the gods are jealous and the *feuilletonistes* have thus the highest authority for jealousy. So, on one evening when the exquisite equipage awaited its master at the grand opera, a crowd of lesser critical luminaries gathered around it, and both reviled and envied the fortunate owner. While they were thus engaged, the great critic came out of the opera house and saw his contemporaries engaged in longing and envious remark. Now tact is the sublimest secret of success—and smilingly Jules Janin advanced cheerily, greeted his friends cordially, and piled into the carriage all of them who lived in his neighborhood.

They naturally reserved the seat of honor for the owner, but this great General seizing the most inimical of all the party who lived in a quarter of the city farthest from his own home, pushed him into the vacant seat, ordered his coachman to set him down first, and then humming the finale of the opera, lighted a cigar and sauntered leisurely down the street. It was like Jules Janin to make his own marriage the subject of a *Feuilleton*. In his case the man and the *feuilletoniste* are the same.

ODE XX. OF ANACREON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME DACIER FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE,

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

NIOBÉ, maddened by her woes, of yore,
The gods in pity turned to marble first;
And wretched Progné, doomed for evermore,
Changed to a swallow wings the upper air.

But ah! would Love, whom I, enslaved, obey,
By his sweet power transform me, I would be
The mirror in thy hand, if thus, alway,
Thy gentle eyes would fondly turn on me.

Or, I would be the perfume that reveals
Its fragrance 'mid the tresses of thy hair;
Or, that soft veil which o'er thy bosom steals,
And, jealous, hides the ivory treasure there.

Or I would be the robe that round thee flows,
The zone that circles thee with fond caress;
The rivulet that with thy beauty glows,
And to its breast enclasps thy loveliness.

Or I were blest those envied pearls to be
That closely thus thy swan-white neck entwine;
Or e'en to be the sandal, pressed by thee,
Were, for thy lover, destiny divine.

SWEDISH LANDSCAPES: BY HERR ANDERSEN.

IN the last *International* we gave some characteristic historical sketches from Hans Christian Anderson's latest and most delightful book, the *Pictures of Sweden*; but the inspiration of nature is more powerful with him than that of history, and he is never so felicitous as when painting the scenery of his native country, though he has certainly indulged, to a greater extent than a sober taste can approve, in that passion for the fantastic and visionary, which has been but too visibly manifested in some of his later and slighter works. Our readers, however, shall judge for themselves. The forests of Sweden and its rivers give the most noticeable features to its landscape. This is how they appeared to Andersen—the forest first:

"We are a long way over the elv. We have left the cornfields behind, and have just come into the forest, where we halt at that small inn which is ornamented over the doors and windows with green branches for the midsummer festival. The whole kitchen is hung round with branches of birch and the berries of the mountain ash; the oat-cakes hang on long poles under the ceiling; the berries are suspended above the head of the old woman who is just scouring her brass kettle bright.

"The tap-room, where the peasants sit and carouse, is just as finely hung round with green. Midsummer raises its leafy arbor every where, yet it is most flush in the forest which extends for miles around. Our road goes for miles through that forest, without seeing a house, or the possibility of meeting travellers, driving, riding, or walking. Come! The ostler puts fresh horses to the carriage; come with us into the large woody desert: we have a regular trodden way to travel, the air is clear, here is summer's warmth and the fragrance of birch and lime. It is an up-and-down-hill road, always bending, and so, ever changing, but yet always forest-scenery—the close, thick forest. We pass small lakes, which lie so still and deep, as if they concealed night and sleep under their dark, glassy surfaces.

"We are now on a forest plain, where only charred stumps of trees are to be seen; this long tract is black, burnt, and deserted, not a bird flies over it. Tall, hanging birches now greet us again; a squirrel springs playfully across the road, and up into the tree; we cast our eyes searchingly over the wood-grown mountain side, which slopes so far, far forward, but not a trace of a house is to be seen: nowhere does that bluish smoke-cloud rise, that shows us, here are fellow-men. The sun shines warm; the flies dance around the horses, settle on them, fly off again, and dance as though it were to qualify themselves for resting and being still. They perhaps think, 'Nothing is going on without us: there is no life while we are doing nothing.' They think, as many persons think, and do not remember that time's horses always fly onward with us!

"How solitary is it here! so delightfully solitary! one is so entirely alone with God and one's self. As the sunlight streams forth over the earth, and over the extensive solitary forests, so does God's Spirit stream over and into mankind; ideas and thoughts unfold themselves—endless, inexhaustible, as He is—as the magnet which apportions its powers to the steel, and itself loses nothing thereby. As our journey through the forest scenery here along the extended solitary road, so, travelling on the great high road of thought, ideas pass through our head. Strange, rich caravans pass by from the works of poets, from the home of memory, strange and novel; for capricious fancy gives birth to them at the moment. There comes a procession of pious children with waving flags and joyous songs; there come dancing Menades, the blood's wild Bacchantes. The sun pours down hot in the open forest; it is as if the Southern summer had laid itself up here to rest in Scandinavian forest solitude, and sought itself out a glade where it might lie in the sun's hot beams and sleep; hence this stillness as if it were night. Not a bird is heard to twitter, not a pine tree moves. Of what does the Southern summer dream here in the North, amongst pines and fragrant birches!

"In the writings of the olden time, from the classic soil of the South, are sagas of mighty fairies, who, in the skins of swans, flew towards the North, to the Hyperboreans' land, to the east of the north winds; up there, in the deep still lakes, they bathed themselves, and acquired a renewed form. We are in the forest by these deep lakes; we see swans in flocks fly over us, and swim upon the rapid elv and on the still waters....."

"Woodland solitude! what images dost thou not present to our thoughts! Woodland solitude! through thy vaulted halls people now pass in the summer time with cattle and domestic utensils; children and old men go to the solitary pasture where echo dwells, where the national song springs forth with the wild mountain flower! Dost thou see the procession? Paint it if thou canst! The broad wooden cart, laden high with chests and barrels, with jars and with crockery. The bright copper kettle and the tin dish shine in the sun. The old grandmother sits at the top of the load, and holds her spinning wheel, which complete the pyramid. The father drives the horse, the mother carries the youngest child on her back, sewed up in a skin, and the procession moves on step by step. The cattle are driven by the half-grown children; they have stuck a birch branch between

one of the cows' horns, but she does not appear to be proud of her finery; she goes the same quiet pace as the others, and lashes the saucy flies with her tail. If the night becomes cold on this solitary pasture, there is fuel enough; here the tree falls of itself from old age, and lies and rots.

"But take especial care of the fire—fear the fire-spirit in the forest desert! He comes from the unextinguishable pile; he comes from the thunder-cloud, riding on the blue lightning's flame, which kindles the thick, dry moss of the earth; trees and bushes are kindled; the flames run from tree to tree, it is like a snow-storm of fire! the flames leap to the tops of the trees. What a crackling and roaring, as if it were the ocean in its course! The birds fly upward in flocks, and fall down suffocated by the smoke; the animals flee, or, encircled by the fire, are consumed in it! Hear their cries and roars of agony! The howling of the wolf and the bear, dost thou know it? A calm rainy day, and the forest-plains themselves alone are able to confine the fiery sea, and the burnt forest stands charred, with black trunks and black stumps of trees, as we saw them here in the forest by the broad high-road. On this road we continue to travel, but it becomes worse and worse; it is, properly speaking, no road at all, but it is about to become one. Large stones lie half dug up, and we drive past them; large trees are cast down, and obstruct our way, and therefore we must descend from the carriage. The horses are taken out, and the peasants help to lift and push the carriage forward over ditches and opened paths. The sun now ceases to shine; some few rain-drops fall, and now it is a steady rain. But how it causes the birch to shed its fragrance! At a distance there are huts erected of loose trunks of trees and fresh green boughs, and in each there is a large fire burning. See where the blue smoke curls through the green leafy roof; peasants are within at work, hammering and forging; here they have their meals. They are now laying a mine in order to blast a rock, and the pine and birch emit a finer fragrance. It is delightful in the forest."

So say we. It is delightful in the forest; not less so on the torrent-river of Scandinavia:

"Before Homer sung, there were heroes; not they are not known, no poet celebrated their fame. It is just so with the beauties of nature; they must be brought into notice by words and delineations, be brought before the eyes of the multitude; get a sort of world's patent for what they are. The elvs of the North have rushed and whirled along for thousands of years in unknown beauty. The world's great high-road does not take this direction; no steam-packet conveys the traveller comfortably along the streams of the Dal-elvs; fall on fall makes sluices indispensable and invaluable. Schubert is, as yet, the only stranger who has written about the magnificence and southern beauty of Dalecarlia, and spoken of its greatness.

"Clear as the waves of the sea does the mighty elv stream in endless windings through forest deserts and varying plains, sometimes extending its deep bed, sometimes confining it, reflecting the bending trees and the red-painted block-houses of solitary towns, and sometimes rushing like a cataract over immense blocks of rock.

"Miles apart from one another, out of the ridge of mountains between Sweden and Norway, come the east and west Dal-elvs, which first become confluent and have one bed above Balstad. They have taken up rivers and lakes in their waters. Do but visit this place! here are pictorial riches to be found: the most picturesque landscapes, dizzyingly grand, smilingly pastoral, idyllic; one is drawn onward up to the very source of the elv, the bubbling well above Finman's hut; one feels a desire to follow every branch of the stream that the river takes in.

"The first mighty fall, Njupesker's Cataract, is seen by the Norwegian frontier in Semaseg. The mountain stream rushes perpendicularly from the rock to a depth of seventy fathoms.

"We pause in the dark forest, where the elv seems to collect within itself nature's whole deep gravity. The stream rolls its clear waters over a porphyry soil, where the mill-wheel is driven, and the gigantic porphyry bowls and sarcophagi are polished.

"We follow the stream through Siljan's lake, where superstition sees the water-sprite swim like the sea-horse, with a mane of green seaweed; and where the aerial images present visions of witchcraft in the warm summer day.

"We sail on the stream from Siljan's lake under the weeping willows of the parsonage, where the swans assemble in flocks; we glide along slowly with horses and carriages on the great ferry-boat, away over the rapid current under Balstad's picturesque shore. Here the elv widens and rolls its billows majestically in a woodland landscape, as large and extended as if it were in North America.

"We see the rushing, rapid stream under Avista's yellow clay declivities; the yellow water falls, like fluid amber, in picturesque cataracts before the copper works, where rainbow-colored tongues of fire shoot themselves upwards, and the hammer's blow on the copper-plates resound to the monotonous, roaring rumble of the elv-fall."

And so on, past the famous fall down which the waters gush, ere they lose themselves in the waters of the Baltic. One glimpse more ere they reach their resting-place. We take them up as they are circling the garden of a trim Swedish manor-house:

"The garden itself was a piece of enchantment. There stood three transplanted beech trees, and they throve well. The sharp north wind had rounded off the tops of the wild chestnut trees of the avenue in a singular manner; they looked as if they had been under the gardener's shears. Golden yellow oranges hung in the conservatory; the splendid Southern exotics had to-day got the windows half open, so that the artificial warmth met the fresh, warm, sunny air of the Northern summer.

"The branch of the Dal-elv which goes round the garden is strewn with small islands, where beautiful hanging birches and fir-trees grow in Scandinavian splendor. There are small islands with green, silent groves; there are small islands with rich grass, tall brakens, variegated bell flowers, and cowslips. No Turkey carpet has fresher colors. The stream between these islands and holmes is sometimes rapid, deep, and clear; sometimes like a broad rivulet with silky green rushes, water lilies, and brown feathered reeds; some-

times it is a brook with a stony ground, and now it spreads itself out in a large, still mill-dam.

"Here is a landscape in midsummer for the games of the river-sprites, and the dancers of the elves and fairies! There, in the lustre of the full moon, the dryads can tell their tales, the water-sprites seize the golden harp, and believe that one can be blessed, at least for one single night, like this.

"On the other side of Ens Bruck is the main stream—the full Dal-elv. Do you hear the monotonous rumble? It is not from Elvkarleby Fall that it reaches hither; it is close by; it is from Laa Foss in which lies Ash Island: the elv streams and rushes over the leaping salmon.

"Let us sit here, between the fragments of rock by the shore, in the red evening sunlight, which sheds a golden lustre on the waters of the Dal-elv.

"Glorious river! But a few seconds' work hast thou to do in the mills yonder, and thou rushest foaming on over Elvkarleby's rocks, down into the deep bed of the river, which leads thee to the Baltic—thy eternity."

We could fill half our number with passages just as beautiful; but will leave the rest of the poet's landscapes till some American publisher brings out the book. We must nevertheless quote one picture of a different kind. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" and the sorrows of the palace and the cottage alike find their level and their rest in the grave. The "Mute Book" speaks with a moving eloquence to those who can read it aright:

"By the high-road into the forest there stood a solitary farm-house. One way lay right through the farm-yard; the sun shone; all the windows were open; there was life and bustle within, but in the yard, in an arbor of flowering lilacs, there stood an open coffin. The corpse had been placed out here, and it was to be buried that forenoon. No one stood by, and wept over that dead man; no one hung sorrowfully over him. His face was covered with a white cloth, and under his head there lay a large, thick book, every leaf of which was a whole sheet of gray paper, and, between each, lay withered flowers, deposited and forgotten,—a whole herbarium, gathered in different places. He himself had requested that it should be laid in the grave with him. A chapter of his life was blended with every flower! 'Who is that dead man?' we asked, and the answer was, 'The old student from Upsala. They say he was once very clever; he knew the learned languages, could sing and write verses too; but then there was something that went wrong, and so he gave both his thoughts and himself up to drinking spirits, and, as his health suffered by it, he came out here into the country, where they paid for his board and lodging. He was as gentle as a child when the dark humor did not come over him, for then he was strong, and ran about in the forest like a hunted deer; but when we got him home, we persuaded him to look into the book with the dry plants. Then he would sit the whole day, and look at one plant, and then at another, and many a time the tears ran down his cheeks. God knows what he then thought! But he begged that he might have the book with him in his coffin; and now it lies there, and the lid will soon be fastened down, and then he will take his peaceful rest in the grave!'

"They raised the winding sheet. There was peace in the face of the dead. A sunbeam fell on it; a swallow, in its arrow-flight, darted into the new-made arbor, and in its flight circled twittering over the dead man's head.

"How strange it is!—we all assuredly know it—to take out old letters from the days of one's youth, and read them: a whole life, as it were, then rises up, with all its hopes and all its troubles. How many of those with whom we, in their time, lived so devotedly, are now even as the dead to us, and yet they still live! But we have not thought of them for many years—them whom we once thought we should always cling to, and share our mutual joys and sorrows with!

"The withered oak-leaf in the book here, is a memorial of the friend—the friend of his school-days—the friend for life. He fixed this leaf on the student's cap, in the greenwood, when the vow of friendship was concluded for the whole life. Where does he now live? The leaf is preserved; friendship forgotten. Here is a foreign conservatory plant, too fine for the gardens of the North. It looks as if there still were fragrance in it. *She* gave it to him—she, the lady of that noble garden!

"Here is the marsh-lotus, which he himself has plucked and watered with salt tears—the marsh-lotus from the fresh waters! And here is a nettle; what do its leaves say! What did he think on plucking it?—on preserving it? Here are lilies of the valley, from the woodland solitudes; here are honeysuckles from the village ale-house flower-pot; and here the bare, sharp blade of grass. The flowering lilac bends its fresh, fragrant clusters over the dead man's head; the swallow again flies past—'qui-vit! qui-vit!' Now the men come with nails and hammer; the lid is placed over the corpse, whose head rests on the 'Mute Book'—preserved—forgotten!"

The book, to those who are not repelled by a certain quaintness of manner from the enjoyment of a work of true genius, will form a permanent and delightful addition to those pictures of many lands which the enterprise and accomplishment of modern travellers is creating for the delight of those whose range of locomotion is bounded by the limits of their own country, or by the four walls of a sick chamber.

Andersen has grown old in years, and with age he has increase of art, but he was never younger in spirit, and his genius never bloomed with more freshness and beauty.

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

BY R. H. STODDARD.

MY desk is heaped with nicelties
From tropic lands divine,
But this is braver far than all—
A flask of Chian wine!

Brim up my golden drinking-cup,
And reach a dish of fruit,
And then unlock my cabinet,
And hand me out my lute;

For when these luxuries have fed
And filled my brain with light,
I must compose a nuptial song,
To suit my bridal night!

A CHAPTER OF PARODIES.

PARODIES have been much in vogue in almost every age; among the Greeks, Latins, Germans, French, and English, it has been among the commonest of literary pleasantries to turn verses into ridicule by applying them to a purpose never dreamed of by their authors, or to burlesque serious pieces by affecting to observe the same rhymes, words, and cadences. The wicked arts of Charles the Second's time thus made fun of the hymns of the Roundheads, and pious people have since turned the tables by adapting to good uses the profane airs and sensual songs of the opera house. Of the class of puns, parodies have in the scale of art a much higher rank, and occasionally they furnish specimens of genuine poetry. Among the best we have ever seen are a considerable number attributed to Miss Phebe Carey, of Ohio; they are rich in quaint and natural humor, and as a London critic describes them, "wonderfully American." In its way, we have seen nothing better than this reflex of Bayard Taylor's poem of "Manuela."

MARTHA HOPKINS.

A BALLAD OF INDIANA.

From the kitchen, Martha Hopkins, as she stood there making pies,
Southward looks, along the turnpike, with her hand above her eyes;
Where along the distant hill-side, her yearling heifer feeds,
And a little grass is growing in a mighty sight of weeds.

All the air is full of noises, for there isn't any school,
And boys, with turned-up pantaloons, are wading in the pool;
Blithely frisk, unnumbered chickens, cackling, for they cannot laugh,
Where the airy summits brighten, nimbly leaps the little calf.

Gentle eyes of Martha Hopkins! tell me wherefore do ye gaze
On the ground that's being furrowed for the planting of the maize?
Tell me wherefore, down the valley, ye have traced the turnpike's way,
Far beyond the cattle pasture, and the brick-yard, with its clay?

Ah! the dog-wood tree may blossom, and the door-yard grass may shine,
With the tears of amber dropping from the washing on the line;
And the morning's breath of balsam, lightly brush her freckled cheek,—
Little reckoth Martha Hopkins of the tales of spring they speak.

When the summer's burning solstice on the scanty harvest glowed,
She had watched a man on horseback riding down the turnpike road;
Many times she saw him turning, looking backward quite forlorn,
Till amid her tears she lost him, in the shadow of the barn.

Ere the supper-time was over, he had passed the kiln of brick,
Crossed the rushing Yellow River, and had forded quite a creek,
And his flat-boat load was taken, at the time for pork and beans,
With the traders of the Wabash, to the wharf at New Orleans.

Therefore watches Martha Hopkins—holding in her hand the pans,
When the sound of distant footsteps seems exactly like a man's;
Not a wind the stove-pipe rattles, nor a door behind her jars,
But she seems to hear the rattle of his letting down the bars.

Often sees she men on horseback, coming down the turnpike rough,
But they come not as John Jackson, she can see it well enough;
Well she knows the sober trotting of the sorrel horse he keeps,
As he jogs along at leisure, with his head down like a sheep's.

She would know him 'mid a thousand, by his home-made coat and vest;
By his socks, which were blue woollen, such as farmers wear out west;
By the color of his trousers, and his saddle, which was spread
By a blanket which was taken for that purpose from the bed.

None like he the yoke of hickory, on the unbroken ox can throw,
None amid his father's corn-fields use like him the spade and hoe;
And at all the apple-cuttings, few indeed the men are seen,
That can dance with him the polka, touch with him the violin.

He has said to Martha Hopkins, and she thinks she hears him now,
For she knows as well as can be, that he meant to keep his vow,
When the buck-eye tree has blossomed, and your uncle plants his corn,
Shall the bells of Indiana usher in the wedding morn.

He has pictured his relations, each in Sunday hat and gown,
And he thinks he'll get a carriage, and they'll spend a day in town;
That their love will newly kindle, and what comfort it will give,
To sit down to the first breakfast, in the cabin where they'll live.

Tender eyes of Martha Hopkins! what has got you in such scrape,
'Tis a tear that falls to glitter on the ruffle of her cape,
Ah! the eye of love may brighten, to be certain what it sees,
One man looks much like another, when half hidden by the trees.

But her eager eyes rekindle, she forgets the pies and bread,
As she sees a man on horseback, round the corner of the shed.
Now tis on another apron, get the comb and smooth your hair,
'Tis the sorrel horse that gallops, 'tis John Jackson's self that's there!

Here is one scarcely less happy upon Mr. Willis's "Better Moments:"

WORSER MOMENTS.

That fellow's voice! how often steals
Its cadence o'er my lonely days!
Like something sent on wagon wheels,
Or packed in an unconscious chaise.
I might forget the words he said
When all the children fret and cry,
But when I get them off to bed,
His gentle tone comes stealing by—
And years of matrimony flee,
And leave me sitting on his knee.

The times he came to court a spell,
The tender things he said to me,
Make me remember mighty well
My hopes that he'd propose to me.
My face is uglier, and perhaps
Time and the comb have thinned my hair;
And plain and common are the caps,
And dresses that I have to wear—
But memory is ever yet
With all that fellow's flat'ries writ.

I have been out at milking-time
Beneath a dull and rainy sky.
When in the barn 'twas time to feed,
And calves were bawling lustily—
When scattered hay, and sheaves of oats,
And yellow corn-ears, sound and hard,
And all that makes the cattle pass
With wilder fleetness through the yard—
When all was hateful, then have I,
With friends who had to help me milk,
Talked of his wife most spitefully,
And how he kept her dressed in silk;
And when the cattle, running there,
Threw over me a shower of mud,
That fellow's voice came on the air,
Like the light chewing of the cud—
And resting near some speckled cow,
The spirit of a woman's spite,
I've poured a low and fervent vow,
To make him, if I had the might,
Live all his life-time just as hard,
And milk his cows in such a yard.

I have been out to pick up wood,
When night was stealing from the dawn,
Before the fire was burning good,
Or I had put the kettle on.
The little stove—when babes were waking
With a low murmur in the beds,
And melody by fits was breaking
Above their little yellow heads—
And this when I was up perhaps
From a few short and troubled naps—
And when the sun sprang scrolishingly
And freely up, and made us stifle,
And fell upon each hill and tree
The bullets from his subtle rifle—
I say a voice has thrilled me then,
Hard by that solemn pile of wood,
Or creeping from the silent glen,
Like something on the unfledged brood,
Hath stricken me, and I have pressed
Close in my arms my load of chips,
And pouring forth the hatefulest
Of words that ever passed my lips,
Have felt my woman's spirit rush
On me, as on that milking night,
And, yielding to the blessed gush
Of my ungovernable spite,
Have risen up, the wed, the old,
Scolding as hard as I could scold.

And in the same vein "The Annoyer," in which is imitated one of the most delicate pieces of sentiment and fancy which Willis has given us:

THE ANNOYER.

"Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever."—SHELLEY.

Love knoweth every body's house,
And every human haunt,
And comes unbidden, every where,
Like people we don't want.
The turnpike roads and little creeks
Are written with love's words,
And you hear his voice like a thousand bricks
In the lowing of the herds.

He peeps into the teamster's heart,
From his Buena Vista's rim,
And the cracking whips of many men
Can never frighten him.
He'll come to his cart in the weary night,
When he's dreaming of his cruft;
And he'll float to his eye in the morning light,
Like a man on a river raft.

He hears the sound of the cooper's adz,
And makes him too his dupe,
For he sighs in his ear from the shaving pile
As he hammers on the hoop.
The little girl, the beardless boy,
The men that walk or stand,
He will get them all in his mighty arms
Like the grasp of your very hand.

The shoemaker bangs above his bench,
And ponders his shining awl,
For love is under the lap-stone hid,
And a spell is on the wall.
It heaves the sole where he drives the pegs,
And speaks in every blow,
Till the last is dropped from his crafty hand,
And his foot hangs bare below.

He blurs the prints which the shopman sell,
And intrudes on the hatter's trade,
And profanes the hostler's stable-yard
In the shape of the chamber-maid.
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight,
Knowing that he can win,
In every home of good-looking folks
Will human love come in.

The next is from Poe's "Annabel Lee:"

SAMUEL BROWN.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a dwelling down in town,
That a fellow there lived whom you may know
By the name of Samuel Brown;
And this fellow he lived with no other thought
Than to our house to come down.

I was a child and he was a child,
In that dwelling down in town,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Samuel Brown—
With a love that the ladies coveted,
Me and Samuel Brown.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
To that dwelling down in town,
A girl came out of her carriage, courting
My beautiful Samuel Brown;
So that her high-bred kinsman came
And bore away Samuel Brown,
And shut him up in a dwelling-house,
In a street quite up in town.

The ladies, not half so happy up there,
Went envying me and Brown;
Yes! that was the reason, (as all men know,
In this dwelling down in town,)
That the girl came out of the carriage by night,
Coquetting and getting my Samuel Brown.

But our love is more artful by far than the love
Of those who are older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the girls that are living above,
Nor the girls that are down in town,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Samuel Brown.

For the morn never shines without bringing me lines
From my beautiful Samuel Brown;
And the night is never dark, but I sit in the park
With my beautiful Samuel Brown.
And often by day, I walk down in Broadway,
With my darling, my darling, my life, and my stay,
To our dwelling down in town,
To our house in the street down town.

The two poems that have been most parodied in this country are the "Woodman spare that tree," of General Morris, and Poe's "Raven." There have been an incredible number of burlesques of the former, and of the latter we have seen a collection of seventeen, some of which are scarcely less clever than the original performance.

THE BRITISH HUMORISTS: DESCRIBED BY MR. THACKERAY.

IN the last *International*, we gave sketches of the first and second of the series of lectures Mr. Thackeray is now delivering in London, a series which we may regard with more interest because it is to be repeated in Boston, New-York, and other American cities. The subjects of the lectures already noticed were SWIFT, CONGREVE, and ADDISON. The third lecture was upon

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

"Having," says the *Times*, "to deal with a personage whose character was any thing but perfection, Mr. Thackeray started with a good-humored declamation against perfection in general. A perfect man would be intolerable—he could not laugh and he could not cry, neither could he hate nor even love, for love itself implied an unjust preference of one person over another, which was so far an imperfection. The interest which a man takes in the progress of his own boy at school, while he is indifferent about other boys who are probably better and more clever, his choice that a death should occur in his neighbor's house rather than in his own, and various traits of a similar kind, are all so many manifestations of selfishness, and therefore so many removes from perfection.

"After this preface, Mr. Thackeray discoursed upon Steele's career at school. At the Charterhouse he distinguished himself as a good-natured *mauvais sujet*—idle beyond the average mark. By his scholastic acquisitions he gave little satisfaction to his masters, and was flogged more frequently than any boy in the school. Moreover, he was in debt to all the vendors of juvenile delicacies in the neighborhood; and, if any boy came to

school with money to lend, Dick Steele was certain to appear as the person to borrow. These facts, given with much minuteness, were followed by an assertion on the part of the lecturer that he had no authority for them whatever. It was an admitted truth that 'the child is the father of the man,' and on this principle he felt he had a right, from his intimate knowledge of Captain Steele, to deduce what sort of a personage Master Dicky Steele was likely to be.

"This bit of mock biography gave the key-note to the entire lecture. While Mr. Thackeray admitted that Steele was a far less brilliant man than any who had formed the subjects of the preceding discourses, and far less entitled to admiration than Addison, he spoke of him in a tone of warmer affection than he had displayed when talking of the great Joseph. He dilated with unction on Steele's many follies and vices—his strange medley of piety and debauchery, his inordinate love of dress, his insensibility as to the duty of meeting pecuniary obligations; he even read an ill-natured description by John Dennis, remarking that it was substantially true, but at the same time he constantly kept before the minds of his hearers the kindliness of Steele's heart. He did not call upon them to worship him as a moral being or as a talent, aware that many others much more deserved such honor, but he exhorted them to love him as a friend: 'If Steele is not a friend, he is nothing.'

"The great number of letters which Steele wrote to his wife, and which are still extant, furnished Mr. Thackeray with much of the knowledge he possessed as to the character of his hero. With these he could pursue him through every variety of joy and sorrow, difficulty and triumph, and, as they were evidently written for none but her to whom they were addressed, he could be sure that the writer spoke from his own heart. On the literary productions of Steele, Mr. Thackeray dwelt very little, but he pointed out in them this peculiarity, that the author showed a reverence for woman unknown to his contemporaries. Swift hated women just as he hated men; Congreve regarded them as so many fortresses to be conquered by a superior general; even Addison sneered at them with a gentle sneer; but Steele really spoke of them in a tone of affectionate respect, and this gives a charm to his comedies not to be found in more brilliant productions.

"Mr. Thackeray took occasion to illustrate by these extracts the characteristic differences of Swift, Addison, and Steele. He had already drawn a ludicrous picture of the relative positions of Steele and Addison, remarking that the latter had been through life to the former what a 'head boy' is to an inferior boy at school. Now by Swift's poem on the 'Day of Judgment'—an extract from the *Spectator*, containing Addison's reflections in Westminster Abbey—and a passage from Steele, he showed how the subject of Death was treated by the three writers. Swift's poem savagely treats as fools all who pretend to know any thing beyond the grave, including the teachers of the several sects. Addison's tone was kinder, but, while he was benevolent in his skepticism, he came to nearly the same result as the ferocious Dean. Steele, on the other hand, was content to remember, as his first grief, the death of his father, when he was five years old, and the dignified sorrow of his mother.

"By way of an additional comical apology for the foibles of Steele, Mr. Thackeray concluded his lecture by remarking on the atrocities of the age when poor Dick lived,—an age when young ladies, at dinner, actually put their knives into their mouths. The social peculiarities of the period he illustrated by a sort of summary of Swift's *Polite Conversation*, which led up to an ironical praise of the nineteenth century, as a century whose anomalies are unknown."

The fourth lecture on the humorists was of Prior, Gay, and Pope, Mr. Thackeray choosing to consider Pope, who was not a humorist, but a wit, the greatest humorist of all:

MATHEW PRIOR.

"Prior he characterizes as the foremost of lucky wits, abounding in good nature and acuteness. He loved—he drank—he sang. Some verses at Cambridge first rendered him an object of notice, and by the 'City Mouse and Country Mouse,' which, jointly with Montague, he wrote against Dryden, and which, Mr. Thackeray ironically asserted, all his hearers knew, of course, by heart, he gained the post of Secretary to the Embassy at the Hague, in accordance with the usage then prevalent of rewarding a talent for correct alcaics or biting epigrams with important diplomatic appointments. However, his fortune was but transient, since he fell with his patron Montague. As a poet, Mr. Thackeray praised Prior highly, calling him the most charming of English lyrists, and comparing him with Horace on one side and Moore on the other. At the same time he referred to a certain statement that Prior, after he had spent the evening with the first men of the day, would retire to Long-acre to smoke a pipe with two very intimate acquaintances—a soldier and his wife—adding that many of his writings seemed to be under the influence of his Long-acre friends."

JOHN GAY.

"Gay was pointed out as a remarkable instance of kindliness and good humor, gaining the love even of the most savage wits of the day, and incurring the hatred of none. The ferocious giant Swift loved him as the Brobdignag loved Gulliver, and was afraid to open the packet which contained the tidings of his death. This kindliness is an especial feature in Gay's writings, even in his *Beggars' Opera*, and as Rubini was said to have, 'une larme dans la voix,' so was there in all that Gay produced a tone of the gentlest pathos. This peculiarity he illustrated by reading the well known story of the two devoted lovers struck dead by lightning. As for Gay's life, it was easy enough. He failed, indeed, to make his fortune, but he led a comfortable existence with his noble patrons the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury, living like a little round French *abbé*, eating and drinking well and growing more melancholy as he increased in fat."

ALEXANDER POPE.

"For a guaranty of Pope's merits, Mr. Thackeray especially referred to the *Rape of the Lock* and the *Dunciad*. He insisted on his claims to admiration as a great literary artist, always bent on the perfection of his work and gladly adopting the thoughts of others if they would serve to complete his own. This peculiarity of carefulness was early shown in the fact that Pope began by imitation. The five happiest years of his life were devoted to the study of the best authors, especially

poets, and the intellectual enjoyment was heightened by the feeling that genius was throbbing in his heart and awakening within him dreams of future glory. He too should sing—he too should love. Of love, indeed, Pope did not make a great deal, and as his addresses to Lady Wortley Montague were a failure, so was his first amour a sham love for a sham mistress. A particular pleasure in reading the works of Pope consists in the fact that they bring the reader into the very best company—a company whose manners are, to be sure, a little stiff and stately, and whose voices are pitched somewhat beyond the ordinary conversation key, but there is something ennobling about them. *Apropos* of this peculiarity, Mr. Thackeray took occasion to dwell with great unction on the advantages of high society, and said, for the benefit of any young hearer who might be present, 'Young hearer, keep company with your betters.' Addison, as we have seen, is Mr. Thackeray's moral hero. He considers, however, that he has one great blemish in his dislike of Alexander Pope. The young poet was too conscious of his own powers to be a mere attendant at the Court of King Joseph, and King Joseph did not like this independence. The support given by the Addison *clique* to Tickell's translation of Homer might naturally enough be construed by the Pope faction as proceeding from an ungenerous wish to depreciate their chieftain's version, and they might easily suppose that what was emulation in Tickell was envy in Addison. The verses which Pope wrote on this occasion and sent to Addison, had the satisfactory effect that the great Joseph was civil ever afterwards. But still Mr. Thackeray surmised that their sting was never forgotten, and that the saintly Addison might be painted as a Sebastian, with this one arrow sticking in him.

"The causes that led to the writing of the *Dunciad* were laid down, chiefly with a view of justifying the author, though Mr. Thackeray admitted that Pope's arrows are so sharp, and his slaughter so wholesale, that the reader's sympathies are often enlisted on the side of the devoted inhabitants of Grub-street. The vile jokes and libels that were aimed against the illustrious poet, and the paltry allusions to his personal defects, were brought forward as sufficient motives; and the lecturer dwelt with admiration on the personal courage which the "gallant little cripple" displayed when the indignant dunces threatened him with corporeal chastisement. At the same time, he declared it his conviction that the *Dunciad* had done the greatest possible harm to the literary profession. Prior to its publication there were great prizes for literary men in the shape of government appointments and the like; but Pope, a lover of high society—a man so refined that he kept thin while his friends grew fat—hated the rank and file of literature, and if there was one point in his assailants on which he dwelt with savage partiality, it was their abject poverty. He it was who brought the notion of a vile Grub-street before the minds of the general public; he it was who created such associations as author and rags—author and dirt—author and gin. The occupation of authorship became ignoble through his graphic descriptions of misery, and the literary profession was for a long time destroyed.

"Pope's well known affection for his mother, on which Mr. Thackeray feelingly expatiated, and the love which his friends entertained for him, were introduced as a sentimental relief in describing the character of a man whose career Mr. Thackeray compared to that of a great general, obtaining his end by a series of brilliant conquests."

HOGARTH, SMOLLETT, AND FIELDING.

"In his fifth lecture," says the *Leader*, "Mr. Thackeray dwelt at great length on Hogarth, and pointed out how much of his success lay in the simple conventional morals of his works; gave a graphic analysis of the *Marriage à la Mode* and the *Idle and Industrious Apprentices*; and humorously set forth Hogarth's pretensions to the sublime in historical painting. Smollett was dismissed in a few pleasant paragraphs. Fielding called out the hearty admiration of the author of *Vanity Fair*; and amidst the panegyric there were some admirable passages, notably one on the scorn and hatred Richardson and Fielding unaffectedly felt for each other, and the sincerity which may animate even the most contemptuous criticism. The opinions Thackeray stamps with his authority, we constantly find open to question; but it is not as a Course of Criticism that these Lectures have their inexpressible charm, and it would be possible for a man to dissent *in toto* from the views put forth, while at the same time he held them to be among the most delightful lectures he ever listened to."

STERNE AND GOLDSMITH.

In the sixth and last lecture of the course, Mr. Thackeray's subjects were Sterne and Goldsmith. He stigmatized severely all Sterne's relations with women, showed up the sham sensibility which wept through his writings, dwelt on the perilous thing it was to make a market of one's sorrows, and sell the deepest experiences of one's life at so much per volume, and wound up with an emphatic condemnation of the pruriency of Sterne's writings, contrasting that pruriency with the purity of Dickens. All the generosity, sweetness, and improvidence of Goldsmith's Irish nature were earnestly and genially presented.

This course of lectures has been described as "a review of the humorists, by their master," but Mr. Thackeray is not a humorist—at least humor is not his distinguishing quality; he is a cold satirist, sneering at humanity, and in all his writings never exhibiting a spark of the genial fire which should commend an author to the affections of his readers. Gentlemen may be amused by him—he may be even punctilious and sincere in the observance of all honorable conduct—but judging him by his works, he is one of the last men living whom any person with the instincts of a gentleman would admit to his friendship. Some of his books are amazingly clever, but others, as the *Kickleburys on the Rhine*, are but unredeemable vulgarity. He has been taken up very much by the snobs—a class somewhat remarkable for misapprehensions of their real relations—and we find the snobs of this country as well as of England lauding the satirist as an enemy of their own peculiar caste. This is a mistake: Mr. Thackeray has painted to the life the sentimental snob, indeed, but he is himself a chief of a different and far less endurable class in this division of the race—*the snob cynical and supercilious.*

ALRED.

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
BY ELMINA WALDO CAREY.

DO you remember, Alred dear,
The peach-tree's cool and ample shade,
Where first our hearts learned love and fear,
And vows of constancy were made?

The peach-tree stands there, now as then,
Its shadow just as dim and mild,
And over all the sacred glen
The vines of strawberries run wild.

Still all about the water's edge
Beds of green flags in beauty lie,
And, sloping towards the elder-hedge,
Are fields of graceful waving rye.

But, Alred dear, not by our feet
Will the round clover-heads be pressed,
For years must pass before we meet
In that dear valley of the west.

Sometimes my heart is filled with fear,
Yet if not, Alred, in that land,
'Tis bliss to know, in some bright sphere
You'll wait to take my trembling hand.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH ON ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

THE July number of *Blackwood's Magazine* has a long paper under the title of *What is Mesmerism?* in which the question is discussed with ingenuity, apparent candor, and occasional eloquence. The editor, however, does not altogether agree with his contributor, and adds to the article the following postscript. Undoubtedly a large proportion of the "professors of magnetism" are mere mountebanks, and the pretenders to clairvoyance may in all cases probably be set down as knaves, or as very ignorant or feeble-minded persons. Nevertheless, we cannot quite agree with Professor Wilson in all his propositions:

WHAT IS MESMERISM?

"It must be admitted that our excellent correspondent has set forth the claims of 'Adolphe' and 'Alexis,' and similar interesting abstractions, to the powers of omnipresence and omniscience, with great candor and becoming gravity. We are sorry that we cannot follow what many of our readers may consider so excellent an example. We have no faith in those dear creatures without surnames: we have no faith in animal magnetism, either in its lesser or in its larger pretensions; but we have an unbounded faith in the imbecility, infatuation, vanity, credulity, and knavery of which human nature is capable. And we are of opinion that there is not a single well-authenticated mesmeric phenomenon which is not fully explicable by the operation of one or more of these causes, or of the whole of them taken in conjunction.

"The question in regard to mesmerism is twofold: *first*, how is the mesmeric prostration to be accounted for? and *secondly*, how is it to be disposed of? It may be accounted for, we conceive, by the natural tendencies just recited, without its being necessary to postulate any new or unknown agency; it may be disposed of by the influence of public opinion, which would very soon put a stop to these pitiable exhibitions, and very soon extinguish the magnetizer's power and the patient's susceptibility, if it were but to visit the performers with the contempt and reprobation they deserve. A few words on each of these heads may not be out of place, as a qualifying postscript to the foregoing letter, which, in our opinion, treats the mesmeric superstition with far too much indulgence.

"I. The existence of any physical force or fluid in man or in nature, by which the mesmeric phenomena are induced, has been distinctly disproved by every carefully conducted experiment. *No person was ever magnetised when totally unsuspicious of the operation of which he was the subject.* This is conclusive; because a physical agent, which never does, *of itself* and unheralded, produce any effect, is no physical agent at all. Then, again, let certain persons be prepared for the magnetic condition, and aware of what is expected of them, and the effects are equally produced, whether the intended influence be exerted or not. It seems simply ridiculous to postulate an *odylic* (we should like to be favored with the derivation of this word) fluid to account for phenomena which show themselves just as conspicuously when no such fluid is or can be in operation.

"But it is argued by some of the advocates of mesmeric influence, that their agent, though perhaps not physical, is at any rate moral—that the will, or some spiritual energy on the part of the mesmerist, is the power by which his victims are entranced and rendered obedient to his bidding. Here, too, all the well-authenticated cases establish a totally different conclusion. They prove that the will or spiritual power of the mesmerist has *of itself* no ascendency or control whatsoever over the body or mind of his victim. Every well-guarded series of experiments has exhibited the mesmerist and his patient at cross-purposes with each other—the patient frequently doing those things which the mesmerist was desirous he should not do, and not doing those things which the operator was desirous he should do. As for the buffoonery begotten by mesmerism on phrenology, this exhibition can scarcely be expected to provoke much astonishment, or credence, or comment, except among professional artists themselves—

'Like Katterfelto, with their hair on end,
At their own wonders, *wondering for their bread!*'

"The true explanation of mesmerism is to be found, as we have said, in the weakness or infatuation of human nature itself. No other causes are at all necessary to account for the mesmeric prostration. There is far more craziness, both physical and moral, in man than he usually gives himself credit for. The reservoir of human folly may be in a great measure occult, but it is always full; and all that silliness, whether of body or mind, at any time wants, is *to get its cue.*

"These general remarks are of course more applicable to some individuals than they are to others. In soft and weak natures, where the nervous system is subject to cataleptic seizures, mental and bodily prostration is frequently almost the normal condition. Such of our readers as may have frequented mesmeric exhibitions must have observed a kind of *semi-humanity* visible in the expression and demeanor of most of the subjects whom the professional operators carry about with them. These poor creatures are at all times ready to imbibe the magnetic stupefaction, because it is only by an effort that they are ever free from it. There is always at work within them an occult tendency to self-abandonment—an

unintentional proclivity to aberration, imitation, and deceit, which only requires a signal to precipitate its morbid deposits. This constitutional infirmity of body and of mind furnishes to the mesmerist a basis for his operations, and is the source of all the wonders which he works.

"It is only in the case of individuals who, without being fatuous, are hovering on the verge of fatuity, that the magnetic phenomena and the mesmeric prostration can be admitted to be in any considerable degree real. Real to a certain extent they may be; marvellous they certainly are not. Imbecility of the nervous system, a ready abandonment of the will, a facility in relinquishing every endowment which makes man *human*—these intelligible causes, eked out by a vanity and cunning which are always inherent in natures of an inferior type, are quite sufficient to account for the effects of the mesmeric manipulations on subjects of peculiar softness and pliancy.

"In those persons of a better organized structure, who yield themselves up to the mesmeric degradation, the physical causes are less operative; but the moral causes are still more influential. In all cases the prostration is self-induced. But in the subjects of whom we have spoken, it is mainly induced by physical depravity, although moral frailties concur to bring about the condition. In persons of a superior type, the condition is mainly due to moral causes, although physical imbecility has some share in facilitating the result. These people have much vanity, much curiosity, and much credulity, together with a *weak* imagination—that is to say, an imagination which is easily excited by circumstances which would produce no effect upon people of stronger imaginative powers. Their vanity shows itself in the desire *to astonish others*, and get themselves talked about. They think it rather creditable to be susceptible subjects. It is a point in their favor! Their credulity and curiosity take the form of a powerful wish *to be astonished themselves*. Why should they be excluded from a land of wonders which others are permitted to enter? The first step is now taken. They are ready for the sacrifice, which various motives concur to render agreeable. They resign themselves passively, mind and body, into the hands of the manipulator; and by his passes and grimaces, they are cowed pleasurably, bullied delightfully, into *so much* of the condition which their inclinations are bent upon attaining, as justifies them, they think, in laying claim to the *whole* condition, without bringing them under the imputation of being downright impostors. *Downright* impostors they unquestionably are not. We believe that their condition is frequently, though to a very limited extent, *real*. We must also consider, that, in a matter of this kind, which is so deeply imbued with the ridiculous, a mesmeric patient may, and doubtless often does, justify to his own conscience a considerable deviation from the truth, on the ground of waggery or hoaxing. Why should an audience, which has the patience to put up with such spectacles, not be fooled to the top of its bent?

"II. How, then, is the miserable nonsense to be disposed of? It can only be put a stop to by the force of public opinion, guided of course by reason and truth. Let it be announced from all authoritative quarters that the magnetic sensibility is only another name for an unsound condition of the mental and bodily functions—that it may be always accepted as an infallible index of the position which an individual occupies in the scale of humanity—that its manifestation (when real) invariably betokens a *physique* and a *morale* greatly below the average, and a character to which no respect can be attached. Let this announcement—which is the undoubted truth—be made by all respectable organs of public opinion, and by all who are in any way concerned in the diffusion of knowledge, or in the instruction of the rising generation, and the magnetic superstition will rapidly decline. Let this—the correct and scientific explanation of the phenomena—be understood and considered carefully by all young people of both sexes, and the mesmeric ranks will be speedily thinned of their recruits. Our young friends who may have been entrapped into this infatuation by want of due consideration, will be wiser for the future. If they allow themselves to be experimented upon, they will at any rate take care not to disgrace themselves by yielding to the follies to which they may be solicited both from within and from without; and we are much mistaken if, when they know what the penalty is, they will abandon themselves to a disgusting condition which is characteristic only of the most abject specimens of our species."

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.*

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

JOHN AYLIFFE, as we may now once more very righteously call him, was seated in the great hall of the old house of the Hastings family. Very different indeed was the appearance of that large chamber now from that which it had presented when Sir Philip Hastings was in possession. All the old, solid, gloomy-looking furniture, which formerly had given it an air of baronial dignity, and which Sir Philip had guarded as preciously as if every antique chair and knotted table had been an heir-loom, was now removed, and rich flaunting things of gaudy colors substituted. Damask, and silk, and velvet, and gilt ornaments in the style of France, were there in abundance, and had it not been for the arches overhead, and the stone walls and narrow windows around, the old hall might have passed for the saloon of some newly-enriched financier of Paris.

The young man sat at table alone—not that he was by any means fond of solitude, for on the contrary he would have fain filled his house with company—but for some reason or another, which he could not divine, he found the old country gentlemen in the neighborhood somewhat shy of his society. His wealth, his ostentation, his luxury—for he had begun his new career with tremendous vehemence—had no effect upon them. They looked upon him as somewhat vulgar, and treated him with mere cold, supercilious civi-

* Continued from page 488, vol. iii.

lity as an upstart. There was one gentleman of good family, indeed, at some distance, who had hung a good deal about courts, had withered and impoverished himself, and reduced both his mind and his fortune in place-hunting, and who had a large family of daughters, to whom the society of John Ayliffe was the more acceptable, and who not unfrequently rode over and dined with him—nay, took a bed at the Hall. But that day he had not been over, and although upon the calculation of chances, one might have augured two to one John Ayliffe would ultimately marry one of the daughters, yet at this period he was not very much smitten with any of them, and was contemplating seriously a visit to London, where he thought his origin would be unknown, and his wealth would procure him every sort of enjoyment.

Two servants were in the Hall, handing him the dishes. Well-cooked viands were on the table, and rich wine. Every thing which John Ayliffe in his sensual aspirations had anticipated from the possession of riches was there—except happiness, and that was wanting. To sit and feed, and feel one's self a scoundrel—to drink deep draughts, were it of nectar, for the purpose of drowning the thought of our own baseness—to lie upon the softest bed, and prop the head with the downiest pillow, with the knowledge that all we possess is the fruit of crime, can never give happiness—surely not, even to the most depraved.

That eating and drinking, however, was now one of John Ayliffe's chief resources—drinking especially. He did not actually get intoxicated every night before he went to bed, but he always drank to a sufficient excess to cloud his faculties, to obfuscate his mind. He rather liked to feel himself in that sort of dizzy state where the outlines of all objects become indistinct, and thought itself puts on the same hazy aspect.

The servants had learned his habits already, and were very willing to humor them; for they derived their own advantage therefrom. Thus, on the present occasion, as soon as the meal was over, and the dishes were removed, and the dessert put upon the table—a dessert consisting principally of sweetmeats, for which he had a great fondness, with stimulants to thirst. Added to these were two bottles of the most potent wine in his cellar, with a store of clean glasses, and a jug of water, destined to stand unmoved in the middle of the table.

After this process it was customary never to disturb him, till, with a somewhat wavering step, he found his way up to his bedroom. But on the night of which I am speaking, John Ayliffe had not finished his fourth glass after dinner, and was in the unhappy stage, which, with some men, precedes the exhilarating stage of drunkenness, when the butler ventured to enter with a letter in his hand.

"I beg pardon for intruding, sir," he said, "but Mr. Cherrydew has sent up a man on horseback from Hartwell with this letter, because there is marked upon it, 'to be delivered with the greatest possible haste.'"

"Curse him!" exclaimed John Ayliffe, "I wish he would obey the orders I give him. Why the devil does he plague me with letters at this time of night?—there, give it to me, and go away," and taking the letter from the man's hand, he threw it down on the table beside him, as if it were not his intention to read it that night. Probably, indeed, it was not; for he muttered as he looked at the address, "She wants more money, I dare say, to pay for some trash or another. How greedy these women are. The parson preached the other day about the horse-leech's daughter. By —— I think I have got the horse-leech's mother!" and he laughed stupidly, not perceiving that the point of his sarcasm touched himself.

He drank another glass of wine, and then looked at the letter again; but at length, after yet another glass, curiosity got the better of his moodiness, and he opened the epistle.

The first sight of the contents dispelled not only his indifference but the effects of the wine he had taken, and he read the letter with an eager and a haggard eye. The substance was as follows:

"My dearest boy:

"All is lost and discovered. I can but write you a very short account of the things that have been happening here, for I am under what these people call the surveillance of the police. I have got a few minutes, however, and I will pay the maid secretly to give this to the post. Never was such a time as I have had this morning. Four men have been here, and among them Atkinson, who lived just down below at the cottage with the gray shutters. He knew me in a minute, and told everybody who I was. But that is not the worst of it, for they have got a commissioner of police with him—a terrible looking man, who took as much snuff as Mr. Jenkins, the justice of peace. They had got all sorts of information in England about me, and you, and every body, and they came to me to give them more, and cross-questioned me in a terrible manner; and that ugly old Commissioner, in his black coat and great wig, took my keys, and opened all the drawers and places. What could I do to stop them? So they got all your letters to me; because I could not bear to burn my dear boy's letters, and that letter from old Sir John to my poor father, which I once showed you. So when they got all these, there was no use of trying to conceal it any more, and, besides, they might have sent me to the Bastile or the Tower of London. So every thing has come out, and the best thing you can do is to take whatever money you have got, or can get, and run away as fast as possible, and come

over here and take me away. One of them was as fine a man as ever I saw, and quite a gentleman, though very severe.

"Pray, my dear John, don't lose a moment's time, but run away before they catch you; for they know every thing now, depend upon it, and nothing will stop them from hanging you or sending you to the colonies that you can do; for they have got all the proofs, and I could see by their faces that they wanted nothing more; and if they do, my heart will be quite broken, that is, if they hang you or send you to the colonies, where you will have to work like a galley-slave, and a man standing over you with a whip, beating your bare back very likely. So run away, and come to your afflicted mother."

She did not seem to have been quite sure what name to sign, for she first put "Brown," but then changed the word to "Hastings," and then again to "Ayliffe." There were two or three postscripts, but they were of no great importance, and John Ayliffe did not take the trouble of reading them. The terms he bestowed upon his mother—not in the secrecy of his heart, but aloud and fiercely—were any thing but filial, and his burst of rage lasted full five minutes before it was succeeded by the natural fear and trepidation which the intelligence he had received might well excite. Then, however, his terror became extreme. The color, usually high, and now heightened both by rage and wine, left his cheeks, and, as he read over some parts of his mother's letter again, he trembled violently.

"She has told all," he repeated to himself, "she has told all—and most likely has added from his own fancy. They have got all my letters too, which the fool did not burn. What did I say, I wonder? Too much—too much, I am sure. Heaven and earth, what will come of it! Would to God I had not listened to that rascal Shanks! Where should I go now for advice? It must not be to him. He would only betray and ruin me—make me the scape-goat—pretend that I had deceived him, I dare say. Oh, he is a precious villain, and Mrs. Hazleton knows that too well to trust him even with a pitiful mortgage—Mrs. Hazleton—I will go to her. She is always kind to me, and she is devilish clever too—knows a good deal more than Shanks if she did but understand the law—I will go to her—she will tell me how to manage."

No time was to be lost. Ride as hard as he could it would take him more than an hour to reach Mrs. Hazleton's house, and it was already late. He ordered a horse to be saddled instantly, ran to his bedroom, drew on his boots, and then, descending to the hall, stood swearing at the slowness of the groom till the sound of hoofs made him run to the door. In a moment he was in the saddle and away, much to the astonishment of the servants, who puzzled themselves a little as to what intelligence their young master could have received, and then proceeded to console themselves according to the laws and ordinances of the servants' hall in such cases made and provided. The wine he had left upon the table disappeared with great celerity, and the butler, who was a man of precision, arrayed a good number of small silver articles and valuable trinkets in such a way as to be packed up and removed with great facility and secrecy.

In the meanwhile John Ayliffe rode on at a furious pace, avoiding a road which would have led him close by Mr. Shanks's dwelling, and reached Mrs. Hazleton's door about nine o'clock.

That lady was sitting in a small room behind the drawing-room, which I have already mentioned, where John Ayliffe was announced once more as Sir John Hastings. But Mrs. Hazleton, in personal appearance at least, was much changed since she was first introduced to the reader. She was still wonderfully handsome. She had still that indescribable air of calm, high-bred dignity which we are often foolishly inclined to ascribe to noble feelings and a high heart; but which—where it is not an art, an acquirement—only indicates, I am inclined to believe, when it has any moral reference at all, strength of character and great self-reliance. But Mrs. Hazleton was older—looked older a good deal—more so than the time which had passed would alone account for. The passions of the last two or three years had worn her sadly, and probably the struggle to conceal those passions had worn her as much. Nevertheless, she had grown somewhat fat under their influence, and a wrinkle here and there in the fair skin was contradicted by the plumpness of her figure.

She rose with quiet, easy grace to meet her young guest, and held out her hand to him, saying, "Really, my dear Sir John, you must not pay me such late visits or I shall have scandal busying herself with my good name."

But even as she spoke she perceived the traces of violent agitation which had not yet departed from John Ayliffe's visage, and she added, "What is the matter? Has any thing gone wrong?"

"Every thing is going to the devil, I believe," said John Ayliffe, as soon as the servant had closed the door. "They have found out my mother at St. Germain."

He paused there to see what effect this first intelligence would produce, and it was very great; for Mrs. Hazleton well knew that upon the concealment of his mother's existence had depended one of the principal points in his suit against Sir Philip Hastings. What was going on in her mind, however, appeared not in her countenance. She paused in silence, indeed, for a moment or two, and then said in her sweet musical voice, "Well, Sir John, is that all?"

"Enough too, dear Mrs. Hazleton!" replied the young man. "Why you surely remember that it was judged absolutely necessary she should be supposed dead—you yourself said, when we were talking of it, 'Send her to France.' Don't you remember?"

"No I do not," answered Mrs. Hazleton, thoughtfully; "and if I did it could only be intended to save the poor thing from all the torment of being cross-examined in a court of justice."

"Ay, she has been cross-examined enough in France nevertheless," said the young man bitterly, "and she has told every thing, Mrs. Hazleton—all that she knew, and I dare say all that she guessed."

This news was somewhat more interesting than even the former; it touched Mrs. Hazleton personally to a certain extent, for all that Jane Aylliffe knew and all that she guessed might comprise a great deal that Mrs. Hazleton would not have liked the world to know or guess either. She retained all her presence of mind however, and replied quite quietly "Really, Sir John, I cannot at all form a judgment of these things, or give you either assistance or advice, as I am anxious to do, unless you explain the whole matter fully and clearly. What has your mother done which seems to have affected you so much? Let me hear the whole details, then I can judge and speak with some show of reason. But calm yourself, calm yourself, my dear sir. We often at the first glance of any unpleasant intelligence take fright, and thinking the danger ten times greater than it really is, run into worse dangers in trying to avoid it. Let me hear all, I say, and then I will consider what is to be done."

Now Mrs. Hazleton had already, from what she had just heard, determined precisely and entirely what she would do. She had divined in an instant that the artful game in which John Aylliffe had been engaged, and in which she herself had taken a hand, was played out, and that he was the loser; but it was a very important object with her to ascertain if possible how far she herself had been compromised by the revelations of Mrs. Aylliffe. This was the motive of her gentle questions; for at heart she did not feel the least gentle.

On the other hand John Aylliffe was somewhat angry. All frightened people are angry when they find others a great deal less frightened than themselves. Drawing forth his mother's letter then, he thrust it towards Mrs. Hazleton, almost rudely, saying, "Read that, madam, and you'll soon see all the details that you could wish for."

Mrs. Hazleton did read it from end to end, postscript and all, and she saw with infinite satisfaction and delight, that her own name was never once mentioned in the whole course of that delectable epistle. As she read that part of the letter, however, in which Mrs. Aylliffe referred to the very handsome gentlemanly man who had been one of her unwished for visitors, Mrs. Hazleton said within herself, "This is Marlow; Marlow has done this!" and tenfold bitterness took possession of her heart. She folded up the letter with neat propriety, however, and handed it back to John Aylliffe, saying, in her very sweetest tones, "Well, I do not think this so very bad as you seem to imagine. They have found out that your mother is still living, and that is all. They cannot make much of that."

"Not much of that!" exclaimed John Aylliffe, now nearly driven to frenzy, "what if they convict me of perjury for swearing she was dead?"

"Did you swear she was dead?" exclaimed Mrs. Hazleton with an exceedingly well assumed look of profound astonishment.

"To be sure I did," he answered. "Why you proposed that she should be sent away yourself, and Shanks drew out the affidavit."

A mingled look of consternation and indignation came into Mrs. Hazleton's beautiful face; but before she could make any reply he went on, thinking he had frightened her, which was in itself a satisfaction and a sort of triumph.

"Ay, that you did," he said, "and not only that, but you advanced me all the money to carry on the suit, and I am told that that is punishable by law. Besides, you knew quite well of the leaf being torn out of the register, so we are in the same basket I can tell you, Mrs. Hazleton."

"Sir, you insult me," said the lady, rising with an air of imperious dignity. "The charity which induced me to advance you different sums of money, without knowing what they were to be applied to—and I can prove that some of them were applied to very different purposes than a suit at law—has been misunderstood, I see. Had I advanced them to carry on this suit, they would have been paid to your and my lawyer, not to yourself. Not a word more, if you please! You have mistaken my character as well as my motives, if you suppose that I will suffer you to remain here one moment after you have insulted me by the very thought that I was any sharer in your nefarious transactions." She spoke in a loud shrill tone, knowing that the servants were in the hall hard by, and then she added, "Save me the pain, sir, of ordering some of the men to put you out of the house by quitting it directly."

"Oh, yes, I will go, I will go," cried John Aylliffe, now quite maddened, "I will go to the devil, and you too, madam," and he burst out of the room, leaving the door open behind him.

"I can compassionate misfortune," cried Mrs. Hazleton, raising her voice to the very highest pitch for the benefit of others, but I will have nothing to do with roguery and fraud," and as she heard his horse's feet clatter over the terrace, she heartily wished he might break his neck before he passed the

park gates. How far she was satisfied, and how far she was not, must be shown in another chapter.

CHAPTER XXXV.

JOHN AYLIFFE got out of the park gates quite safely, though he rode down the slope covered with loose stones, as if he had no consideration for his own neck or his horse's knees. He was in a state of desperation, however, and feared little at that moment what became of himself or any thing else. With fierce and angry eagerness he revolved in his own mind the circumstances of his situation, the conduct of Mrs. Hazleton, the folly, as he was pleased to term it, of his mother, the crimes which he had himself committed, and he found no place of refuge in all the dreary waste of thought. Every thing around looked menacing and terrible, and the world within was all dark and stormy.

He pushed his horse some way on the road which he had come, but suddenly a new thought struck him. He resolved to seek advice and aid from one whom he had previously determined to avoid. "I will go to Shanks," he said to himself, "he at least is in the same basket with myself. He must work with me, for if my mother has been fool enough to keep my letters, I have been wise enough to keep his—perhaps something may be done after all. If not, he shall go along with me, and we will try if we cannot bring that woman in too. He can prove all her sayings and doings." Thus thinking, he turned his horse's head towards the lawyer's house, and rode as hard as he could go till he reached it.

Mr. Shanks was enjoying life over a quiet comfortable bowl of punch in a little room which looked much more tidy and comfortable, than it had done twelve or eighteen months before. Mr. Shanks had been well paid. Mr. Shanks had taken care of himself. No small portion of back rents and costs had gone into the pockets of Mr. Shanks. Mr. Shanks was all that he had ever desired to be, an opulent man. Moreover, he was one of those happily constituted mortals who know the true use of wealth—to make it a means of enjoyment. He had no scruples of conscience—not he. He little cared how the money came, so that it found its way into his pocket. He was not a man to let his mind be troubled by any unpleasant remembrances; for he had a maxim that every man's duty was to do the very best he could for his client, and that every man's first client was himself.

He heard a horse stop at his door, and having made up his mind to end the night comfortably, to finish his punch and go to bed, he might perhaps have been a little annoyed, had he not consoled himself with the thought that the call must be upon business of importance, and he had no idea of business of importance unconnected with that of a large fee.

"To draw a will, I'll bet any money," said Mr. Shanks to himself; "it is either old Sir Peter, dying of indigestion, and sent for me when he's no longer able to speak, or John Ayliffe broken his neck leaping over a five-barred gate—John Ayliffe, bless us all, Sir John Hastings I should have said."

But the natural voice of John Ayliffe, asking for him in a loud impatient tone, dispelled these visions of his fancy, and in another moment the young man was in the room.

"Ah, Sir John, very glad to see you, very glad to see you," said Mr. Shanks, shaking his visitor's hand, and knocking out the ashes of his pipe upon the hob; "just come in pudding time, my dear sir—just in time for a glass of punch—bring some more lemons and some sugar, Betty. A glass of punch will do you good. It is rather cold to-night."

"As hot as h—l," answered John Ayliffe, sharply; "but I'll have the punch notwithstanding," and he seated himself while the maid proceeded to fulfil her master's orders.

Mr. Shanks evidently saw that something had gone wrong with his young and distinguished client, but anticipating no evil, he was led to consider whether it was any thing referring to a litter of puppies, a favorite horse, a fire at the hall, a robbery, or a want of some more ready money.

At length, however, the fresh lemons and sugar were brought, and the door closed, before which time John Ayliffe had helped himself to almost all the punch which he had found remaining in the bowl. It was not much, but it was strong, and Mr. Shanks applied himself to the preparation of some more medicine of the same sort. John Ayliffe suffered him to finish before he said any thing to disturb him, not from any abstract reverence for the office which Mr. Shanks was fulfilling, or for love of the beverage he was brewing, but simply because John Ayliffe began to find that he might as well consider his course a little. Consideration seldom served him very much, and in the present instance, after he had labored hard to find out the best way of breaking the matter, his impetuosity as usual got the better of him, and he thrust his mother's letter into Mr. Shanks's hand, out of which as a preliminary he took the ladle and helped himself to another glass of punch.

The consternation of Mr. Shanks, as he read Mrs. Ayliffe's letter, stood out in strong opposition to Mrs. Hazleton's sweet calmness. He was evidently as much terrified as his client; for Mr. Shanks did not forget that he had written Mrs. Ayliffe two letters since she was abroad, and as she had kept her son's epistles, Mr. Shanks argued that it was very likely she had kept his also. Their contents, taken alone, might amount to very little, but looked at in conjunction with other circumstances might amount to a great deal.

True, Mr. Shanks had avoided, as far as he could, any discussions in regard to the more delicate secrets of his profession in the pres-

ence of Mrs. Ayliffe, of whose discretion he was not as firmly convinced as he could have desired; but it was not always possible to do so, especially when he had been obliged to seek John Ayliffe in haste at her house; and now the memories of many long and dangerous conversations which had occurred in her presence, spread themselves out before his eyes in a regular row, like items on the leaves of a ledger.

"Good God!" he cried, "what has she done?"

"Every thing she ought not to have done, of course!" replied John Ayliffe, replenishing his glass, "but the question now is, Shanks, what are we to do? That is the great question just now."

"It is indeed," answered Mr. Shanks, in great agitation; "this is very awkward, very awkward indeed."

"I know that," answered John Ayliffe, laconically.

"Well but, sir, what is to be done?" asked Mr. Shanks, fidgeting uneasily about the table.

"That is what I come to ask you, not to tell you," answered the young man; "you see, Shanks, you and I are exactly in the same case, only I have more to lose than you have. But whatever happens to me will happen to you, depend upon it. I am not going to be the only one, whatever Mrs. Hazleton may think."

Shanks caught at Mrs. Hazleton's name; "Ay, that's a good thought," he said, "we had better go and consult her. Let us put our three heads together, and we may beat them yet—perhaps."

"No use of going to her," answered John Ayliffe, bitterly; "I have been to her, and she is a thorough vixen. She cried off having any thing to do with me, and when I just told her quietly that she ought to help me out of the scrape because she had a hand in getting me into it, she flew at my throat like a terrier bitch with a litter of puppies, barked me out of the house as if I had been a beggar, and called me almost rogue and swindler in the hearing of her own servants."

Mr. Shanks smiled—he could not refrain from smiling with a feeling of admiration and respect, even in that moment of bitter apprehension, at the decision, skill, and wisdom of Mrs. Hazleton's conduct. He approved of her highly; but he perceived quite plainly that it would not do for him to play the same game. A hope—a feeble hope—light through a loop-hole, came in upon him in regard to the future, suggested by Mrs. Hazleton's conduct. He thought that if he could but clear away some difficulties, he too might throw all blame upon John Ayliffe, and shovel the load of infamy from his own shoulders to those of his client; but to effect this, it was not only necessary that he should soothe John Ayliffe, but that he should provide for his safety and escape. Recriminations he was aware were very dangerous things, and that unless a man takes care that it shall not be in the power or for the interest of a fellow rogue to say *tu quoque*, the effort to place the burden on his shoulders only injures him without making our own case a bit better. It was therefore requisite for his purposes that he should deprive John Ayliffe of all interest or object in criminating him; but foolish knaves are very often difficult to deal with, and he knew his young client to be eminent in that class. Wishing for a little time to consider, he took occasion to ask one or two meaningless questions, without at all attending to the replies.

"When did this letter arrive here?" he inquired.

"This very night," answered John Ayliffe, "not three hours ago."

"Do you think she has really told all?" asked Mr. Shanks."

"All, and a great deal more," replied the young man.

"How long has she been at St. Germain?" said the lawyer.

"What the devil does that signify?" said John Ayliffe, growing impatient.

"A great deal, a great deal," replied Mr. Shanks, sagely. "Take some more punch. You see perhaps we can prove that you and I really thought her dead at the time the affidavit was made."

"Devilish difficult that," said John Ayliffe, taking the punch. "She wrote to me about some more money just at that time, and I was obliged to answer her letter and send it, so that if they have got the letters that won't pass."

"We'll try at least," said Mr. Shanks in a bolder tone.

"Ay, but in trying we may burn our fingers worse than ever," said the young man. "I do not want to be tried for perjury and conspiracy, and sent to the colonies with the palm of my hand burnt out, whatever you may do, Shanks."

"No, no, that would never do," replied the lawyer. "The first thing to be done, my dear Sir John, is to provide for your safety, and that can only be done by your getting out of the way for a time. It is very natural that a young gentleman of fortune like yourself should go to travel, and not at all unlikely that he should do so without letting any one know where he is for a few months. That will be the best plan for you—you must go and travel. They can't well be on the look-out for you yet, and you can get away quite safely to-morrow morning. You need not say where you are going, and by that means you will save both yourself and the property too; for they can't proceed against you in any way when you are absent."

John Ayliffe was not sufficiently versed in the laws of the land to perceive that Mr. Shanks was telling him a falsehood. "That's a good thought," he said; "if I can live abroad and keep hold of the rents we shall be safe enough."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Shanks,

"that is the only plan. Then let them file their bills, or bring their actions or what not. They cannot compel you to answer if you are not within the realm."

Mr. Shanks was calling him all the time, in his own mind, a jolter-headed ass, but John Ayliffe did not perceive it, and replied with a touch of good feeling, perhaps inspired by the punch, "But what is to become of you, Shanks?"

"Oh, I will stay and face it out," replied the lawyer, "with a bold front. If we do not peach of each other they cannot do much against us. Mrs. Hazleton dare not commit us, for by so doing she would commit herself; and your mother's story will not avail very much. As to the letters, which is the worst part of the business, we must try and explain those away; but clearly the first thing for you to do is to get out of England as soon as possible. You can go and see your mother secretly, and if you can but get her to prevaricate a little in her testimony it will knock it all up."

"Oh, she'll prevaricate enough if they do but press her hard," said John Ayliffe. "She gets so frightened at the least thing she does'nt know what she says. But the worst of it is, Shanks, I have not got money enough to go. I have not got above a hundred guineas in the house."

Mr. Shanks paused and hesitated. It was a very great object with him to get John Ayliffe out of the country, in order that he might say any thing he liked of John Ayliffe when his back was turned, but it was also a very great object with him to keep all the money he had got. He did not like to part with one sixpence of it. After a few moments' thought, however, he recollected that a thousand pounds' worth of plate had come down from London for the young man within the last two months, and he thought he might make a profitable arrangement.

"I have got three hundred pounds in the house," he said, "all in good gold, but I can really hardly afford to part with it. However, rather than injure you, Sir John, I will let you have it if you will give me the custody of your plate till your return, just that I may have something to show if any one presses me for money."

The predominant desire of John Ayliffe's mind, at that moment, was to get out of England as fast as possible, and he was too much blinded by fear and anxiety to perceive that the great desire of Mr. Shanks was to get him out. But there was one impediment. The sum of four hundred pounds thus placed at his command would, some years before, have appeared the Indies to him, but now, with vastly expanded ideas with regard to expense, it seemed a drop of water in the ocean. "Three hundred pounds, Shanks," he said, "what's the use of three hundred pounds? It would not keep me a month."

"God bless my soul!" said Mr. Shanks, horrified at such a notion, "why it would keep me a whole year, and more too. Moreover, things are cheaper there than they are here; and besides you have got all those jewels, and knick-knacks, and things, which cost you at least a couple of thousand pounds. They would sell for a great deal."

"Come, come, Shanks," said the young man, "you must make it five hundred guineas. I know you've got them in your strong box here."

Shanks shook his head, and John Ayliffe added sullenly, "Then I'll stay and fight it out too. I won't go and be a beggar in a foreign land."

Shanks did not like the idea of his staying, and after some farther discussion a compromise was effected. Mr. Shanks agreed to advance four hundred pounds. John Ayliffe was to make over to him, as a pledge, the whole of his plate, and not to object to a memorandum to that effect being drawn up immediately, and dated a month before. The young man was to set off the very next day, in the pleasant gray of the morning, driving his own carriage and horses, which he was to sell as soon as he got a convenient distance from his house, and Mr. Shanks was to take the very best possible care of his interests during his absence.

John Ayliffe's spirits rose at the conclusion of this transaction. He calculated that with one thing or another he should have sufficient money to last him a year, and that was quite as far as his thoughts or expectations went. A long, long year! What does youth care for any thing beyond a year? It seems the very end of life to pant in expectation, and indeed, and in truth, it is very often too long for fate.

"Next year I will"— Pause, young man! there is a deep pitfall in the way. Between you and another year may lie death. Next year thou wilt do nothing—thou wilt be nothing.

His spirits rose. He put the money into his pocket, and, with more wit than he thought, called it "light heaviness," and then he sat down and smoked a pipe, while Mr. Shanks drew up the paper; and then he drank punch, and made more, and drank that too, so that when the paper giving Mr. Shanks a lien upon the silver was completed, and when a dull neighbor had been called in to see him sign his name, it needed a witness indeed to prove that that name was John Ayliffe's writing.

By this time he would very willingly have treated the company to a song, so complete had been the change which punch and new prospects had effected; but Mr. Shanks besought him to be quiet, hinting that the neighbor, though as deaf as a post and blind as a mole, would think him as the celebrated sow of the psalmist. Thereupon John Ayliffe went forth and got his horse out of the stable, mounted upon his back, and rode loll-

ing at a sauntering pace through the end of the town in which Mr. Shanks's house was situated. When he got more into the country he began to trot, then let the horse fall into a walk again, and then he beat him for going slow. Thus alternately galloping, walking, and trotting, he rode on till he was two or three hundred yards past the gates of what was called the Court, where the family of Sir Philip Hastings now lived. It was rather a dark part of the road, and there was something white in the hedge—some linen put out to dry, or a milestone. John Ayliffe was going at a quick pace at that moment, and the horse suddenly shied at this white apparition—not only shied, but started, wheeled round, and ran back. John Ayliffe kept his seat, notwithstanding his tipsiness, but he struck the furious horse over the head, and pulled the rein violently. The animal plunged—reared—the young man gave the rein a furious tug, and over went the horse upon the road, with his driver under him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THERE was a man lay upon the road in the darkness of the night for some five or six minutes, and a horse galloped away snorting, with a broken bridle hanging at his head, on the way towards the park of Sir Philip Hastings. Had any carriage come along, the man who was lying there must have been run over; for the night was exceedingly dark, and the road narrow. All was still and silent, however. No one was seen moving—not a sound was heard except the distant clack of a water-mill which lay further down the valley. There was a candle in a cottage window at about a hundred yards' distance, which shot a dim and feeble ray athwart the road, but shed no light on the spot where the man lay. At the end of about six minutes, a sort of convulsive movement showed that life was not yet extinct in his frame—a sort of heave of the chest, and a sudden twitch of the arm; and a minute or two after, John Ayliffe raised himself on his elbow, and put his hand to his head.

"Curse the brute," he said, in a wandering sort of way, "I wonder, Shanks, you don't—damn it, where am I?—what's the matter? My side and leg are cursed sore, and my head all running round."

He remained in the same position for a moment or two more, and then got upon his feet; but the instant he did so he fell to the ground again with a deep groan, exclaiming, "By —, my leg's broken, and I believe my ribs too. How the devil shall I get out of this scrape? Here I may lie and die, without any body ever coming near me. That is old Jenny Best's cottage, I believe. I wonder if I could make the old canting wretch hear," and he raised his voice to shout, but the pain was too great. His ribs were indeed broken, and pressing upon his lungs, and all that he could do was to lie still and groan.

About a quarter of an hour after, however, a stout, middle-aged man—rather, perhaps, in the decline of life—came by, carrying a hand-basket, plodding at a slow and weary pace as if he had had a long walk.

"Who's that? Is any one there?" said a feeble voice, as he approached; and he ran up, exclaiming, "Gracious me, what is the matter? Are you hurt, sir? What has happened?"

"Is that you, Best?" said the feeble voice of John Ayliffe, "my horse has reared and fallen over with me. My leg is broken, and the bone poking through, and my ribs are broken too, I think."

"Stay a minute, Sir John, said the good countryman, "and I'll get help, and we'll carry you up to the Hall."

"No, no," answered John Ayliffe, who had now had time for thought, "get a mattress, or a door, or something, and carry me into your cottage. If your son is at home, he and you can carry me. Don't send for strangers."

"I dare say he is at home, sir," replied the man. "He's a good lad, sir, and comes home as soon as his work's done. I will go and see. I won't be a minute."

He was as good as his word, and in less than a minute returned with his son, bringing a lantern and a straw mattress.

Not without inflicting great pain, and drawing forth many a heavy groan, the old man and the young one placed John Ayliffe on the paliasse, and carried him into the cottage, where he was laid upon young Best's bed in the back room. Good Jenny Best, as John Ayliffe had called her—an excellent creature as ever lived—was all kindness and attention, although to say truth the suffering man had not shown any great kindness to her and hers in his days of prosperity. She was eager to send off her son immediately for the surgeon, and did so in the end; but to the surprise of the whole of the little cottage party, it was not without a great deal of reluctance and hesitation that John Ayliffe suffered this to be done. They showed him, however, that he must die or lose his limb if surgical assistance was not immediately procured, and he ultimately consented, but told the young man repeatedly not to mention his name even to the surgeon on any account, but simply to say that a gentleman had been thrown by his horse, and brought into the cottage with his thigh broken. He cautioned father and mother too not to mention the accident to any one till he was well again, alluding vaguely to reasons that he had for wishing to conceal it.

"But, Sir John," replied Best himself, "your horse will go home, depend upon it, and your servants will not know where you are, and there will be a fuss about you all over the country."

"Well, then, let them make a fuss," said John Ayliffe, impatiently. "I don't care—I will not have it mentioned."

All this seemed very strange to the good man and his wife, but they could only open their eyes and stare, without venturing farther to oppose the wishes of their guest.

It seemed a very long time before the surgeon made his appearance, but at length the sound of a horse's feet coming fast, could be distinguished, and two minutes after the surgeon was in the room. He was a very good man, though not the most skilful of his profession, and he was really shocked and confounded when he saw the state of Sir John Hastings, as he called him. Wanting confidence in himself, he would fain have sent off immediately for farther assistance, but John Ayliffe would not hear of such a thing, and the good man went to work to set the broken limb as best he might, and relieve the anguish of the sufferer. So severe, however, were the injuries which had been received, that notwithstanding a strong constitution, as yet but little impaired by debauchery, the patient was given over by the surgeon in his own mind from the first. He remained with him, watching him all night, which passed nearly without sleep on the part of John Ayliffe; and in the course of the long waking hours he took an opportunity of enjoining secrecy upon the surgeon as to the accident which had happened to him, and the place where he was lying. Not less surprised was the worthy man than the cottager and his wife had been at the young gentleman's exceeding anxiety for concealment, and as his licentious habits were no secret in the country round, they all naturally concluded that the misfortune which had overtaken him had occurred in the course of some adventure more dangerous and disgraceful than usual.

Towards morning John Ayliffe fell into a sort of semi-sleep, restless and perturbed, speaking often without reason having guidance of his words, and uttering many things which, though disjointed and often indistinct, showed the good man who had watched by him that the mind was as much affected as the body. He woke confused and wandering about eight o'clock, but speedily returned to consciousness of his situation, and insisted, notwithstanding the pain he was suffering, upon examining the money which was in his pockets to see that it was all right. Vain precaution! He was never destined to need it more.

Shortly after the surgeon left him, but returned at night again to watch by his bedside. The bodily symptoms which he now perceived would have led him to believe that a cure was possible, but there was a deep depression of mind, a heavy irritable sombreness, from the result of which the surgeon augured much evil. He saw that there was some terrible weight upon the young man's heart, but whether it was fear or remorse or disappointment he could not tell, and more than once he repeated to himself, "He wants a priest as much as a physician."

Again the surgeon would often argue with himself in regard to the propriety of telling him the very dangerous state in which he was. "He may at any time become delirious," he said, "and lose all power of making those dispositions and arrangements which, I dare say, have never been thought of in the time of health and prosperity. Then, again, his house and all that it contains is left entirely in the hands of servants—a bad set too, as ever existed, who are just as likely to plunder and destroy as not; but on the other hand, if I tell him it may only increase his dejection and cut off all hope of recovery. Really I do not know what to do. Perhaps it would be better to wait awhile, and if I should see more unfavorable symptoms and no chance left, it will then be time enough to tell him his true situation and prepare his mind for the result."

Another restless, feverish night passed, another troubled sleep towards morning, and then John Ayliffe woke with a start, exclaiming, "You did not tell them I was here—lying here unable to stir, unable to move—I told you not, I told you not. By—" and then he looked round, and seeing none but the surgeon in the room, relapsed into silence.

The surgeon felt his pulse, examined the bandages, and saw that a considerable and unfavorable change had taken place; but yet he hesitated. He was one of those men who shrink from the task of telling unpleasant truths. He was of a gentle and a kindly disposition, which even the necessary cruelties of surgery had not been able to harden.

"He may say what he likes," he said, "I must have some advice as to how I should act. I will go and talk with the parson about the matter. Though a little lacking in the knowledge of the world, yet Dixwell is a good man and a sincere Christian. I will see him as I go home, but make him promise secrecy in the first place, as this young baronet is so terribly afraid of the unfortunate affair being known. He will die, I am afraid, and that before very long, and I am sure he is not in a fit state for death." With this resolution he said some soothing words to his patient, gave him what he called a composing draught, and sent for his horse from a neighboring farm-house, where he had lodged it for the night. He then rode at a quiet, thoughtful pace to the parsonage house at the gates of the park, and quickly walked in. Mr. Dixwell was at breakfast, reading slowly one of the broad sheets of the day as an especial treat, for they seldom found their way into his quiet rectory; but he was very glad to see the surgeon, with whom he often contrived to have a pleasant little chat in regard to the affairs of the neighborhood.

"Ah, Mr. Short, very glad to see you, my

good friend. How go things in your part of the world? We are rather in a little bustle here, though I think it is no great matter."

"What is it, Mr. Dixwell?" asked the surgeon.

"Only that wild young man, Sir John Hastings," said the clergyman, "left his house suddenly on horseback the night before last, and has never returned. But he is accustomed to do all manner of strange things, and has often been out two or three nights before without any one knowing where he was. The butler came down and spoke to me about it, but I think there was a good deal of affectation in his alarm, for when I asked him he owned his master had once been away for a whole week."

"Has his horse come back?" asked the surgeon."

"Not that I know of," replied Mr. Dixwell. "I suppose the man would have mentioned it if such had been the case. But what is going on at Hartwell?"

"Nothing particular," said the surgeon, "only Mrs. Harrison brought to bed of twins on Saturday night at twenty minutes past eleven. I think all those Harrisons have twins—but I have something to talk to you about, my good friend, a sort of case of conscience I want to put to you. Only you must promise me profound secrecy."

Mr. Dixwell laughed—"What, under the seal of confession?" he said. "Well, well, I am no papist, as you know, Short, but I'll promise and do better than any papist does, keep my word when I have promised without mental reservation."

"I know you will, my good friend," answered the surgeon, "and this is no jesting matter, I can assure you. Now listen, my good friend, listen. Not many evenings ago, I was sent for suddenly to attend a young man who had met with an accident, a very terrible accident too. He had a compound fracture of the thigh, three of his ribs broken, and his head a good deal knocked about, but the cranium uninjured. I had at first tolerable hope of his recovery; but he is getting much worse and I fear that he will die."

"Well, you can't help that," said Mr. Dixwell, "men will die in spite of all you can do, Short, just as they will sin in spite of all I can say."

"Ay, there's the rub," said the surgeon, "I fear he has sinned a very tolerably sufficient quantity, and I can see that there is something or another weighing very heavy on his mind, which is even doing great harm to his body."

"I will go and see him, I will go and see him," said Mr. Dixwell, "it will do him good in all ways to unburden his conscience, and to hear the comfortable words of the gospel."

"But the case is, Mr. Dixwell," said Short, "that he has positively forbidden me to let any of his friends know where he lies, or to speak of the accident to any one."

"Pooh, nonsense," said the clergyman, "if a man has fractured his skull and you thought it fit to trepan him, would you ask him whether he liked it or not? If the young man is near death, and his conscience is burdened, I am the physician who should be sent for rather than you."

"I fancy his conscience is burdened a good deal," said Mr. Short, thoughtfully; "nay, I cannot help thinking that he was engaged in some very bad act at the time this happened, both from his anxiety to conceal from every body where he now lies, and from various words he has dropped, sometimes in his sleep, sometimes when waking confused and half delirious. What puzzles me is, whether I should tell him his actual situation or not."

"Tell him, tell him by all means," said Mr. Dixwell, "why should you not tell him?"

"Simply because I think that it will depress his mind still more," replied the surgeon, "and that may tend to deprive him even of the very small chance that exists of recovery."

"The soul is of more value than the body," replied the clergyman, earnestly; "if he be the man you depict, my friend, he should have as much time as possible to prepare—he should have time to repent—ay, and to atone. Tell him by all means, or let me know where he is to be found, and I will tell him."

"That I must not do," said Mr. Short, "for I am under a sort of promise not to tell; but if you really think that I ought to tell him myself, I will go back and do it."

"If I really think!" exclaimed Mr. Dixwell, "I have not the slightest doubt of it. It is your bounden duty if you be a Christian. Not only tell him, my good friend, but urge him strongly to send for some minister of religion. Though friends may fail him, and he may not wish to see them—though all worldly supports may give way beneath him, and he may find no strengthening—though all earthly hopes may pass away, and give him no mortal cheer, the gospel of Christ can never fail to support, and strengthen, and comfort, and elevate. The sooner he knows that his tenement of clay is falling to the dust of which it was raised, the better will be his readiness to quit it, and it is wise, most wise, to shake ourselves free altogether from the dust and crumbling ruins of this temporal state, ere they fall upon our heads and bear us down to the same destruction as themselves."

"Well, well, I will go back and tell him," said Mr. Short, and bidding the good rector adieu, he once more mounted his horse and rode away.

Now Mr. Dixwell was an excellent good man, but he was not without certain foibles, especially those that sometimes accompany considerable simplicity of character. "I will see which way he takes," said Mr. Dixwell, "and go and visit the young man myself if I can find him out;" and accordingly he marched up stairs to his bedroom, which command-

ed a somewhat extensive prospect of the country, and traced the surgeon, as he trotted slowly and thoughtfully along. He could not actually see the cottage of the Bests, but he perceived that the surgeon there passed over the brow of the hill, and after waiting for several minutes, he did not catch any horseman rising upon the opposite slope over which the road was continued. Now there was no cross road in the hollow and only three houses, and therefore Mr. Dixwell naturally concluded that to one of those three houses the surgeon had gone.

In the mean while, Mr. Short rode on unconscious that his movements were observed, and meditating with a troubled mind upon the best means of conveying the terrible intelligence he had to communicate. He did not like the task at all; but yet he resolved to perform it manfully, and dismounting at the cottage door, he went in again. There was nobody within but the sick man and good old Jenny Best. The old woman was at the moment in the outer room, and when she saw the surgeon she shook her head, and said in a low voice, "Ah, dear, I am glad you have come back again, sir, he does not seem right at all."

"Who's that?" said the voice of John Ayliffe; and going in, Mr. Short closed the doors between the two rooms.

"There, don't shut that door," said John Ayliffe, "it is so infernally close—I don't feel at all well, Mr. Short—I don't know what's the matter with me. It's just as if I had got no heart. I think a glass of brandy would do me good."

"It would kill you," said the surgeon.

"Well," said the young man, "I'm not sure that would not be best for me—come," he continued sharply, "tell me how long I am to lie here on my back?"

"That I cannot tell, Sir John," replied the surgeon, "but at all events, supposing that you do recover, and that every thing goes well, you could not hope to move for two or three months."

"Supposing I was to recover!" repeated John Ayliffe in a low tone, as if the idea of approaching death had then, for the first time, struck him as something real and tangible, and not a mere name. He paused silently for an instant, and then asked almost fiercely, "what brought you back?"

"Why, Sir John, I thought it might be better for us to have a little conversation," said the surgeon. "I can't help being afraid, Sir John, that you may have a great number of things to settle, and that not anticipating such a very severe accident, your affairs may want a good deal of arranging. Now the event of all sickness is uncertain, and an accident such as this especially. It is my duty to inform you, "he continued, rising in resolution and energy as he proceeded, "that your case is by no means free from danger—very great danger indeed."

"Do you mean to say that I am dying?" asked John Ayliffe, in a hoarse voice.

"No, no, not exactly dying," said the surgeon, putting his hand upon his pulse, "not dying I trust just yet, but—"

"But I shall die, you mean?" cried the other.

"I think it not at all improbable," answered the surgeon, gravely, "that the case may have a fatal result."

"Curse fatal results," cried John Ayliffe, giving way to a burst of fury; "why the devil do you come back to tell me such things and make me wretched? If I am to die, why can't you let me die quietly and know nothing about it?"

"Why, Sir John, I thought that you might have many matters to settle," answered the surgeon somewhat irritated, "and that your temporal and your spiritual welfare also required you should know your real situation."

"Spiritual d——d nonsense!" exclaimed John Ayliffe, furiously; "I dare say it's all by your folly and stupidity that I am likely to die at all. Why I hear of men breaking their legs and their ribs every day and being none the worse for it."

"Why, Sir John, if you do not like my advice you need not have it," answered the surgeon; "I earnestly wished to send for other assistance, and you would not let me."

"There, go away, go away and leave me," said John Ayliffe; but as the surgeon took up his hat and walked towards the door, he added, "come again at night. You shall be well paid for it, never fear."

Mr. Short made no reply, but walked out of the room.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Solitude and silence, and bitter thought are great tamers of the human heart. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," says the Apostle, and John Ayliffe was now forced to put in the sickle. Death was before his eyes, looming large and dark and terrible, like the rock of adamant in the fairy tale, against which the bark of the adventurous mariner was sure to be dashed. Death for the first time presented itself to his mind in all its grim reality. Previously it had seemed with him a thing hardly worth considering—inevitable—appointed to all men—to every thing that lives and breathes—no more to man than to the sheep, or the ox, or any other of the beasts that perish. He had contemplated it merely as death—as the extinction of being—as the goal of a career—as the end of a chase where one might lie down and rest, and forget the labor and the clamor and the trouble of the course. He had never in thought looked beyond the boundary—he had hardly asked himself if there was aught beyond He had satisfied himself by saying, as so many men do, "Every man must die some time or another," and had never asked his own heart, "What is it to die?"

But now death presented itself under a new aspect; cold and stern, relentless and mysterious, saying in a low solemn tone, "I am the guide. Follow me there. Whither I lead thou knowest not, nor seest what shall befall thee. The earth-worm and the mole fret but the earthly garment of the man; the flesh, and the bones, and the beauty go down to dust, and ashes, and corruption. The man comes with me to a land undeclared —to a presence infinitely awful—to judgment and to fate; for on this side of the dark portal through which I am the guide, there is no such thing as fate. It lies beyond the grave, and thither thou must come without delay."

He had heard of immortality, but he had never thought of it. He had been told of another world, but he had never rightly believed in it. The thought of a just judge, and of an eternal doom, had been presented to him in many shapes, but he had never received it; and he had lived and acted, and thought and felt, as if there were neither eternity, nor judgment, nor punishment. But in that dread hour the deep-rooted, inexplicable conviction of a God and immortality, implanted in the hearts of all men, and only crushed down in the breasts of any by the dust of vanity and the lumber of the world, rose up and bore its fruits according to the soil. They were all bitter. If there were another life, a judgment, an eternity of weal or woe, what was to be his fate? How should he meet the terrors of the judgment-seat—he who had never prayed from boyhood—he who through life had never sought God—he who had done in every act something that conscience reproved, and that religion forbade?

Every moment as he lay there and thought, the terrors of the vast unbounded future grew greater and more awful. The contemplation almost drove him to frenzy, and he actually made an effort to rise from his bed, but fell back again with a deep groan. The sound caught the ear of good Jenny Best, and running in she asked if he wanted any thing.

"Stay with me, stay with me," said the unhappy young man, "I cannot bear this—it is very terrible—I am dying, Mrs. Best, I am dying."

Mrs. Best shook her head with a melancholy look; but whether from blunted feelings, from the hard and painful life which they endured, or from a sense that there is to be compensation somewhere, and that any change must be for the better, or cannot be much worse than the life of this earth, or from want of active imagination, the poorer and less educated classes I have generally remarked view death and all its accessories with less of awe, if not of dread, than those who have been surrounded by luxuries, and perhaps have used every effort to keep the contemplation of the last dread scene afar, till it is actually forced upon their notice. Her words were homely, and though intended to comfort did not give much consolation to the dying man.

"Ah well, sir, it is very sad," "she said, "to die so young; though every one must die sooner or later, and it makes but little difference whether it be now or then. Life is not so long to look back at, sir, as to look forward to, and when one dies young one is spared many a thing. I recollect my poor eldest son who is gone, when he lay dying just like you in that very bed, and I was taking on sadly, he said to me, 'Mother don't cry so. It's just as well for me to go now when I've not done much mischief or suffered much sorrow.' He was as good a young man as ever lived; and so Mr. Dixwell said; for the parson used to come and see him every day, and that was a great comfort and consolation to the poor boy."

"Was it?" said John Ayliffe, thoughtfully. "How long did he know he was dying?"

"Not much above a week, sir," said Mrs. Best; for till Mr. Dixwell told him, he always thought he would get better. We knew it a long time however, for he had been in a decline a year, and his father had been laying by money for the funeral three months before he died. So when it was all over we put him by quite comfortable."

"Put him by!" said John Ayliffe.

"Yes, sir, we buried him, I mean," answered Mrs. Best. "That's our way of talking. But Mr. Dixwell had been to see him long before. He knew that he was dying, and he wouldn't tell him as long as there was any hope; for he said it was not necessary—that he had never seen any one better prepared to meet his Maker than poor Robert, and that it was no use to disturb him about the matter till it came very near."

"Ah, Dixwell is a wise man and a good man," said John Ayliffe. "I should very much like to see him."

"I can run for him in a minute sir," said Dame Best, but John Ayliffe replied, in a faint voice, "No, no, don't, don't on any account."

In the mean while, the very person of whom they were speaking had descended from the up-stairs room, finished his breakfast in order to give the surgeon time to fulfil his errand, and then putting on his three-cornered hat had walked out to ascertain at what house Mr. Short had stopped. The first place at which he inquired was the farm-house at which the good surgeon had stabled his horse on the preceding night. Entering by the kitchen door, he found the good woman of the place bustling about amongst pots and pans and maid-servants, and other utensils, and though she received him with much reverence, she did not for a moment cease her work.

"Well, Dame," he said, I hope you're all well here."

"Quite well, your reverence —— Betty, empty that pail."

"Why, I've seen Mr. Short come down here," said the parson, "and I thought somebody might be ill."

"Very kind, your reverence—mind you don't spill it.—No, it warn't here. It's some young man down at Jenny Best's, who's baddish, I fancy, for the Doctor stabled his horse here last night."

"I am glad to hear none of you are ill," said Mr. Dixwell, and bidding her good morning, he walked away straight to the cottage where John Ayliffe lay. There was no one in the outer room, and the good clergyman, privileged by his cloth, walked straight on into the room beyond, and stood by the bedside of the dying man before any one was aware of his presence.

Mr. Dixwell was not so much surprised to see there on that bed of death the face of him he called Sir John Hastings, as might be supposed. The character which the surgeon had given of his patient, the mysterious absence of the young man from the Hall, and the very circumstance of his unwillingness to have his name and the place where he was lying known, had all lent a suspicion of the truth. John Ayliffe's eyes were shut at the moment he entered, and he seemed dozing, though in truth sleep was far away. But the little movement of Mr. Dixwell towards his bedside, and of Mrs. Best giving place for the clergyman to sit down, caused him to open his eyes, and his first exclamation was, "Ah, Dixwell! so that damned fellow Short has betrayed me, and told when I ordered him not."

"Swear not at all," said Mr. Dixwell. "Short has not betrayed you, Sir John. I came here by accident, merely hearing there was a young man lying ill here, but without knowing actually that it was you, although your absence from home has caused considerable uneasiness. I am very sorry to see you in such a state. How did all this happen?"

"I will not tell you, nor answer a single word," replied John Ayliffe, "unless you promise not to say a word of my being here to any one. I know you will keep your word if you say so, and Jenny Best too—won't you, Jenny?—but I doubt that fellow Short."

"You need not doubt him, Sir John," said the clergyman; "for he is very discreet. As for me, I will promise, and will keep my word; for I see not what good it could be to reveal it to any body if you dislike it. You will be more tenderly nursed here, I am sure, than you would be by unprincipled, dissolute servants, and since your poor mother's death—"

John Ayliffe groaned heavily, and the clergyman stopped. The next moment, however, the young man said, "Then you do promise, do you?"

"I do," replied Mr. Dixwell. "I will not at all reveal the facts without your consent."

"Well, then, sit down, and let us be alone together for a bit," said John Ayliffe, and Mrs. Best quietly quitted the room and shut the door.

John Ayliffe turned his languid eyes anxiously upon the clergyman, saying, "I think I am dying, Mr. Dixwell."

He would fain have had a contradiction or even a ray of earthly hope; but he got none; for it was evident to the eyes of Mr. Dixwell, accustomed as he had been for many years to attend by the bed of sickness and see the last spark of life go out, that John Ayliffe was a dying man—that he might live hours, nay days; but that the irrevocable summons had been given, that he was within the shadow of the arch, and must pass through!

"I am afraid you are, Sir John," he replied, "but I trust that God will still afford you time to make preparation for the great change about to take place, and by his grace I will help you to the utmost in my power."

John Ayliffe was silent, and closed his eyes again. Nor was he the first to speak; for after having waited for several minutes, Mr. Dixwell resumed, saying in a grave but kindly tone, "I am afraid, Sir John, you have not hitherto given much thought to the subject which is now so sadly fixed upon you. We must make haste, my good sir; we must not lose a moment."

"Then do you think I am going to die so soon?" asked the young man with a look of horror; for it cost him a hard and terrible struggle to bring his mind to grasp the thought of death being inevitable and nigh at hand. He could hardly conceive it—he could hardly believe it—that he who had so lately been full of life and health, who had been scheming schemes, and laying out plans, and had looked upon futurity as a certain possession—that he was to die in a few short hours; but whenever the wilful heart would have rebelled against the sentence, and struggle to resist it, sensations which he had never felt before, told him in a voice not to be mistaken, "It must be so!"

"No one can tell," replied Mr. Dixwell, "how soon it may be, or how long God may spare you; but one thing is certain, Sir John, that years with you have now dwindled down into days, and that days may very likely be shortened to hours. But had you still years to live, I should say the same thing, that no time is to be lost; too much has been lost already."

John Ayliffe did not comprehend him in the least. He could not grasp the idea as yet of a whole life being made a preparation for death, and looked vacantly in the clergyman's face, utterly confounded at the thought.

Mr. Dixwell had a very difficult task before him—one of the most difficult he had ever undertaken; for he had not only to arouse the conscience, but to awaken the intellect to things importing all to the soul's salvation,

which had never been either felt or believed, or comprehended before. At first too, there was the natural repugnance and resistance of a wilful, selfish, over-indulged heart to receive painful or terrible truths, and even when the obstacle was overcome, the young man's utter ignorance of religion and want of moral feeling proved another almost insurmountable. He found that the only access to John Ayliffe's heart was by the road of terror, and without scruple he painted in stern and fearful colors the awful state of the impenitent spirit called suddenly into the presence of its God. With an unpitying hand he stripped away all self-delusions from the young man's mind and laid his condition before him, and his future state in all their dark and terrible reality.

This is not intended for what is called a religious book, and therefore I must pass over the arguments he used, and the course he proceeded in. Suffice it that he labored earnestly for two hours to awaken something like repentance in the bosom of John Ayliffe, and he succeeded in the end better than the beginning had promised. When thoroughly convinced of the moral danger of his situation, John Ayliffe began to listen more eagerly, to reply more humbly, and to seek earnestly for some consolation beyond the earth. His depression and despair, as terrible truths became known to him were just in proportion to his careless boldness and audacity while he had remained in wilful ignorance, and as soon as Mr. Dixwell saw that all the clinging to earthly expectations was gone—that every frail support of mortal thoughts was taken away, he began to give him gleams of hope from another world, and had the satisfaction of finding that the doubts and terrors which remained arose from the consciousness of his own sins and crimes, the heavy load of which he felt for the first time. He told him that repentance was never too late—he showed him that Christ himself had stamped that great truth with a mark that could not be mistaken in his pardon of the dying thief upon the cross, and while he exhorted him to examine himself strictly, and to make sure that what he felt was real repentance, and not the mere fear of death which so many mistake for it in their last hours, he assured him that if he could feel certain of that fact, and trust in his Saviour, he might comfort himself and rest in good hope. That done, he resolved to leave the young man to himself for a few hours that he might meditate and try the great question he had propounded with his own heart. He called in Mistress Best, however, and told her that if during his absence Sir John wished her to read to him, it would be a great kindness to read certain passages of Scripture which he pointed out in the house Bible. The good woman very willingly undertook the task, and shortly after the clergyman was gone John Ayliffe applied to hear the words of that book against which he had previously shut his ears. He found comfort and consolation and guidance therein; for Mr. Dixwell, who, on the one subject which had been the study of his life was wise as well as learned, had selected judiciously such passages as tend to inspire hope without diminishing penitence.

THE CASTLE OF BELVER.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ARAGO.

THE castle of Belver is the state prison of the island of Majorca. The Rev. Henry Christmas, F.R.S., has just published in London three volumes entitled *The Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean*, in which he gives the following account of the confinement within its walls of the illustrious Arago:

"Charged by the Emperor Napoleon with the admeasurement of the meridian, Arago was in 1808 in Majorca, and occupying a cottage on the mountain called Clot de Galatzo, when the news came to the island of the recent events at Madrid, and the carrying away of the king. The populace of Palma, never very favorably disposed towards the French, and altogether incapable of comprehending either the merits or the mission of Arago, easily mistook the great astronomer for a political spy, and exasperated at the insult offered to their king and country, determined to take a signal vengeance on the only Frenchman within their power. They took their way in great numbers towards the mountain on which Arago had taken up his abode, fortified in their belief of his evil designs by the fact that he frequently made fires on the mountain-side, and which they took for signals to an imaginary French fleet just about to land an army for the reduction of the island.

"The mountain rises just above the coast on which Don Jaime the Conqueror made his descent, and thus it will seem that the islanders were not destitute of some grounds for the suspicions which they entertained, nor without some palliating circumstances in the outrage which they contemplated. It was, however, happily only a design, for M. Arago, warned in time, left his mountain, and directed his steps towards Palma. The person who advertised him of his peril was a man named Damian, the pilot of the brig placed by the Spanish Government at the disposal of the philosopher. Himself a Majorcan, he was taken into the counsel of the plotters, and was thus enabled to save the life of his master.

"Dressed in the clothes of a common seaman, with which Damian had provided him, he met on his way the mob, who were bent on his destruction, and who stopped him to inquire about that *maldito gabacho*, of whom they meant to rid the island. As he spoke the language of the country fluently, he gave them that kind of information which was most desirable both to him and to them, and as soon as he arrived at Palma, he made his way to the Spanish brig; but the captain, Don Manual de Vacaro, a Catalonian, (his name ought to be known, to his disgrace, as well as that of Damian to his credit,) absolutely refused to take the astronomer to Barcelona, alleging that he was at Palma for a specific purpose, and could not leave without orders from his Government. When Arago pointed out the danger which threatened his life, and of which the captain was as well aware as himself, the latter coolly pointed

suit a chest, in which he proposed that M. Arago should take refuge. To this Arago replied by measuring the chest, and showing that there was not room for him in the inside. The next day a frantic mob was assembled on the shore, and it became clear that it was their intention to board the brig. Alarmed now for himself as well as for his colleague, Don Manual assured Arago that he would not answer for his life, and recommended him to constitute himself a prisoner in the castle of Belver, offering to conduct him hither in one of the ship's boats. Seeing what kind of a man, as well as what kind of a mob, he had to do with, Arago accepted the proposal, and just arrived time enough to hear the castle gates closed against his furious pursuers. It seems that all the motions of those on board were watched from the shore, and as soon as the boat was seen to depart, and to take the direction of Belver, the populace poured forth towards the castle, and had not Arago been a little in advance, his life would have been sacrificed.—He was there as a prisoner two months.

"During that time he was told, and he seems to have believed the report, that the monks in the island had attempted to bribe the soldiers to poison him, but that the latter would not consent. It is likely enough that monks, considered as monks, would think it rather meritorious than otherwise to destroy a Frenchman, and a free-thinker, but it would be less probable of Majorcan monks than of any other, and poisoning is not the custom of the island. At the same time the very vehement feeling of the people against him, might put it into the minds of the monks to use monastic arts, and there is an additional probability given to the notion by the conduct of the Captain-general, who, after two months of captivity, sent a message to the prisoner that he would do well to make his escape, and that if he did, it would be winked at. Arago took this excellent advice, sent for M. Rodriguez, who had been appointed by the Spanish Government to aid him in his scientific labors, and by his aid opened a communication with Damian. This worthy man procured a fishing-boat, and took him to Algiers, not daring to land him in France or Spain, and absolutely refusing very large offers made to him for that purpose."

THE COUNT MONTE-LEONE:

OR, THE SPY IN SOCIETY.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE FROM THE FRENCH OF H. DE ST. GEORGES.

XVI.—MADEMOISELLE CREPINEAU'S LOVER.

ABOUT the end of May, 1819, on one of those bright sunny days which bring out the blossoms of the lilac, make invalids strong, and young girls healthy, the Duchess of Palma was sitting in the garden of her hotel, in the same place and under the same tree in which we saw her take refuge, to conceal her sorrow and tears, a few months before, on the evening of the brilliant festival when all the principal personages of our story met. A general languor and oppression with complete weakness, the ordinary consequences of her unhappy attempt to commit suicide, had ensued. The deep distress which gnawed at her heart added moral to physical tortures. The Duke of Palma at last perceived the deep indifference of La Felina towards him, and without divining the cause, said that having married without love, all his cares and tenderness had not sufficed to win her heart. He therefore said, that he should be a fool to devote himself any longer to her, and to consecrate his life to a woman to whom, notwithstanding the prejudices of the world, he had given his title and name, without having, as yet, received the most trifling acknowledgment in return!

Yet young, immensely rich, volatile and handsome, it was probable that the Duke would not look in vain for some one to console him for the severity of his Duchess. Like many other persons in Paris, the Duke lived *en garçon* with two houses, two establishments, and, morally speaking, two wives. His second wife was a celebrated *danseuse* of the Royal Academy of Music, Mlle. G., known as a very agreeably thin woman, and arms rather larger than the true academic proportions—which, however, enabled her to entwine her partner, with an *undulous grace* that highly excited the old *habitués* of the opera. The reign of Louis XVIII. was also emphatically the reign of the *danseuses*. Princes, marshals, generals, and nobles, selected their mistresses in the *seraglio* of the opera. The reign of these ladies was, however, almost *emphyteotic*, that is to say, permanent, and often resulted in the consecration of illegitimate pleasures. MM. de Lauraguais, de Conti, de Letoriers, and others, would have laughed at this. The external life of the Duke was full of attention to the Duchess, with whom he dined regularly. He never, however, breakfasted at the embassy, nor was he there except at his regular receptions. The pious people who had been so shocked at his marriage, took care to say that the Duchess's conduct was the sole cause of her husband's misbehavior. There was nothing, though, in the world to sustain this; for no one had the slightest idea of the secret *liaison* of Monte-Leone and the embassadress. That was a transient affair, and the shores of the *Lago di Como* alone had been witnesses of it. Some excuse, however, was indispensably necessary for him.

La Felina, as isolated as ever, then sat in a beautiful garden which overlooked the *Champs Elysées*, on the morning we have described. Her face was pale and wearied, and her eyes red from want of sleep. With her head resting on her chest, she seemed a prey to the greatest sorrow. Just then they came to tell her of the visit of Taddeo Rovero.

"At last," said she, gladly, "I will know all."

Taddeo was close behind the servant who had announced him. He could not repress his surprise, when he saw how changed the Duchess was. The latter saw it and said, "You did not expect, signor, to see an old and ugly woman instead of her you once thought so beautiful. I have, however, suffered a great deal during the three months you have been away. Without meaning to

*Continued from page 504, vol. III.

reproach you, let me say it is three months since I saw you."

"Ah! Signora, to me you may assume any guise you please; for neither my eyes, nor heart, distinguish any alteration."

"So much the better," said the Duchess, with a smile, "for you are perhaps the only person who think me as beautiful as once I was. It is something to be thought beautiful when we are not. What, though, is come over you? Why have you been so long in Italy?"

"Alas! Signora, bad inducements took me from Paris and from yourself."

"All they say, then, is true?" said the Duchess, making Taddeo sit by her; "the Marquise de Maulear has lost her husband? She is a widow?" said she, sadly, and with an effort.

"The Marquis died three months since at Rome," said Taddeo.

"It is terrible," said the ambassadress, "public rumor said so—I, though, live so much alone that I know nothing more. Excuse me, if I inquire into family secrets—were it not for the interest I entertain for your sister and yourself, I would not do so—"

"The death of the Marquis," said Taddeo, "is really a family secret. There is no reason, however, why you should not know it. I am aware to whom I confide it, and have no hesitation in doing so. My story will be brief. The Marquis and I set out for Rome three months ago, to receive the estate of my uncle, Cardinal Felippo Justiniani. We met with many difficulties, but eventually received it. The total was a million of francs, in bonds of the principal bankers of Rome. The half of this sum was paid in cash. I was in mourning, and did not go into society. Besides," added Taddeo, looking tenderly at La Felina, "I had left my heart in Paris—and society and the Carnival pleasures had no charms for me. The Marquis seemed more anxious for amusement than propriety permitted. A few days after having received the half of our inheritance, of which the Marquis had possession, I was surprised to hear that he had not returned home at night. I did not, however, dare to question him; for I thought that he had been tempted by some pleasure party and might be unwilling to answer me. I pretended not to be aware that he was away. For several successive nights this occurred, and at last I ventured to speak to him, telling him what danger he exposed himself to, by straying thus in the streets of Rome. 'I am well armed,' said he, 'and can protect myself against robbers.' Day after day the Marquis seemed more and more engaged. He avoided me, and scarcely ever returned home. One day he was absent. Afraid lest he might have been attacked in the night, I went to the French minister's and caused a minute search to be made—and learned that my brother-in-law had put an end to his own life. He had been enticed by some of his French friends into a gaming house, which foreign speculators had obtained leave to open during the Carnival, and had there lost the five hundred thousand francs which belonged to his wife. In his despair he had drowned himself in the Tiber."

"This is terrible," said the Duchess, "are you sure this is so?"

"Too sure," said Taddeo, "for not long after, the discovery of the body put all beyond doubt. These, Signora, are the facts of the case; though to save the Marquise's honor we attribute his death to a natural cause."

"I thank you, Signor, for your confidence; especially since it gives me a right to pity the sister you love so well, yet more—and also to console you for the death of M. de Maulear. But when did you return?"

"A few days ago. I was forced to remain yet longer in Rome to get possession of the remnant of the Cardinal's fortune. My mother also came to Rome to tell Aminta of her misfortune."

"How cruelly the young *Marquise* must suffer," said the Duchess; "how she must need compassion and care!"

"She will have ours; and her father-in-law, overcoming his own sorrow, is as tender and fond of her as ever."

"Then," said the Duchess, concealing a distress she could not lay aside, "she yet has true and excellent friends—the Count Monte-Leone, for instance, who was so fond of her—"

"The Count," said Taddeo, looking strangely at the Duchess, who did not meet his glance, "was received a few days ago by the Marquise."

"He will make up for lost time," said La Felina, bitterly, "for now, or perhaps some day, his old hopes may again arise, and perhaps be realized."

Taddeo understood why she spoke thus. For a long time his forbearance had been pushed to extremities, and this passion of the Duchess for his friend had given rise to new tortures, too severe to repress the idea of vengeance. He was cruel and barbarous; but he had too severely suffered from La Felina. By a violent course, also, he perhaps wished to crush the love which tortured him.

He remarked: "Even though I afflict you, I must say your fancy is likely enough to be realized. The Count possesses rank and a spotless reputation—for without the latter—"

"With but the latter," said the Duchess, "he could not enter our family."

"Certainly, the Count prepares the Marquise for a future courtship by very constant visits now."

"He comes every day to the Hotel to see the Prince and myself. My sister loves to hear him speak of Italy, of which you know he talks so well."

La Felina could hear no more. She gave her hand to Taddeo, and with a voice trembling with emotion said: "For the present, adieu! You owe me some compensation for your long absence, and if the lonely life I lead

does not afflict you, if you are not too much afraid of an anchorite, come to see me, and you will find me always glad to see you."

Taddeo kissed her hand and left her, almost repenting in his generous mind that he had spoken as he did. He was fully avenged, for the Duchess's grief was so great that she felt her heart grow chilled, her limbs stiffen, and her eyes close. Her conversation with Taddeo soon returned to her mind, and she uttered a cry of agony. Her *femme de chambre* bore her to the Hotel. When alone in her room she said to herself: "He swore to me that he would never be her lover. She may now be his wife. Ah!" continued she, "with cruel and sombre fury, it would have been better for both of us had he let me die."

"Tell him who waits to come," said she to the servant.

The woman left, and soon after came in with a man whom the Duchess made sit beside her. The woman left the room. We will leave the Duchess with the stranger and go to No. 18 *rue de Babylonne*, where one month after we shall find Mlle. Celestine Crepineau, a prey to the tenderest emotions. We must say for about two months the heart of that lady had been speaking. This lady's heart, like that of old thorough-bred horses, of whom we read every once in a while, had a return of ardor, and laid aside all its ascetic devotion to become intense living and burning, as it had been in youth. This was the sure premonition of old age. If anything could justify this resurrection, it is what we are about to tell.

A new star shone in *la rue de Babylonne*. A beautiful stranger calling himself a Spaniard, a statement made probable by his dark complexion, sun-burnt brow, black hair, and brilliant eyes, established himself in a modest garret of No. 12, just opposite the house of the *hangman*, now occupied by Matheus. The charming Spaniard had no decided profession. His dress was that of an artisan in his Sunday best; and his velvet vest covered a prominent and Herculean *torso*. He was tall; and walked squarely on his large feet; a circumstance which made Mlle. Crepineau think him majestic. He said he was a bear-hunter from the Pyrenees, who had been forced to expatriate himself because *in a duel he had wounded the governor of his province*. It may be imagined that so rare a profession excited much admiration among the natives of *la rue Babylonne*, especially as the famous Nimrod passed his time at the door of No. 12, under the pretext that he was accustomed to the pure mountain air, and that he did not wish any of the neighbors anxious to make inquiries about his terrible profession, to have the trouble of asking for him. At one of these hall-door entertainments one summer night, the handsome Nuñez saw and captivated Mlle. Celestine Crepineau. Do not let any one fancy the modest girl had given any encouragement to the stranger. They had restricted themselves to glances, *double entendres*, and the countless amiable pioneers of the army of Cupid. Mlle. Crepineau saw the stranger come every day to assist her in opening the heavy door of No. 13. Nuñez took charge of the watering pot of which the commissaries are so fond, and dispersed an agreeable freshness in front of the house during the warm hours of the day, to protect, he said, the color and complexion of his mistress. Often Mlle. Celestine's nerves were refreshed by a delicate perfume which strayed through the bars of her lodge, and on inquiry saw a sprig of some sweet and odorous plant which had been placed there by the Spaniard. At last Mlle. Crepineau gave him permission to visit her. This was an important favor, and was the passage of the rubicon. By doing so, Celestine placed her reputation in the power of her evil-disposed neighbors. She was, however, in love. "Besides," said she, with noble pride, "my conscience sustains me, and envy will fall abashed before the sacred torch of hymen." This *respectable* phrase was the last remnant of the romances of Ducray-Dumenil, the first books Celestine ever read when she was cook of the advocate her god-father.

But this interesting love passion was suddenly brought to a close by a very painful circumstance for the vanity of the young lady. Whether Mlle. Crepineau had laced herself more tightly even than usual, or that in aspirations after sylphic grace, she had been rather too active when Señor Nuñez was by—she was seized one fine day with a pain in the small of her back, translatable only by the word rheumatism—a constant attendant of her delicate organization. A forced construction was put on the pain—which became a cold or a strain, but she had, in spite of the effort to get rid of it by an *euphonism*, to go to bed. Then the devotion of the Spaniard became heroic. He was unwilling that Mlle. Celestine should intrust any one else with her daily occupation, and undertook to replace her in the menage of Doctor Matheus. The proposition did not awaken much of the doctor's gratitude; and though he accepted the substitute, he promised to watch him very closely. One morning the doctor was forced to leave very suddenly, just as the Spaniard was cleaning and dusting the consultation room. Matheus had been sent for by the Duke d'Harcourt, and apprehending some new indisposition of his young patient, Von Apsberg, for the first time left the Señor Nuñez in his room.

For a few moments, the Spaniard continued his occupation. When, however, he saw the doctor leave, and from the window saw him turn down the *rue de Bac*, he said, "Now what I have so long sought for is in my grasp." Looking on every side of the room, lifting up the papers, opening the portfolios and examining the furniture, he discovered a secret drawer in a bureau, within which he found a key.

"Here," said he, "is the key of the laboratory—of the mysterious room in which I shall find all I need. This is it," said he, looking anxiously at the key, "I know it by its shape." Hurrying to the third floor of the house, he paused at the door. His hand trembled—the key entered — turned — the wards moved, and the stranger entered the laboratory.

The table which, when we paid our first visit to Matheus, was covered with maps, pamphlets, etc., now had nothing on it. "All is locked up," said the man. "I have bad luck." He soon, however, aroused himself, and taking a ball of wax from his pocket, and pointing to a massive secretary, said, "There they are—there are their plans and papers, their lists and names." Approaching the secretary again, he took an exact impression of the lock, and also made a copy of the key of the laboratory. He then uttered a cry of joy. "I have them all," said he. "I am their master, and not one of the accursed Carbonari can escape me." He then left the room as expeditiously as he had entered, went to the first story, replaced the key where he had found it in the secret drawer, and hurried to find Mlle. Celestine Crepineau, who had become very uneasy about her lover.

XVIII. RUIN.

A FEW days after the pretended bear-hunter, the handsome Spaniard, adored by the amiable Mlle. Crepineau, had gone stealthily into the studio of Dr. Matheus to obtain possession of the secrets of the Carbonari, our three friends Taddeo Rovero, Von Apsberg, and the Vicomte d'Harcourt, were at the Count's hotel. The house of Monte-Leone was in Verneuil street. It was small, mysterious, and recherché. The court-yard was of modest size, with turf in the centre, and sanded walks around it. The steps had a balcony at the top and several marble vases, from which grew geraniums in summer and heath in the winter. It was a regular bachelor's house, having every thing demanded by the exigencies of a tenant of that condition. It had all the broad, tall, low, narrow, visible, and invisible doors, for troublesome cases and exits, for the actors and actresses of the every day drama of the life of a young, rich, and independent man. No love drama was ever performed, though, on this theatre. One of another and more brilliant kind was being prepared. He gave a dinner to young men, a regular one, without a single woman. Men alone were welcomed by the noble Amphytrion. The house was furnished as luxuriously as possible, for only recently have people conceived the happy idea of making dining-rooms comfortable. Of this our fathers were entirely ignorant. Once people eat much or little, well or badly; they breakfasted, dined, or took tea—that was all. They sat on straw or hair chairs; they were warmed by bad stoves, the smell of which was intolerable; the feet rested on marble blocks, bright, but cold as ice. Such was the gastronomical trilogy of Parisians. The large hotels, and even the smaller establishments of our renowned libertines had a more splendid refectory, which, however, was not more favorable to the comfort of the guests. The dark and rich tapestries which hung on the walls, the marble on the floor, the pictures, though by Boucher or Watteau, were artistic and costly, but nothing less than the eyes of La Guimard, the lips of Sophie Arnould, those of La Maupin or La Duthé, could warm those cold arenas, where Bernis, Larenaudie, Fronsac, Bouret, and Beaujon sacrificed to Comus in the company of the Loves. Now all is changed. Not only gastronomy, but the art of living well has been discovered not to exist alone in wines and cookery, and it has become a proverb, that "beans in china are better than truffles in earthenware." In 1819 Count Monte-Leone had a presentiment of our taste in 1848, and he was therefore spoken of as a foreign sybarite, whose extravagant tastes never would be imitated. Though people blamed, they envied, and *tried to imitate.*

The dining-room of the Count, therefore, glittered with lights, and around a table filled with the rarest glass, from which was exhaled the perfume of a dinner fit for Lucullus, were about a dozen men, some of whom, Matheus, Taddeo, and d'Harcourt, we know already. The others, of whom we will hereafter speak more fully, were famous Carbonari, the founders of the French order, General A . . ., the banker H . . ., Count de Ch . . ., the merchant Ober, the *Avocat* C . . ., and the illustrious Professor C . . . Two of these gentlemen had come from Italy, and brought to Monte-Leone new orders from the central Venta of Naples, and also curious details about the progress or rather maturity of Carbonarism in the Two Sicilies and the neighboring countries. It had however been by common consent determined among the guests that none of the grave secrets of the order should be revealed at their joyous repast—that political questions should be postponed to more serious conferences: not that the members were not satisfied of the prudence of each other, but inquisitive ears hovered around this table, and with the exception of those of the prudent old Giacomo none could be trusted. There was especial reason for this, as vague rumors had for some time made the Carbonari distrustful. It was said that the Minister of Police had placed Count Monte-Leone under the strictest surveillance in consequence of his previous history. The objects of this dinner, which beyond doubt was subjected to some particular notice, was to prove that all the persons assembled were men of plea-

ture, and not agents of discord or conspirators.

"To our host," said d'Harcourt, filling his glass, "to his loves and conquests!"

"You will get drunk," said one of the guests, "if you drink to all of his conquests."

"All calumny," said Matheus. "The conversion of St. Augustine is no miracle since that of Monte-Leone. The gallant Italian is now a fresh anchorite, avoiding the pomps of Satan and the opera in this *Thebaïs*. With his friends he atones for past errors."

"The fact is, no one knows any thing about the Count's amours," said one of the guests.

"Well, then," said another, "that for one in society, as Monte-Leone is, he makes bad use of his eyes. The very mention of his Neapolitan adventures would turn the heads of ten Parisian women."

"You are wrong, my dear B . . .," said the Count. "The women of Paris are not so headlong as you think. They reason with their hearts, and pay attention to convenances without regard to inclination. Besides, the man they love occupies only the second place in their hearts. *They* come first and *he* afterwards. Often, too, the toilette occupies the second place with amusements and pleasures. They prefer the attention of one to the love of all. *Liasons* in France are elegant, *recherché*, and refined. They never violate good taste, and even in their despair French women are charming. They quarrel behind a fan, tear a bouquet to pieces, and shred the lace of a handkerchief. They weep, and stop soon enough not to stain the eyes, and when they have fainting-fits, are very careful not to disturb their curls. Great suffering just stops short of a nervous attack, and fury never breaks either china bracelets or jewelry, though it is merciless on lovers' miniatures. Three months after, if the offended lady meet the gentleman in a drawing-room, she will ask the person next her, 'Pray tell me who that gentleman is, I think I have seen him somewhere.' In Spain and Italy they avenge themselves, and do not pardon men who are inconstant until they too are false. Woe to him whose love is the first to end. He henceforth has but the storm and the thunder-bolt. Hatred and vengeance—the first is found in France—women in Italy kill. I tell you your countrywomen are not romantic, and suffer themselves to be led astray only after due reflection."

"Well, for my own part," said d'Harcourt to Monte-Leone, "I know a woman who adores you in secret, who never speaks of you without blushing, who looks down when your name is mentioned, and who looks up when she sees you."

Taddeo looked at the Vicomte with surprise. Two names occurred to him, that of the Duchess, and yet of another person. Monte-Leone, like Taddeo, was afraid that the young fool, whose greatest virtue was not temperance, would be indiscreet.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the Vicomte is about to be stupid. In the name of our friendship I beg him to be silent."

"Bah, bah!" said d'Harcourt, becoming yet more excited, and draining his glass of champagne, *in vino veritas*. "The proof of what I say is that Monte-Leone is afraid. I shall name the victim of the passion he has inspired. I wish to reinstate him in your eyes, for he has represented himself as deserted and abandoned by the fair sex, when one of the fairest adores him, and would sacrifice name and rank for him."

"Vicomte," said Monte-Leone, enraged and rising, "do not make me forget my intimacy with you of five years' duration."

"You will not forget it—you will like me all the better for what I am about to say. Besides it is nothing but humanity. You would not let the poor woman die when you can save her?"

"Again I ask you to stop," said Monte-Leone.

"You are too late," said the Vicomte, taking another glass of wine. "I drink to the Attala, the Ariana, the Psyche of our illustrious host, to a charming widow we all admire, to *Madame de Bruneval*."

One shout of joy burst from all. Monte-Leone felt a burden of trouble lifted from him, and Taddeo breathed more freely.

"Gentlemen," said Monte-Leone, resuming his *sangfroid*, "I protest that I was not aware of the happiness with which I am menaced. Though I do justice to the precious qualities of Mme. de Bruneval—to her lofty virtue, with which all of you are familiar—I should be afraid of following in the footsteps of the illustrious dead. Since, however, the widow has been spoken of, I will propose a toast to the speedy cure of her heart, provided I am not expected to become its surgeon."

All drank; and amid the sound of their laughter, Giacomo entered, and on a salver handed the Count a letter. "It is from Naples," said he; and having opened, he read it. As he did so he grew pale.

"Any bad news?" said Matheus.

"No," said Monte-Leone, with an effort to restrain himself; "no, my friends"—taking advantage of the temporary absence of the servants, who had placed the dessert on the table, and who then retired, as is the custom in all well-regulated households—"No bad news to our cause. This letter is on private business. I have another toast," said he, in a lower tone. "To the brethren who are my guests to-day!"

"To the absent!" said Taddeo.

"Well, well," said Dr. Matheus, looking uneasily around; "let us have done with toasts. As a doctor, I may speak. Too many of this kind may endanger *our lives*,"

added he, emphasizing the last words. "Let us enjoy the pleasures heaven has granted us. Our first masters in good cheer, the Greeks and Romans, surrounded their tables with flowers and crowned their cups with roses. Let us laugh, then, my friends, at fools, intriguers, and apostates. Let us laugh at each other, and especially at unreasonable d'Harcourt, who can drown his own mind in a single bottle of champagne, and which makes him about as sensible as a fly."

The sallies and follies of after dinner followed this pompous harangue of Matheus. Had any one witnessed this scene, they would have fancied the actors a party of young mousquetaires of the regency, rather than conspirators who aspired to convulse the world. When the guests of Monte-Leone were gone, and only d'Harcourt, Matheus, and Taddeo remained, the Count took his dispatch out of his bosom, and bade the latter read it. It was as follows:

"NAPLES, September 10, 1819.

"COUNT:—I am sorry to inform you that the banker Antonio Lamberti, to whom you had confided your fortune, and with whom you bade me deposit the price of your palace, sold for six hundred thousand francs, has failed, and fled with all your fortune.

"Your respectful attorney,

"GUISEPPE FARNUCCI."

The three friends embraced Monte-Leone, and Von Apsberg said, "You knew this, yet could share our gayety. Did you not say yourself laughter is as necessary for digestion as it is to the heart?"

"I fulfilled my duties of host to the letter. I needed all my courage, though, having lost more than my fortune—my happiness. The morning's papers will announce the failure of Antonio Lamberti, and all Paris will know of the ruin of the brilliant Count Monte-Leone."

With fortune, the Count had also lost the hope of happiness. The widowhood of the Marquise de Maulear had revived all his hopes, as La Felina had foreseen, and his rank and title enabled him again to aspire to Aminta's hand. All this prospect his misfortune annihilated. What had he to offer now to Aminta? The name, the eclat of which he could sustain no longer—an existence endangered by a political plot, the triumph of which was far from certain—sumptuous tastes, which he would not be permitted to gratify—privations, especially cruel as they would follow closely on luxury and opulence, of which he had, so to say, built himself a temple.

Ten months had passed by since the Marquis's death, and the grief of his widow had been most sincere. Though Aminta had never entertained a very profound love for her husband, she had been much attached to him from a reason common enough: she was strong and he unusually weak. When, therefore, a terrible vice had seized on him, and sought, as it were, to wrest him from her arms, not a reproach had been uttered by Aminta against the sacrifice of her money and his neglect to an ignoble propensity. She forgave the gamester who was faithful to her, and had wept over him when she would have had no tears for the unfaithful husband. This soul so full of love was not slumbering in the arms of marriage. The energetical character which Aminta had often exhibited would, had it found traits of manhood properly expanded in her husband, have possibly modified her feelings, if he had possessed that burning imagination, that secret imagination which creates deep love, and for which too she seemed to have been created. She might have said this. She was too chaste to do so. Yet sometimes, in her long and dreamy solitudes, an image rose before her, especially when her husband was away. She dreamed of an exalted love, full of ardor and devotion, indomitable courage, sacrifice of life to duty, a noble and generous soul, which divined her own, and linked itself to it. All this assumed the form of the man she had rejected, of whom she had been afraid, and for her ingratitude to whom she now blushed.

The Count had been received by Aminta, in the early months of her widowhood, but he had refrained, from respectful motives, to allude to his feelings. His visits to the Marquise were short and ceremonious, feeling that love should not be veiled by the crape of mourning. Like the Prince de Maulear, and all Paris in fact, Aminta had heard of the Count's misfortune, and the blow made a deep impression on her. The absence of the Count became prolonged. He had not visited her since his misfortune, and she could not but feel a deep interest for him to whom fate reserved such severe trials. One evening, when she was more melancholy than usual, and sat in the saloon with her head leaning on her hand, and dreaming over the incidents of her life in which Monte-Leone had figured, she thought without remorse of scenes it had been once her duty to forget. A stifled sigh escaped from her bosom, and a kind of moan near her induced her to shake off her reverie. She saw Scorpione lying at her feet as he used to, and looking fixedly and sadly at her.

Tonio, whom, like the children of Sorrento, we have often called Scorpione, after having wandered along the sea-shore at the time of Aminta's marriage, had been found exhausted on the sands, and been taken to Signora Rovero, on the very day that Aminta set out for France. Since then, vegetating rather than living with the mother of Aminta, Signora Rovero was unwilling to trust her daughter's preserver to servants, when she heard of the death of her son-in-law. Signora Rovero had such delicate health as to be unable to bear the climate of Paris, and had six months before returned

to Italy; but Tonio was unwilling to leave her, and yielding to his mute prayers, Aminta had consented for him to remain, for his sufferings to save her had made a deep impression on her. Tonio was in fact but the shadow of himself, the soul alone seeming to support him. Even his soul was changed. Fearful and timid when with Aminta, the passion the unfortunate boy had once experienced for her became humble and respectful submission. His very mind became extinct; and the only glimmerings of it now seemed to be a kind of instinctive sympathy with his mistress. He smiled when the Marquise did, and that was but rarely. He wept when tears hung on her eyelids. When he looked as we have described at Aminta, her sadness was perfectly mirrored on his face. Scorpione was, in fact, less than man, and more than a brute—he was an idiot.

"You suffer, because I suffer," said Aminta.

He replied, "Yes."

By one of those ideas which take possession of the time, but which it shrinks to confess, she said in a weak and almost tender voice to the idiot, as children do to toys, "If I were happy, would you be?" Scorpione looked fixedly at her, as if trying to understand her; and she added, "If any one loved me, and I loved him also, would you wish me to be happy?" blushing as she spoke.

Heavy tears rolled down his cheeks, and he said, taking Aminta's hand, "Yes."

"Poor child!" said she, with tears also, "once he loved me for his own sake—now he loves me for my own."

"Yes," said the idiot, hiding his face with his hands.

Just then the Prince de Maulear was announced.

XVIII. THE KING.

The Prince adored his daughter-in-law, and with tears in his eyes he besought Signora Rovero not to take her from him. "Remember," said he, "that I am old, and have but a few years more to live before I reach the end of my journey, to which the death of my unfortunate son has brought me years nearer. Do not, Signora, deprive me of the only being I love on earth. Make this sacrifice to Rovero's friend. In his name I ask you to do so. Have a little patience with the old man, and let Aminta close his eyes. I will soon restore her to you."

The mother made this sacrifice to the broken-hearted father, who almost on his knees besought her to give him her daughter to replace his lost son. In his suffering the Prince seemed to become doubly fond of the young woman. Her own father could not have been more anxious to spare her pain and to satisfy her least desires.

"She is my Antigone," said he, proudly, to all who met him leaning on the Marquise's arm. "I am, though, happier than Œdipus, for I can look at and admire her."

When the Prince came into the drawing-room of his daughter he seemed excited. The Marquise bade Scorpione leave her, and the idiot crawled rather than walked to the door, through which he disappeared; not, however, until he had cast one glance on the young woman, as if to become satisfied that her features expressed neither menace nor anger.

"Good and kind as ever," said the Prince to Aminta; "you certainly appear to advantage with that hideous and deformed being. No one but a person generous as you are would keep so awful a being by you."

"To do so, father, I need only appeal to memory, and that will aid me. I cannot forget that I am indebted to him for my life, and above all, for the boon of being loved by you."

"Certainly," said the Prince, "I know all that; but you might take care of and watch over him, and make his life pleasant, without keeping him ever before you. I, who am not at all timid, assure you that I never see him without apprehension at your feet, hugging the fire like a serpent to quicken the icy blood in his veins."

"I will send him away if you wish me to."

"I wish you to do as you please. That you know well enough, my child. Keep the Scorpione, as you sometimes call him, and nurse up any horrible monster you please besides, and I will think it charming, or at least will not reproach you. My dear child, I have few amusements for you, and now your life must be sad indeed."

"No, no! dear father, I do not complain. The hotel is only sad when you are not here."

"Alas!" said the Prince, "there can be found but little interest in one as old as I am, and so unhappy too. Listen to me, Aminta, it is cruel to make children die before their parents. It reverses the order of nature to see the flower wither while the parent stem is green. I spoke to you of fate, because I was unwilling to mention God. Grief makes us pious. I dare not object to your decrees."

"Have you not yet a daughter?" said Aminta, passing her arm around the Prince's neck; "have you not a daughter who loves you?"

"Yes, yes, *my daughter*." The Prince laid an emphasis on the last word. You are now my only child, and I wish to secure your happiness; and for that purpose will consecrate to you the remnant of my life. Yet I do not know what to do."

The young woman blushed—for perhaps she could have made a suggestion. The Prince, though, did not remark it, and continued:

"Our life is sadder even than it was. The friends of this world are like bees who hover only around flowers when they bloom, and scorn those which begin to wither. They avoid this house—"

"All friends do not act thus," said Aminta, concealing her emotion; "one of them, one who pleases you most, whom you love, Signor Monte-Leone, often comes hither to see you alone—"

"To see me?" said the Prince, looking shrewdly at his daughter-in-law; "perhaps he comes to see you. Since, however, his misfortune, the Count never comes near us. Perhaps he judges us incorrectly. He may have fancied the loss of fortune involved the sacrifice of our friendship. It is a bad judgment, and I say it with regret, of a bad heart."

"Ah father," said Aminta, "the Count must have had another reason to keep him away."

"Certainly," said M. de Maulear, "but these reasons have not kept him from seeing me. During the last fortnight, I have been ten times to his house. I am, however, glad he has acted thus, for his conduct will diminish my sorrow at his departure—"

"His departure?" said Aminta, unable to restrain an expression of surprise.

"His departure for Italy," said the Prince; "he was ordered this morning, by the French government, to leave France within twenty-four hours."

"And why?" said Aminta.

"He is accused," said Maulear, "of being concerned in some conspiracy contrary to the safety of the country."

"Ah, my God!" said the young woman, "then he is exiled and expelled from the kingdom."

"Decidedly; and he is forbidden ever to return."

Aminta, as she heard these words, felt as if her heart would burst. The Prince saw her agitation.

"What is the matter my child?" said he. "Why are you so sad?"

"Nothing, nothing, but a nervous attack, to which I am used."

Maulear looked at the Marquise for a few moments, and then said: "My child, there is no true love without confidence. My love gives me sacred rights over you. Do not be afraid to confide in me. Let not even the memory of the departed restrain you. You are twenty years of age; and your life has not approached its end. I am now about to tell you what I have often intended to: your happiness is the main object of my life, and never forget that, whatever may be your name, I shall always look on you as a daughter!"

Aminta threw herself into the Prince's arms and hid there her tears of gratitude and her blushes. De Maulear took his beautiful daughter-in-law on his knee, as he would have taken a child, and then lifting up Aminta's head with exquisite kindness, said: "Does he love you?"

"He did before I was married," said the young woman, looking down.

"And since then?"

"He has never spoken of love."

"He should not have done so," said the Prince; "often, though, the eyes say such things; and his, probably, are not inexpressive."

Aminta did not reply.

"All is clear," said the Prince; "the Count avoids us from a sentiment of delicacy which does him honor. He has no longer reason to hope, being ruined, for what, when rich, he would have given his life and fortune."

"He will go," said Aminta faintly.

"He will not, he shall not go. This conspiracy is, after all, only one of the phantoms ever arising before a terrified government. If the really revolutionary mind of Count Monte-Leone has involved him, I will promise to make him listen to reason, especially if you will aid me—as for this order to leave so abruptly, I hope my arm is long enough to interpose."

"What then will you do?" asked Aminta, anxiously.

"*Parbleu!* I will go to the King himself—not to the ministers, but to the KING—to GOD, not to the saints. Mind, for the proverb's sake alone I apply that word to those gentry. The King is an old friend, a brother in exile. I never asked a favor of him, though he has often asked me to do so. We will see if he will refuse me."

"But," said Aminta, "time is short."

"Then," said the Prince, "to-morrow morning I will go to the Tuileries, and we will see what the minister will say when he hears Louis XVIII. say, *I will!*"

"Think you he will say so?"

"He must," said the Prince, kissing her; "for you and I say, *we will*. What a woman wills——To-morrow you shal' have good news." He went away.....

At that time the appearance of the Tuileries was very imposing. To the forms of the empire had succeeded the more luxurious and aristocratic ones of the restoration.

The stern military garb of the Imperial Guard, and of the Dragoons of the Empress, was replaced by the brilliant uniforms of the King's body-guards, of the *hundred Swiss*, an old name now replaced by the almost grotesque appellation of the *Gardes à pied ordinaires du corps du roi*, a species of giants, commanded by the Count of Tisseuil, a person only about four feet high, but an excellent soldier for all that. Then came the Swiss, the Royal guard, and on days of public ceremonies, the *Gardes de la Manche*, whose duty had special relation to the religious ceremonies of the chapel of the palace. The reception rooms, the great gallery, the hall of the marshals, glittered with embroidered dresses, *cordons*, collars and orders of every kind, both French and foreign. There were the stars of the empire—those of the monarchy—Russian, English, Austrian, Italian—the stars of all Europe. A large portion of the continent was in Paris. This portion was the most brilliant of all; for having tasted of Parisian refinement it was not at all anxious to

return home. His majesty Louis XVIII., dressed in blue and wearing the royal cordon of the Saint Esprit, with his hair *a l'oiseau-royal*, and his legs hidden in broad pantaloons, which concealed their size, with his feet in shoes of buckskin, and pleasant and agreeable as ever, had been rolled by his footman from the room where he breakfasted, to his study. MM. de Blacas, d'Escars, and de Damas, his gentlemen in waiting, and many courtiers, had followed his majesty's chair to the very door of his study, where they paused. Then the human horses, who dragged the chair, having turned him around *on his own pivot*, bore him into the recesses of the room. The object of the manœuvre we have described was to place the King *vis-a-vis* to his courtiers, to whom he bowed graciously. This was a signal for them to leave. The doors then closed with not a little noise, and this was all the public knew of royal life. Private matters, interviews with the ministers, audiences, had particular modes of entrance leading to the King's rooms and office. The latter was the sanctuary of royal thought, where great and petty acts were consummated, and where many confessions and audiences had been heard and given. There this literary King, better educated than half of his academy, had made commentaries on many learned Latins, especially on Horace. The King appropriated several hours of every day to study. To derange the distribution of this time, to take him from Juvenal, Tacitus, or Cicero, to discuss a plan of Villèle or Angles, was almost high treason. One person alone dared to do this, and this person was above law. The reason was, he was more powerful than the King, having even majesty in subjection. The name of this man was Father Elysée. It was his business to keep the King alive. This was, as will be seen, a very important matter.

This man went into the King's room without notice, and without even tapping at his door. He did so, by virtue of the sovereign power of the patient over the invalid—by virtue of science over suffering humanity. The King, however, sometimes used to say, when Elysée made a very *brusque* entrance: "*I only wish one thing, that disease may not break in on me brusquely as you do.*"

As a fine and acute courtier, as an old slouth-hound of the palace with a keen scent, the Prince de Maulear went to Father Elysée for the purpose of obtaining a speedy audience.

"Is it you?" said the King, behind whom opened a door looking into the reception room.

"Yes," said the doctor, "I wish your majesty would not pay too much attention to your Latin and study. Nothing injures the digestive organs like study, especially after meals. Mind and matter then contend, and the body is almost always overcome."

"If I had to do only with my old friends, Horace and Petronius," said the King, "my digestion would be all right. Unfortunately I have found a few modern subjects well calculated to annoy Master Gaster—for the vermin of Juvenal and Persius would be honey of Hymethus compared with the bile of the books I speak of—"

The King pointed out to the doctor a few open pamphlets which lay about the table.

"*Norman Letters. The Man in the Grey Coat*—MINERVA," said the doctor, looking at them; "who dared to bring these books hither?"

"My majesty dared. I am as good a doctor as you are, but I have more patients. I have a whole nation to cure, and to administer a tonic we must at least be aware of the debility. Look hither," said the King, "here is an antidote to poison. *The Conservative*, edited by the most learned doctors of the political faculty—by de Chateaubriand, de Bonald, de Villèle, Fiévée, Castelbajac, and a certain Abbé de Lamennais, an eloquent, sharp, and able man, I am sure, who has, though, one fault, he is a greater royalist than his King."

"And may I venture to ask your majesty how the works of Etienne, Jay, Jouy and company, came hither?"

"Smuggled in," said Louis XVIII., with a smile; "F. . . ., one of my *valets de chambre*, whom I have placed at the head of what I call my secret ministry, brings them to me. The fellow has taste. He said to me the other day: '*I have something devilish good here. The scoundrels do not spare your majesty.*' But," continued the King, "no man can be great to his valet or his physician, and I will therefore confess that the works of these liberal gentlemen trouble my digestion not a little, and I wish my good friend the Duke d'Escars to bring me back that *purée de cailles truffées*, of which he is the inventor. He is the Prince of Gourmands."

"Then," said *Père* Elysée, glad to be able thus to pass to the principal object of his visit, "I am just in time to amuse your majesty, and to announce the visit of one of your best friends—the Prince de Maulear."

"Just in time," said the King; "he is a gentleman of the old school, and has chosen *for fifty years* to be such. He yet believes in a King of France, fully, perhaps more fully, than he does in God. He is a true enemy of the Jacobins and Revolutionists. Tell him to come in, doctor, and we will be able to bear up against the attacks of the authors of those books."

The doctor soon brought the Prince de Maulear, and then left.

"Come in, my dear Prince," said the King; "you do not spoil your friends, and I see you too rarely, as I see others too frequently, to be able to forget you."

Kings, however unpleasant they may be, have this analogy with the sun, all come to warm themselves by his rays.

"I thank your majesty for your kind reception."

"You were my friend and shared my exile."

"It was a sad season," said the Prince, sitting on the chair the King pushed towards him.

"Not so, Prince; then we had no cares and no enemies, above all we had no court. We were independent, calm, and happy."

"Perhaps you had health, but you had no crown."

"Think you that a great misfortune?"

"Perhaps not to your majesty, but it was to France."

"How? Does our friend the Prince de Maulear, contrary to every expectation, become a flatterer in his old age? In what part of the Tuileries did he contract that disease? Listen, my dear de Maulear. You as well as I know that *love of France* is but a word. Once in France, people loved the King—now, though, France above all other things loves itself. This love is, if you please, egotistical, but after all it is the only real positive good in this selfish age. Mind I speak only of the owners, and therefore conservatives of the kingdom. The other portion of the kingdom, anxious at any risk to acquire, estimates the country cheaply. A few faithful hearts who welcomed me as a Messiah expected for twenty years, true and noble believers, looked on my return as the realization of their long and secret hopes. To the majority of my people the Bourbon lily has been only the olive-branch of peace purchased by twenty years of war. This peace I would not have brought back by the bayonets of the Austrians and Russians. But God, Buonaparte, and the Allies, so willed it. You see, my dear Prince, that I am not mistaken in relation to my subjects' love, and that the gems of a crown do not conceal its thorns."

"The King," said M. de Maulear, "at least deigns to reckon me among the faithful subjects of whom he spoke just now?"

"Yes, yes," said the King, "among the most faithful and most disinterested. When I came back, there was established a very partition of offices and places, or honors, titles, crosses and stars, in which you took no part. Now you know you are one of those to whom I could refuse nothing."

"Well," said the Prince, "your majesty gives me courage to make one request, to obtain which I come hither."

"Bah!" said the King, "speak out my old friend, if the matter depends on me—"

"Cannot the King do any thing?" said the Prince.

"The King can do very little," said Louis XVIII.

"When your majesty says 'I will—'"

"Others say, 'We will not.'"

"Who will dare to use such language?"

"The true Kings of France—the ministers—for they are responsible while I am not. To tell the fact, though, I have credit with them and will use it—"

"Yet the King is King," said the Prince.

"Ah, Prince!" said Louis XVIII., "I see plainly enough that you do not read my books. What could you say worse to an author? Open the charter and look—here it is: '*He reigns, but does not govern.*' This is my Bible, my code—and I can accuse no one but myself, if I do sigh sometimes. For all this emanates from me, and was conceived and written by my own hand. Unfortunately," said he, with bitterness, "in France every thing is interpreted literally."

"The favor I ask your majesty to grant me will I hope be within your reserved powers. Count Monte-Leone, a noble Neapolitan of my acquaintance, has been accused, beyond doubt unjustly, of political plots, and been abruptly ordered to leave France. I come to ask the king to remit this mortification."

"Ah, ah!" said Louis XVIII., gravely, "an anarchist. This is serious, very serious. Perhaps the safety of the monarchy depends on this, as the *Timid** say. My dear brother retails a conspiracy a day to me; perhaps, after all, he is not far wrong. I will see, Prince. I will examine and consult a very important personage, without whom I cannot act."

"Will his Majesty," said the usher, who had just arrived, "receive the prime minister?"

"Exactly," said the King, "that is the person of whom I spoke."

"Go in there," said the King to the Prince, pointing to the waiting-room. "You shall have my, or rather his, answer, in a quarter of an hour. The result though will be the same."

The Prince obeyed, and his excellency the prime minister was received.

XIX. A REVELATION.

The audience the King gave his prime minister lasted nearly an hour. M. de Maulear began to grow impatient at his long delay, when the usher came to tell him the King waited for him.....

When the Prince entered, Louis XVIII. had a smile on his lips. A skilful observer of countenances would however have remarked a shade of malice.

"You are then very fond of Count Monte-Leone?" said the King to the Prince, again telling him to be seated.

"Very, Sire," said the Prince. "Signor Monte-Leone is really a nobleman, with old blood, a kind heart, brilliant mind, and elegant manners. One of a race now rare. If your Majesty would but permit me to present him to you—"

"No, no," said the King; "I had rather not. Besides," continued he, "with his reputation as a dreamer and a revolutionist, as an enemy of our cousin Fernando of Naples—"

* At this time one of the ultra-royalist factions, called *Les Timides*.

"The Count is in the way of conversion, Sire; and if the important person to whom your Majesty yields will suffer us to keep the Count in Paris, I am sure we will soon be able to restore him to favor."

"The *important person*," said Louis, with a smile, "was very much inclined to send your dear friend to his own country. New information in relation to this honorable and loyal noble," continued the King, "has completely changed the intentions entertained in relation to him."

"Indeed," said the Prince, with delight; "and will your Majesty deign to tell me what this information is?"

"No, no," my dear friend. This is strictly a political question, which cannot be divulged. One thing is certain, the Italian is no longer our enemy, but is devoted to us. He is a lamb in a lion's hide. Not only will we keep him in France, but will grant him immunity for all he may do in future and has done as yet. Thus you see," said the King, "I have done more than you asked."

"Such kindness," said the Prince, "overwhelms me with pleasure and gratitude."

"Ah, Prince," said the King, ironically, "how you love your friends! Yet distrust your heart in relation to these Italians. They are cunning, and sometimes treacherous, but always mild and winning, so as to lead astray our French honesty. They do not wear at their belt their most dangerous stiletto, but have another between their jaws which is often poisoned. God keep me from saying this of your dear Count. I would not hurt him at all, but on the other hand wish him to be well received and to be honored every where. This advice, however, I wish you to consider general, and not with reference to any particular case."

"Count Monte-Leone," continued the Prince, "is worthy of your Majesty's kindest wishes. He has only the noble qualities of his nation, energy, enthusiasm, and courage. His is an exalted mind, which a cruel family sorrow may for a time have led astray, but I will answer for him as I would for myself."

"Ah," said the King, "that is indeed saying much."

"Not enough for his merit. I would be proud if I resembled him."

At this the King could not repress his laughter, and the Prince looked at him with surprise, and almost with anger. The King soon resumed. "Excuse me, Prince, but you exhibited so extravagant an anxiety ——no, no, virtuous as Monte-Leone may be, I like you as you are. Do not therefore envy his devotion, great as that may be to us. I like yours best."

"I will then tell the Count," said the Prince, "the favor your Majesty has deigned to grant him."

"No, no—not I. With affairs of that kind I have nothing to do. I leave that honor to the minister. Adieu, Prince," said he, "and come soon to see me again. Then ask something of me which may be worth granting." The Prince bowed respectfully, and left.

"Excellent man," said Louis XVIII., as he left. He would have been surprised had I told him . . . . . That Italian has bewitched him. . . . ."

On the evening before the day on which this scene took place, a man wrote in his office by the light of a shaded lamp, which made every thing but half visible. It was ten o'clock. A door opened, and an officer of one of the courts appeared. M. H . . ., the chief of the political police of whom we have already spoken, lifted up his head.

"What is the matter? and who is now come to interrupt me?" said he, with marked ill-humor.

"The officer who had come in, and who was a *Huissier*, said, "'The Stranger,' and as Monsieur receives him always—"

"Let him come in," said M. H . . ., eagerly. "You were right to announce him."

The person whom we have previously seen with a mask at the house of M. H . . ., entered, and looked carefully around to see that he was with the Chief of Police alone. Many months had passed, and all we have described had taken place. For since then, we have gone, like a sound logician, backwards, in order to expose our *data* distinctly before we proceed to define their consequences. Now the first appearance of the masked man in the cabinet of M. H . . . coincided with the painful scene in which Taddeo Rovero had crushed the hopes of the Duchess of Palma by revealing to her the probability of the marriage of Monte-Leone and Aminta.

"Monsieur," said the stranger to M. H . . ., "have I kept my promise?"

"Yes," said H . . .

"Have I unfolded the plot of Carbonarism?"

"You have satisfied me of the existence of the French Venta, and of their identity with those of Italy and Spain. We have written to the police of those nations, and all was discovered to be exact, so that in a few days the governments of those countries will have acted."

"Have I named you the chief Carbonari in Paris?"

"You have."

"Have I given you their secret notes and books?"

"In relation to that, I am but partially satisfied, but I do not need the copies but the documents themselves, in the handwriting of their authors."

"You will have them—but there is an Italian proverb, *Chi va piano, va sano! e chi va sano, va lontano.* I told you the fruit was not yet ripe. I think, however, the time is approaching to gather it, and in a month I will—"

"But," said H . . ., "does not this delay endanger all? May they not act, while we pause?"

"Do you wish to know by your own observation who are the conspirators?" said the stranger.

"I do," said H . . .

"Do you wish to see—to hear them?"

"Yes, and to arrest them."

"Not yet—it is too soon. While your fowlers entrapped a few fledgelings the rest of the covey would escape."

"How can I see and hear them?"

"I alone can enable you to do so, or rather not I, but the person whose agent I am."

"And when?" said M. H . . ., impatiently.

"In three days. It is, however, first necessary to repair a grave error which endangers all our hopes."

"What fault?"

"The Minister of the Interior," continued the man, "has ordered three foreigners, a German, a Spaniard, and an Italian, to leave France. Those persons are Dr. Spellman of Berlin, the Duke D . . . of Madrid, and Count Monte-Leone of Naples."

"True," said M. H . . . "This is at the request of the ministers of those three nations."

"Well," said the mysterious man, "it must be at once revoked."

"Why?"

"Because, if one of these men leave Paris, you have nothing to expect from me."

"What say you?" asked H . . ., with surprise.

"I am," said the stranger, in a low tone, "as I told you, the agent of one of those strangers. In his name alone I can tell you what you are so anxious to know—without him I can do nothing. The elevated position of this man, his rank, his connection with Carbonarism, enable him to hear and know all. Without him I am reduced to silence and inertness; for I repeat to you, that he is the thought of which I am the action. Destroy him, and the other is valueless, and you return to ignorance—become especially dangerous as the time approaches for the mine to explode beneath your feet and those of the French monarchy."

"Why not name that man? why does he not name himself?"

"Because he wishes to preserve his reputation—because he would rather die than avow his services."

"Ah, indeed!" said H . . . "The matter is difficult. The minister will not revoke these orders: for, while one of the men ceases to be an enemy of the country, the other two yet are."

"More than two—twenty of the most powerful, and two hundred thousand others to follow them."

"But what interest," asked M. H . . ., who hoped to arrive by a round about way at a discovery of the one of the three, the presence of whom was so necessary at Paris. "What reason can your *patron* have to serve us, if he asks for neither gold, place, nor favor?"

"A far deeper interest than any of them. That I can confide to you—revenge."

"On whom?"

"His associates—ungrateful men, who have humiliated him in his self-esteem."

"How?"

"That is my secret and his."

"Well," said H . . ., "I can understand that. Hatred and revenge make as many informers as cupidity. Our criminal archives prove that."

"Well, to the purpose."

"All three will leave Paris to-morrow."

"Then with one of them will go the safety of France. His name must be a mystery. Revoke the orders, so that our man may remain, unless you prefer by their departure to break the only thread to guide you in this inextricable labyrinth."

"But you are here," said H . . ., unable to repress his anger, and wearied of the bravado and menaces of the man. "What can be obtained neither by money nor by persuasion, is often to be had by rigor."

"Very well, Monsieur," said the stranger. "I forgot I was in a country of treason, and you forget that you swore to use neither violence nor trickery. You can act as you please. I will however tell you what will be the result of your investigations. I am an humble man, and belong to my employer as the body does to the soul, as the hand does to the arm. It will be useless to follow me, for I have no objection to tell you whither I go. You may inquire into my past life; that will be vain, for I will tell you all. You may inquire into my resources, but you will lose your time, for I will satisfy you myself. There, however, you will lose your guide—all else will be a mystery to you, my relations with this man being of such a nature that God alone knows them. They can be penetrated only by my consent."

"Listen to me," said M. H . . ., changing his tone: "I was wrong—I was wrong to menace you, for I am weak, and you are strong. I have nothing, and you have every thing. I have only control of a few people whom I suspect, unauthenticated documents, and mere suspicions. In a time when party spirit runs as high as it does now, after the too frequent mistakes of our police, we must act on facts and evidence. I see that I need you. My power, however, gives way to that of another, and the minister alone can revoke the order of expulsion. Perhaps I may be able to cause him to revoke it, but I must enforce that demand by a serious motive, and must satisfy him of the necessity of resisting the demands of the allied sovereigns, and of keeping two dangerous men in Paris as the price of one useful one. I now un-

derstand the meaning of the mystery which surrounds your patron, and to prevent suspicion there must be three pardons. Give me then an argument which cannot be contradicted. Give me the name which you now keep secret. You know that I have kept my first oath with you, and I swear the minister alone shall be informed of the secret."

As he listened to M. H . . ., the stranger thought profoundly. He then seemed to adopt an energetic resolution, and uttered these strange words—"True, the higher the eminence from which a body falls, the more crushing the blow."

"What do you say?" said H . . .

"That your idea is correct, and changes my plan. When I came hither, I thought your will alone could correct the mistake which has been made. I now see it cannot, and have made up my mind. Sit there," said he to H . . ., who was astonished at his unceremonious tone, "sit there." He pointed out an arm-chair before the desk.

"What do you want now?" said H . . .

"What the favor you have asked from me authorizes me to demand. An arm," said he, "the blows of which cannot be parried. I wish you to sign me a letter of mark or a pass, as you please to call it, which permits those whom you employ to pass without disturbance."

"Beautiful!" said M. H . . ., with a smile; "now I understand you."

He wrote: "I recognize as a member of my police, employed by me, Monsieur . . . ." He paused, and looked anxiously at the stranger. The latter leaned towards the Chief of Police, and in so low a tone that H . . . could scarcely hear him, uttered a name which made the latter drop his pen. He however rallied himself, and wrote down the name. This document he afterwards authenticated by the seal of the police, and gave to the stranger.

"This is well," said the latter, as he received it. "Now be quick, for time presses, and the three persons will in a few hours have left Paris." . . . .

When the man had left, and was alone, an atrocious smile appeared on his lips. This smile, however, was interrupted by an acute pain in his left arm. Then taking the paper which H . . . had given him, he placed it on the wound, and said, "This is a cure for a wound I thought incurable—for steel and poison."

From Fraser's Magazine.

A TROT ON THE ISLAND.

BY CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

ASHBURNER did leave Oldport, after all, before the end of the season, being persuaded to accompany a countryman and schoolmate of his (whom he had last seen two years before in Connaught, and who now happened to pass a day at Oldport, on his way Canada-ward from the south) in a trip to the White Mountains of New-Hampshire; though his American acquaintances, especially the ladies, tried hard to dissuade him from starting before the grand fancy ball, with which the season terminated, assuring him that most of "our set" would come back, if only for that one night, and that it would be a very splendid affair, and so forth. Nature had more charms for him than art, and he went away to New Hampshire, making an appointment with Benson by letter to meet him at Ravenswood early in September. But a traveller cannot make sure of his movements a fortnight ahead. On his return from the White Mountains, Ashburner had his pocket picked at a railway station (these little incidents of highly civilized life are beginning to happen now and then in America. The inhabitants repudiate any native agency therein, and attribute them all to the swell-mob emigrants from England), and, in consequence, was obliged to retrace his steps as far as New-York to visit his banker. Almost the first person he ran against in the street was Harry Benson.

"This *is* an unexpected pleasure!" exclaimed the New-Yorker. "I never thought to see you here, and you, I presume didn't expect to see me." Ashburner explained his mishap. "Well, I meant to go straight over to Ravenswood after the ball, but we had to come home—all of us this time—on business. Lots of French furniture arrived for our town house. Mrs. B. couldn't rest till she had seen it all herself, and had it properly arranged. So here have I been five days, fussing, and paying, and swearing (legally, you understand, not profanely) at the custom-house, and then 'hazing'—what you call slanging upholsterers; and now that the work is all over, I mean to take a little play, and am just going over to see Lady Suffolk and Trustee trot on the island. Come along. It's a beautiful drive of eight miles, and I have a top-wagon. It is to meet me at the Park in a quarter of an hour." Ashburner assented. "I want to buy some cigars; you have no objection to accompany me a moment."

So they turned down one of the cross-streets running out of the lower part of Broadway (which, it may be here mentioned, for the benefit of English readers and writers, is not called *the* Broadway), and entered a store five or six stories high, with two or three different firms on each floor; and Benson led the way up something between a ladder and a staircase into a small office, with "Bleecker Brothers" dimly visible on a tin plate over the door. Three-fourths of the apartment were filled up with all manner of inviting samples, every wine, liquor, and liqueur under the sun, in every variety of bottle or vial, thick with the dust of years, or open for immediate tasting; and through the dingy panes of a half glass

door a multitudinous array of bottles might be seen loading the numerous shelves of a large store-room beyond. In a small clearing at one corner, where a small desk was kept in countenance by a small table, and three or four old chairs, with a background of shelves groaning under the choicest brands of the fragrant weed, sat the presiding deities of the place—the two little Bleeckers—the dark brother of thirty-five, and the light brother of twenty, like two sketches of the same man in chalk and charcoal; both elegantly dressed—white trousers, patent leather shoes, exuberant cravats, massive chains, and all the usual paraphernalia of young New-York—altogether looking as much in place as a couple of butterflies in an ant-hill.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Benson. "Here's our friend Ashburner," and he pushed forward the Englishman. The brothers rose, laid down the morning journals over which they had been lounging, and welcomed the stranger to their place of business. "What's the news this morning?"

"Nothing at all, I believe, replied the elder. "South Carolina has been threatening to dissolve the Union again—and that's no news. Stay, did you see this about Bishop Hughes and Sam Thunderbolt, the Native American member of Congress from Pennsylvania?"

"I haven't seen even a newspaper for the last three days."

"Well, '+ John of New-York,'—*cross John*, as your brother Carl used to call him—was in the same rail-car with Thunderbolt, coming from Philadelphia to New-York; and the Congressman didn't know who he was, but probably suspected he was a priest."

"Yes, you can generally tell a priest by his looks. Even an intelligent horse will do that. Once I was riding with one of our bishops near Boston, and his nag shied suddenly at a man in a broad-brimmed hat. Says the right reverend (we don't call 'em 'my lord' in this country, you know, Ashburner), "I shouldn't wonder if that was a Romish priest;' and we looked again, and it was. There was a Protestant horse for you! What a treasure he would have been to an Orangeman!"

"So Thunderbolt began to abuse the Roman Catholics generally, and the priests particularly, and 'that brawling bigot Johnny Hughes most particularly. Hughes, who is a wary man, polite and self-possessed, sat through it all without saying a word; till another gentleman in the car asked Thunderbolt if he knew who that was opposite him. He didn't know. 'It's Bishop Hughes,' says the other, in a half whisper. 'Are you Bishop Hughes?' exclaims the native, quite off his guard. 'They call me so,' answered the other, with a quiet smile, expecting to enjoy the humiliating confusion of his denouncer; and the other passengers shared in the expectation, and were prepared for a titter at Thunderbolt's expense. But instead of attempting any apology, or showing any further embarrassment, he pulled out an eye-glass, and after looking at the Jesuit through it for some time, thus announced the result of his inspection—'Oh, you are, are you? Well, you're just the kind of looking loafer I should have expected Johnny Hughes to be.'"

"I don't believe Hughes was much disconcerted either," said the elder brother; "he doesn't lose his balance easily. I never heard of his being put out but once, and that was when Governor Bouck met him. He was a jolly old Dutchman, Mr. Ashburner, who used to go about electioneering, and asking every man he came across—how he was, and how his wife and family were. When Bishop Hughes was introduced to him, they thought the governor would know enough to vary the usual question a little; but he didn't, and asked after the Romish bishop's wife and family with all possible innocence; and Hughes, for once in his life, was nonplussed what to answer."

"Ah, but you haven't told the end of that," put in Benson. "When the governor's friends tried to explain to him the mistake he had made, and the category the Romish ecclesiastics were in, he said, 'O yas, I see, I should have asked after de children only, and said nossing about de woman.' As you say, Hughes generally has his wits about him, no doubt. He played our custom-house a trick that they will not forget in a hurry. Soon after General Harrison and the Whigs came in, and Curtis was made collector of our port, there arrived a great lot of what the French call *articles de religion*, robes, crucifixes, and various ornaments, for Hughes' cathedral. Now these were all French goods, and subject to duty, and a notification to that effect was sent to the proper quarter. Down comes Hughes in a great rage. 'Mr. Curtis, Mr. Curtis, we never had to do this before. Your predecessor, Mr. Hoyt, always let our articles of religion in free of duty.' 'Can't help what my predecessor, Mr. Hoyt, used to do,' says Curtis; 'the law is so and so, as I understand it, and these articles are subject to duty. If you like, you may pay the duties under protest, and bring a suit against Uncle Sam* to recover the money.' (You see, the Loco Focos had always favored the Romish priests to get the Irish vote. The Whigs didn't in those days—it was before our side had been corrupted by Seward, and such miserable demagogues; and Curtis wasn't sorry to see his political opponent the Bishop in a tight place.) After Hughes had blustered awhile, and found it did no good, he tried the other tack, and began to expostulate. 'Is there no way at all, Mr. Curtis,' says he, 'by which these articles may be passed, free of duty?' 'None at all,' says the other, 'unless'—and he paused, hardly knowing whether it would do to hint at such a thing, even in jest

* The United States government, (U. S.)

—'unless, bishop, you are willing to swear that these are *tools of your trade*.' 'And sure they are that!' quoth Hughes, snapping him up, 'bring on your book;' and he had the goods sworn through in less than no time, before Curtis could recover himself."

"Not a bad hit," said the Englishman. "Tools of his trade! So they were, sure enough; but one would not have expected him to own it so coolly."

"Unless there was something to be got by it," continued Benson. "Now this is true—every word of it, though it *has* been in the newspapers; and the way I came to find it out was this. One day I saw in the advertising columns of the *Blunder and Bluster*, a circular from the *Secretary of the Treasury*, stating that 'crucifixes, whether of silver or copper, images, silk and velvet vestments, and theological books, did not come under the head of *tools of trade*, but were subject to duty.' It was a funny looking notice, and there was evidently something behind it; so I took the trouble to inquire, and found that the cause of the order was this clever stroke of Hughes. Going to the trot to-day?"

The younger brother was going, and it was near the time when he expected his wagon. Dicky wasn't. He had given up trots ten years ago—thought them low.

"Give me a few cigars before we go," said Benson. "What have you here that's first rate? Carbagal, Firmezas, Antiguëdad. H—m. I'll take a dozen Firmezas, and you may send me the rest of the box."

"Don't you want some champagne—veritable Cordon Bleu—only fourteen dollars a dozen, and a discount if you take six cases?"

"And if you wish to secure some tall Lafitte, we bought some odd bottles at old Van Zandt's sale the other day. You remember drinking that wine at Wilson's last summer?"

Benson remembered it perfectly, and would take the Lafitte by all means. "Put that down, Mr. Snipes;" and for the first time, Ashburner was aware of the clerk—a very young gentleman, who appeared from behind the desk, and booked the order at it. "And how about the champagne?"

"*J'y penserai.* Time to go. *Vamos.*" And Benson carried off his friend.

"You were a little taken aback, weren't you?" he asked, as they went in quest of the wagon. "When you saw these men figuring in the German cotillion, and helping to lead the fashion at Oldport, you hardly expected to encounter them in such a place. Well, now, let me tell you something that will astonish you yet more. So far from its being against these brothers in society that they are, what you would call in plain English a superior order of grocers, it is positively in their favor; that is to say, they are more respected, better received, and stand a better chance of marrying well, than if they did nothing. They might do nothing if they chose. They had enough to live very well on *en garçon*. The Bleeckers are of our best known and most thoroughly respectable families. The sons had no taste for books; they have a very good taste for wine and cigars, and have undertaken what they are best fit for. It's better than being nominal lawyers?"

"Pecuniarily, no doubt; but is it as good for the whole development of the man? Was it you, or your friend Harrison, who instanced Richard Bleecker as a man who had made no progress in any thing manly for fifteen years?"

"That is the fault of his natural disposition, which would not be bettered by his making believe to be a professional man, or being an avowedly idle one. He is frivolous and ornamental for a part of his time—during the rest, he has his business to occupy him. If he had not that, he would spend all his time in elegant idleness, and know no more than he does now. His pursuits bring him in money, which will be a comfort to his wife and family when he marries—though, to be sure, he is rather ancient for that; a single man at thirty-five is with us a confirmed old bachelor. But his brother is in a fair way to form a nice establishment."

"Now tell me another thing. Suppose the Bleeckers had chosen to become jewellers, or merchant tailors—they might be good judges of either business, and make money by it—how would that affect their position?"

"Unfavorably, I confess," replied Benson. "But we Gothamites have so thorough a respect for, and appreciation of, good wine and cigars, that the importation of them is considered particularly laudable."

Any further discussion was stopped by their arrival at that dreary triangular square (*more hibernico loqui*) called the Park, where Benson's wagon awaited him—not the red-wheeled one; this vehicle was of a uniform dark green, furnished with a top (a desirable appendage when the thermometer stands 85° in the shade,) and lined throughout with drab. The ponies were carefully enveloped to the very tips of their ears in white fly-nets. As the groom saw Benson approaching, he put himself and the top through a series of queer evolutions, which ended in the latter being lowered—a very necessary operation, to allow any one to get in with comfort; and after Benson and Ashburner were in, he put it up again with some ado, and then went his way, the concern only holding two. Then Benson turned the wagon round by backing and locking, and making it undergo a series of contortions as if he wanted to double it up into itself, and run over himself with his own wheels, and drove to the Fulton Ferry; for to arrive at the Centreville Course on Long Island—familiarly designated as *the* island—you first pass through Brooklyn, that trans-Hudsonian suburb of New York, which thirty years ago was a miserable little village,

and now contains upwards of ninety thousand inhabitants.

"And how did the ball go off?" asked Ashburner, as they rolled up the main avenue of Brooklyn, at the slowest possible trot, according to the well known rule, always to take a fast horse easy over pavement. On board the ferry-boat there had not been much conversation, the horses being so worried by the flies as to require all Benson's attention.

"Oh, it was rather a *fiasco*, but we had some fun. Some predicted that the fashionables would come back, but they didn't, except a few of the young men; and all of our set that were there threatened to go out of costume; but then we recollected that would have been a very Irish way of serving out Mr. Grabster, as by the established regulation in such cases, we should have had to pay double for tickets; so most of us took sailors' or firemen's dresses—the cheapest and commonest disguises we could get; and the ladies made some trivial addition to their ordinary ball-dresses—a wreath or a few extra flowers—and called themselves brides, or Floras, and so on. And some of the crack Bostonians blasphemed the expense, and went in plain clothes. So we had the consolation of making fun of all the outsiders, and their attempts at costume—such supernumeraries as most of them were! And none of the *comme-il-faut* people would serve on the committee, so Grabster had nobody to get up the room in proper style, and it looked like a 'Ripton' ball-room; and *The Sewer* reporters were there, in all their glory. The Irishman had borrowed or stolen a uniform somewhere, and the Frenchman was appropriately arrayed in red as a devil, and he went about taking notes of all the people's dresses, especially the ladies'; and as our ladies were not in costume, he thought he must have something to do with them, and so presented some of them with bouquets, which they wouldn't take, of course; and the young men trod on his toes and elbowed him off till he swore he would put them all in his paper. And we danced away, notwithstanding *The Sewer* and all its works. Tom Edwards was accoutred as Mose the fireman, and Sumner had an old French *débardeur* dress of his, just the thing for the occasion, only his shoes were too big; and after tripping up himself and his partner four times, he kicked them off clean into the orchestra, and fearfully aggravated the fiddlers; and he took it as coolly as he does every thing—put on a pair of ordinary boots, and was polking away again in five minutes. And we kept it up till two in the morning, polka chiefly, with a sprinkling of *deuxtemps*, and then had a very bad supper, and some very bad wine, of Mr. Grabster's providing—genuine New Jersey champagne. How we looked after the dancing! Sumner's *débardeur* shirt might have been wrung out, it was so wet; and Mrs. Harrison—she had got herself up as Undine—was dripping enough for half-a-dozen water-nymphs; and Miss Friskin had a shiny green silk dress; we had been polking together, and my white waistcoat, and pants, and cravat, were all stained green, as if I had been playing with a gigantic butterfly. And then after supper, when there was no one but our German cotillion set left, and just as we had put the chairs in order, the musicians struck work, and would not play any more (you know what an impracticable, conceited, obstinate brute a third-rate German musician is), saying they were only bound to play just so long; so I gave them a good slanging in their own tongue (I know German enough to blow up a man, and a fine strong language it is for the purpose); and White swore it was too bad, and Edwards tried to make them a conciliatory speech—only he was too tipsy to talk straight; and Sumner offered them fifty dollars to go on playing. Thereupon, up and spake the big bass-viol,—'We don't want your money; we want to be dreated like chentlemens;' and then Frank lost his temper. 'I'll treat you,' says he; and with that he delivered right and left into the bass-viol, and knocked him through his own instrument; and then some one knocked Sumner over the head with a trombone;—then we all set to, and gave the musicians their change (we owed them a little before, for it wasn't the first time they had been saucy to us,) and we thrashed them essentially, and committed a few of their instruments. And half-a-dozen of the Irish waiters came out, with their sleeves rolled up, to fight for the honor of the house, and protect Mr. Grabster's property—meaning the musicians, I suppose;—and Haralson of Alabama, one of your regular six-feet-two-in-his-stockings South Western men, who had come North to learn the polka, and become civilized—Haralson pulled out a Bowie and swore he would whistle them up if they didn't make themselves scarce. By Jove! you should have seen the Paddies scud! And I caught *The Sewer* reporter (the Irish one) in the *mêlée*, and let him have a kick that landed him in the middle of the floor, telling him he might put that into his next letter, and afterwards go to a place worse even than *The Sewer* office. Then, after all the enemy were fairly routed, we adjourned to my parlor. I had some good champagne of my own, and a *pâté* or two, and some Firmezas, and we held a jolly revel till four o'clock, and then the ladies retired, and we quiet married men did the same, and the boys went to fight the tiger, and Edwards lost 1400 dollars, and some of them took to running foot-races for a bet on the post-road. Haralson outran all the rest—and his senses too—and was found next evening about five miles up the road with no coat or hat, and one stocking off and the other stocking on, like my son John in the nursery rhyme, and his watch and purse gone. And *The Sewer* and *Inexpressible* said

that it was the most brilliant ball that had occurred within the memory of the oldest inhabitants. And that's a pretty fair synopsis of the whole proceedings."

By this time they were off the pavement,—a change very sensible and desirable to man and horse, for an American pavement is something beyond imagination or description, and must be experienced to be understood. The ponies, without waiting for the word, went off on their long steady stroke at three-quarters speed, and though the day was warm and the road heavy, stepped over the first three miles in twelve minutes, as Benson took care to show Ashburner by his watch. They challenged wagon after wagon, but no one seemed inclined to race at this stage of the proceedings, and they glided quietly by every thing. Only once was heard the sound of competing feet, when a black pacer swept up, with two tall wheels behind him, and a man mysteriously balanced between them. "After the sulky is manners," said Harry, slackening his speed, and giving the pacer a wide berth; and the man on the wheels whizzed by like a mammoth insect, and was soon lost to view amid a cloud of dust.

And now they arrived at a tavern where the owners of "fast crabs" were wont to repose, to water their horses, and brandy-and-water themselves. The former operation is performed very sparingly, the supply of liquid afforded to the animals consisting merely of a spongeful passed through their mouths; the latter is usually conducted on more liberal principles. But as our friends felt no immediate desire to liquor, Benson amused himself while the horses rested by putting down his top, for the sky had slightly clouded over,—a favorable circumstance, he remarked, for the trot. Just as he was starting his ponies, with a chirrup, a tandem developed itself from under the shed, and its driver greeted him with a friendly nod.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Losing," quoth Harry, raising his whip-hand in answer to the salute; "then, *sotto voce* to Ashburner, "a Long-Island fancy man: lots of money, and no end of fast horses."

Mr. Losing had a thin hatchety face, and a very yellow complexion, with hair and beard to match. He wore a yellow straw-hat, and a yellowish-gray summer paletot, with yellowish-brown linen trousers. His light gig (of the kind technically called a double-sulky) was painted a dingy yellow-ochre; the horses were duns, the fly-nets drab, and what little harness there was, retained the original law-calf color of its leather; in short, the whole concern had a general pervading air of dun, which but for the known wealth of its owner might have been suggestive of unpleasant Joe-Millerisms. The only exception was his companion, a gay horse-dealer and jockey, who acted as amateur groom on this occasion. Mr. Van Eyck had sufficient diversity of color in his dress to relieve the monotony of a whole landscape,—blue coat and gilt buttons, lilac waistcoat and ditto, red cravat and red-striped check shirt, white hat and trousers. His apparel might have been a second-hand suit of Bird Simpson's. As the gig came out close at the wheels of the wagon, the two whips interchanged glances, as much as to say, "Here's at you!" and "Come on!" and Losing tightened his reins; then, as his leader ranged up alongside Benson's horses, the latter drew up his lines also, and the teams went off together.

A good team race is more exciting to both the lookers-on and the performers than any contest of single horses; there is twice as much noise, twice as much skill in driving, and apparently greater speed, though in reality less. Neither had started at the top of their gait, but they kept gradually and proportionally crowding the pace, till they were going about seventeen miles an hour, and at that rate they kept for the first half-mile exactly in the same relative position as they had started. No one spoke a word; the close contact of horses in double harness excites them so, that they require checking rather than encouragment; but Benson with a rein in his hand was feeling every inch of his ponies, and watching every inch of the road. Losing sat like a statue, and his horses seemed to go of themselves. Then, as the ground began to rise, Losing drew gradually ahead, or rather Benson's team came back to him; still it was inch by inch; in the next quarter the wheeler instead of the leader was alongside the other team, and that was all Losing had gained. Then Harry, with some management, got both reins into one hand, and lifted his nags a little with the whip. At the same time Losing altered his hold for the first time, and shook up his horses. There was a corresponding increase of speed in both parties, which kept them in the same respective position, and so they struggled on for a little while longer, till just before the road descended again, Benson made another effort to recover his lost ground. In so doing, he imprudently loosened his hold too much, and his off horse went up.

The moment Firefly lost his feet Benson threw his whole weight upon the horses, and hauled them across the road, close in behind Losing's gig, the break having lost him just a length, so that when they struck into their trot again they were at the Long-Islander's wheel. Down the hill they went, faster than ever; the wagon could not gain an inch on the gig, or the gig shake the wagon off. But Losing had manifestly the best of it, as all his dust went into the face of Benson and Ashburner, enveloping and powdering them and their equipage completely. Their only consolation was, that they were bestowing a similar one on every wagon that they passed. As both teams were footing their very best, Benson's only chance of getting by was in case one of the tandems should happen to

break, a chance which he kept ready to take advantage of. By and by the leader went up, but Losing, who had his horses under perfect command, let him run a little way, and caught him again into his trot without losing any thing. Nevertheless Benson, who had seen the break, made a push to go by, and with a great shout crowded his team up to the wheeler, but there they broke,—this time both horses,—and before he could bring them down he was two lengths in the rear. Then Losing drew on one side, and slackened his speed, and Benson also pulled up almost to a walk.

"His double sulky is lighter than my wagon," said Harry, "even without the top, and the top makes fifty pounds difference. The machine is built a little heavier than the average, purposely because it rides easier, and shakes the horses less when there are inequalities in the road, so that besides being pleasanter to go in, a team can take it along about as fast as any thing lighter for a short brush, but when the horses are so nearly equal, and you have some miles to go on a heavy road, the extra weight tells. However, it is no disgrace to be beaten by Losing, any way, for his horses are his study and *specialité*. Every fortnight the bolts and screws of his wagon are re-arranged; his collars fit like gloves; he has a particular kind of watering-pot made on purpose to water his horses' legs. Every trifle is rigorously attended to. You ought to visit his, or some other sporting man's stable here, just to note the difference between that sort of thing with us and with you. Instead of hunters and steeple-chasers, you will see fine trotters together that can all beat 2′ 50″."

The road happened just then to be pretty clear, so they proceeded leisurely for some miles further, till just as they were quitting the turnpike for a lane which led to the course, the rattle of wheels and the shouts of drivers came up behind them. Benson, not disposed to swallow any more of other people's dust if he could help it, waked up his horses at once, and they clattered along the lane, up hill and down, and over a railroad track, and past numerous wagons, at a faster rate than ever. "*Do* get out of the way!" shouted Henry to one primitive gentleman, with a very tired horse, who was occupying exactly the centre of the road. "You go to ——." The individual addressed was probably about to say something very bad, when Benson, who was a moral man, and had the strongest wheels, cut short any possible profanity for the moment by driving slap into him, and knocking him into the ditch, with the loss of a spoke or two. This collision hardly delayed their speed an instant; and though some of the pursuers were evidently gaining, no one overhauled them for three-quarters of a mile, at the end of which Starlight and Firefly swept proudly up to the course, with a long train in their rear.

All the vicinity of the Centreville Course —not the stables and sheds merely, but the lanes leading to it, the open ground about it, the whole adjacent country, one might almost say—was covered with wagons stowed together as closely as cattle in a market. If it had been raining wagons and trotters the night before just over the place, like showers of frogs that country editors short of copy fill a column with, or if they had grown up there ready harnessed, there could not have been a more plentiful supply. Wagons, wagons, wagons everywhere, of all weights, from a hundred and eighty pounds to four hundred, with here and there a sulky for variety—horses of all styles, colors, and merits—no sign of a servant or groom of any kind, but a number of boys, mostly blackies, about one to every ten horses, who earned a few shillings by looking after the animals, and watching the carpets, sheets, and fly-nets. The only other movables, the long-handled short-lashed whips, were invariably carried off by their proprietors. Whips and umbrellas are common property in America; they are an exception to the ordinary law of *meum* and *tuum*, and strictly subject to socialist rules. Woe to the owner of either who lets his property go one second out of his sight!

"Now then, Snowball!" quoth Benson, as a young gentleman of color rushed up on the full grin, stimulated to extra activity by the recollection of the past and the vision of prospective "quarters,"—"take care of the fliers, and don't let any one steal their tails! I ought to tell you," he continued to Ashburner, leading the way towards the big, dilapidated,* unpainted, barn-like structure, which appeared to be the rear of the grand-stand, "you won't find any gentlemen here —that is, not above half-a-dozen at most."

"I was just wondering whether we should see any ladies."

Benson pointed over his left shoulder; and they planked their dollar a-piece at the entrance.

Ashburner's first impression, when fairly inside, was that he had never seen such a collection of disreputable looking characters in broad daylight, and under the open sky. All up the rough broad steps, that were used indifferently to sit or stand upon; all around the oyster and liquor stands, that filled the recess under the steps; all over the ground between the stand and the track, was a throng of low, shabby, dirty men, different in their ages, sizes, and professions; for some were farmers, some country tavern-keepers, some city ditto, some horse-dealers, some gamblers, and some loafers in general; but alike in their slang and "rowdy" aspect. There is something peculiarly disagreeable in an American crowd, from the fact that no class

* A very critical friend wants to know if the term *dilapidated* can, with strict propriety, be applied to a wooden building.

has any distinctive dress. The gentleman and the working-man, or the "loafer," wear clothes of the same kind, only in one case they are new and clean, in the other, old and dirty. The ragged dress-coats and crownless beavers of the Irish peasants have long been the admiration of travellers; now, elevate these second-hand garments a stage or two in the scale of preservation—let the coats be not ragged, but shabby, worn in seam, and greasy in collar; the hats whole, but napless at edge, and bent in brim; supply them with old trousers of the last fashion but six, and you have the general costume of a crowd like the present. But ordinary collections of the οἱ πολλοὶ are relieved by the very superior appearance of the women; pretty in their youth, lady-like and stylish even when prematurely faded, always dressed respectably, and frequently dressed in good taste, they form a startling relief and contrast to their cavaliers; and not only the stranger, but the native gentleman, is continually surprised at the difference, and says to himself, "Where in the world could such nice women pick up those snobs?" Here, where there is not a woman within a mile (unless that suspicious carriage in the corner contains some gay friends of Tom Edwards'), the congregated male loaferism of these people, without even a decent looking dog among them, is enough to make a man button his pockets instinctively.

Amid this wilderness of vagabonds may be seen grouped together at the further corner of the stand the representatives of the gentlemanly interest, numbering, as Benson had predicted, about half-a-dozen. Losing, with his yellow blouse and moustache to match; Tom Edwards, in a white hat and trousers, and black velvet coat; Harrison, slovenly in his attire, and looking almost as coarse as any of the rowdies about, till he raises his head, and shows his intelligent eyes; Bleecker, who had just arrived; and a few specimens of Young New-York like him. Benson carries his friend that way, and introduces him in due form to the Long Islander, who receives him with an elaborate bow. Ashburner offers a cigar to Losing, who accepts the weed with a nod of acknowledgment (for he rarely opens his mouth except to put something into it, or to make a bet), and offers one of his in return, which Ashburner trying, excoriates his lips at the first whiff, and is obliged to throw it away after the third, for Charley Losing has strong tastes, will rather drink brandy than wine, any day, and smokes tobacco that would knock an ordinary man down.

The stranger glances his eye over the scene of action. A barouche and four does not differ more from a trotting wagon, or a blood courser from a Canadian pacer, than an English race-course from an American "track." It is an ellipse of hard ground, like a good and smooth piece of road, with some variations of ascent and descent. The distance round is calculated at a mile, according to the scope of turning requisite for a horse before a sulky—that being the most usual form of trotting; for a saddle-horse that has the pole,* it comes practically to a little less; for a harness-horse (especially if to a wagon) with an outside place, to a little, or sometimes a good deal more. Around the inclosure, within the track (which looks as if it were trying hard to grow grass and couldn't), a few wagons, which obtained entrance by special favor, are walking about; they belong to the few men who have brought their grooms with them. Harrison's pet trotter is there, a magnificent long-tailed bay, as big as a carriage-horse, equal to 2′ 50″ on the road before that wagon, and worth fifteen hundred dollars, it is said. Just inside the track, and opposite the main stand outside, is a little shanty of a judge's stand, and marshalled in front of it are half a dozen notorious pugilists, and similar characters, who, doubtless on the good old principle of "set a thief," &c., are enrolled for the occasion as special constables, with very special and formidable white bludgeons to keep order, and precise suits of black cloth to augment their dignity.

"To come off at three o'clock," said the handbills. It is now thirty-five minutes past three, and no signs of beginning. An American horse and an American woman always keep you waiting an hour at least. One of the judges comes forward, and raps on the front of the stand with a primitive bit of wood resembling a broken boot-jack. "Bring out your horses!" People look towards the yard on the left. Here is one of them just led out; they pull off his sheets, his driver climbs up into the little seat behind him. He comes down part of the stand at a moderate gait. Hurrah for old Twenty-miles-an-hour! Trustee! Trustee!

The old chestnut is half-blood; but you would never guess it from his personal appearance, so chunky, and thick-limbed, and sober-looking is he. His action is uneven, and seemingly laborious; you would not think him capable of covering *one* mile in three minutes, much less of performing twenty at the same rate. No wonder he hobbles a little behind, for his back sinews are swelled, and his legs scarred and disfigured—the traces of injuries received in his youth, when a cart ran into him, and cut him almost to pieces. Veterinary surgeons, who delight in such relics, will show you pieces of sinew taken from him after the accident. That was six or seven years ago: since then he has solved a problem for the trotting world.

"There," says Benson, with a little touch of triumph, "is the only horse in the world that ever trotted twenty miles in an hour. I

* A horse will "go the pole" in such a time, means that he will go in double harness. A horse "has the pole," means that he has drawn the place nearest the inside boundary fence of the track.

saw it done myself. He was driven nearly two miles before he started, to warm him up, and make him limber. When the word was given, he made a skip, and though his driver, not the same that he has now, caught him before he was fairly off his feet, he was more than three minutes doing the first mile, which looked well for the backers of time; but as the old fellow went on, he did every mile better than the preceding, and the last in the best time of all, winning with nearly half a minute to spare."

"Has the experiment been often tried?"

"Not more than two or three times, I believe; and the horses who attempted it broke down in the eighteenth or nineteenth mile. Nevertheless, I think that within the last twelve years we have had two or three horses beside Trustee who could have accomplished the feat; but as such a horse is worth two thousand dollars and upwards, a heavy bet would be required to tempt a man to risk killing or ruining his animal; and our sporting men, though they bet frequently, are not in the habit of betting largely. That is one reason why it has not been tried oftener; and I am inclined to think that there is another and a better motive. The owner of a splendid horse does not like to risk his life; and it is a risk of life to attempt to trot him twenty miles an hour.

Pit, pat! pit, pat! The old mare is coming down to the score. A very ordinary looking animal in repose, the magnificence of her action converts her into a beauty when moving. How evenly her feet rise and fall, regularly as a machine, though she is nearly at the top of her speed! She carries her head down, and her neck stretched out, and from the tip of her nose to the end of her long white tail, that streams out in the breeze made by her own progress, you might draw a straight line, so true and right forward does she travel. Perched over her tail, between those two tall, slender wheels, sits her owner, David Bryan, the only man that ever handles her, in something like a jockey costume, blue velvet jacket and cap to match, and his white hair, whiter than his horse's tail, streaming in the wind—a respectable and almost venerable looking man; but a hard boy for all that, say the knowing ones. Great applause from the Long Island men, who swear by "the Lady," and are always ready to "stake their pile" on her, for her owner is a Long-Islander, and she is a Suffolk county, Long-Island mare. Some eight years ago Lady Suffolk was bought out of a baker's cart for 112 dollars, and since then she has won for "Dave" upwards of 30,000 dollars. That is what the possessor of a fast trotter most prides himself on—to have bought the animal for a song on the strength of his own eye for his points, and then developed him into a "flier." When a colt is bred from a trotting stallion, put into training at three or four years old, and sold the first time for a high price, if he turns out well there is no particular wonder or merit in it; if he does not, the disappointment is extreme.

Ah, here comes Pelham at last—a clean little bay, stepping roundly, and lifting his legs well; you might call it a perfect action, if we had not just seen Lady Suffolk go by—but *so* wicked about the head and eyes! Behind the little horse sits a big Irishman, in his shirt sleeves; and they are hauling away at each other, pull Pat, pull Pelham, as if the man wanted to jerk the horse's head off, and the horse to draw the man's arms out. You see the driver is holding by little loops fastened to the reins, to prevent his grasp from slipping. Pelham is a young horse for a trotter, say seven years old, and has already done the fastest mile ever made in harness; but his temper is terribly uncertain, and today he seems to be in a particularly bad humor.

Trustee, who requires much warming up, goes all round the track, increasing his speed as he goes, till he has reached pretty nearly his limit. Pelham also completes the circuit, but more leisurely. The Lady trots about a quarter of a mile, then walks a little, and then brushes back. Her returning is even faster and prettier than her going. "2′ 33″," says Losing, speaking for the first time, as she crosses the score (the line in front of the judge's stand). His eye is such that, given the horse and the track, he can tell the pace at a glance within half a second.

The gentry about are beginning to bet on their respective favorites, and some upon time—trifling amounts generally—five, ten, or twenty dollars; and there is much pulling out, and counting, and depositing of greasy notes. Bang! goes the broken boot-jack again. This time it is not "Bring *out* your horses!" but "Bring *up* your horses!"—a requisition which the drivers comply with by turning *away* from the stand. This is to get a start, a *flying start* being the rule, which obviously favors the backers of time, and is, in some respects, fairer to the horses, but is very apt to create confusion and delay, especially when three or four horses are entered. So it happens in the present instance: half way up the quarter, the horses turn, not all together, but just as they happen to be; and off they go, some slower and some faster, trying to fall into line as they approach the score. "Come back!" It's no go, this time; Pelham has broken up, and is spreading himself all over the track. Trustee, too, is a length or more behind the gray mare, and evidently in no hurry. They all go back, the mare last, as she was half way down the other quarter before the recall was understood.

"What a beauty she is!" says Harry. "And she has the pole too."

"Will you bet two to three on her against the field?" asks Edwards, who knew very well that Trustee is the favorite. Benson

declines. "Then will you go on time? Will you bet on 7' 42", or that they don't beat 7' 47"?" (three mile heats, you will recollect, reader). No, Harry won't bet at all; so Edwards turns to Losing. "Will you bet three to five in hundreds on the Lady?" Losing will. They neither plank the money, nor book the bet, but the thing is understood.

Pelham's driver has begged the judges to give the word, even if he is two lengths behind; he would rather do that than have his horse worried by false starts. So this time, perhaps, they will get off. Not yet! Bryan's mare breaks up just before they come to the score. Harrison hints that he broke her on purpose, because Trustee was likely to have about a neck advantage of him in the start. "Of course they never go the first time," says Benson, "and very seldom the second."

"I saw nine false starts once, at Harlaem," says Bleecker, "where there were but three horses. Better luck next time."

It is better luck. Pelham lays in the rear full two lengths, but Trustee and the mare come up nose and nose to the score, going at a great pace. "Go!" At the word Trustee breaks. "Bah! take him away! Where's Brydges?" The superior skill of his former driver is painfully remembered by the horse's friends. But he soon recovers, and catches his trot about two lengths behind the mare, and as much in advance of Pelham; for the little bay is going very badly, seems to have no trot in him, and his driver dares not hurry him. In these respective positions they complete the first quarter.

As they approach the half mile, the distance renders their movements indistinct, and their speed, positive or relative, difficult to determine. You can only make out their position. Pelham continues to lose, and Trustee has gained a little; but the gray mare keeps the lead gallantly.

"I like a trot," says Benson, "because you can watch the horses so long. In a race they go by like a flash, once and again, and it's all over."

In the next quarter they are almost lost to view, and then they appear again coming home, and you begin once more to appreciate the rate at which they are coming. Still it is not the very best pace; the Lady is taking it rather easy, as if conscious of having it all her own way; and her driver looks as careless and comfortable as if he were only taking her out to exercise, when she glides past the stand.

"2' 35"," says Losing. He doesn't need to look at his watch; but there is great comparing of stop-watches among the other men for the time of the first mile. Hardly half a length behind is Trustee; he has been gradually creeping up without any signs of being hurried, and, clumsily as he goes, gets over the ground without heating himself.

"John Case knows what he's about, after all," Edwards observes. "He takes his time, and so does the old horse; wait another round, and, at the third mile, they'll be *there*."

"But where's Pelham? Is he lost? No, there he comes; and, Castor and Pollux, what a burst! Something has waked him up after the other horses have passed the stand, and while he is yet four or five lengths from it. There's a brush for you! Did you ever see a horse foot it so?—as if all the ideas of running that he may ever have had in his life were arrested, and fastened down into his trot. How he is closing up the gap! If he can hold to that stroke he will be ahead of the field before the first quarter of this second mile is out. A mighty clamor arises, shouts from his enemies, who want to break him, cheers from his injudicious friends. There, he has lapped Trustee—he has passed him; tearing at the bit harder than ever, he closes with Lady Suffolk. Bryan does not begin to thrash his mare yet, he only shows the whip over her; but yells like a madman at her, and at Pelham, whose driver holds on to him as a drowning man holds on to a rope. They are going side by side at a terrific pace. It can't last; one of them must go up. The bay horse does go up just at the quarter pole, having made that quarter, Benson says, in the remarkably short time of thirty-six seconds and a half.

Pelham's driver can't jerk him across the track; by doing so, he would foul Trustee, who is just behind; so he has to let the chestnut go by, and then sets himself to work to bring down his unruly animal; no easy matter—for Pelham, frightened by the shouting, and excited by the noise of the wheels, plunges about in a manner that threatens to spill or break down the sulky; and twice, after being brought almost to a full stop, goes off again on a canter. Good bye, little horse! there's no more chance for you. By this time, the Lady is nearly a quarter of a mile ahead, and going faster than ever. Somehow or other, Trustee has increased his speed too, and is just where he was, a short half-length behind her. The way in which he hangs on to the mare begins to frighten the Long-Islanders a little, but they comfort themselves with the hope that she has something left, and can let out some spare foot in the third mile, or whenever it may be necessary.

Some forty seconds more elapse; a period of time that goes like a flash when you are training your own flier, or "brushing" on the road, but seems long enough when you are waiting for horses to come round, and then they appear once more coming home. The mare is still leading, with her beautiful, steady, unfaltering stroke; but she is by no means so fresh-looking as when she started; many a dark line of sweat marks her white hide. Close behind her comes Trustee; the half-length gap has disappeared, and his nose is ready to touch Bryan's jacket. There is

hardly a wet hair discernible on him; he goes perfectly at his ease, and seems to be in hand. "He has her now," is the general exclamation, "and can pass her when he pleases." As the mare crosses the score, (in 2'34", according to Edwards's stop-watch,) Bryan "looks over his left shoulder," like the knights in old ballads, and becomes aware for the first time that the horse at his wheel is not Pelham, as he had supposed, but Trustee.

The old fellow is another man. His air of careless security has changed to one of intense excitement. Slash! slash! slash! falls the long whip, with half a dozen frantic cuts and an appropriate garnish of yells. Almost any other trotter would go off in a run at one such salute, to say nothing of five or six; but the old mare, who "has no break in her," merely understands them as gentle intimations to go faster—and she does go faster. How her legs double up, and what a rush she has made! There is a gap of three lengths between her and Trustee. He never hurries himself, but goes on steadily as ever. See, as he passes, how he straddles behind like an old cow, and yet how dexterously he paddles himself along, as it were, with one hind foot. What a mixture of ugliness and efficiency his action is! At the first quarter the Lady has come back to him. Three times during this, the last and decisive mile, is the performance repeated. You may hear Bryan's voice and whip completely across the course, as he hurries his mare away from the pursuer; but each succeeding time the temporary gap is shorter and sooner closed.

Now they are coming down the straight stretch home. The mare leads yet. Case appears to be talking to his horse, and encouraging him; if it is so, you cannot hear him, for the tremendous row Lady Suffolk's driver is making. She had the pole at starting, has kept it throughout, and Trustee must pass her on the outside. This circumstance is her only hope of winning. All her owner's exertions, and all the encouraging shouts of her friends, which she now hears greeting her from the stand, cannot enable her to shake off Trustee, but if she can only maintain her lead for six or seven lengths more, it is enough. The chestnut is directly in her rear; every blow gets a little more out of her. Half the short interval to the goal is passed, when Trustee diverges from his straight course, and shows his head along side Bryan's wheel. Catching his horse short, Case puts his whip upon him for the first time, shakes him up with a great shout, and crowds him past the mare, winning the heat by a length.

The little bay was so far behind at the end of the second mile, that no one took any notice of him, and he was supposed to have dropped out somewhere on the road. His position, however, was much improved on the third mile; still, as there was a strong probability of his being shut out, the judges dispatched one of their number to the distance-post with a flag; a very proper proceeding, only they thought of it rather late, for the judge arrived there only just before Pelham, and also just before Trustee crossed the score; in fact, the three events were all but simultaneous; the judge dropped the flag in Pelham's face, and Pelham in return nearly ran over the judge. This episode attracted no attention at the time of its occurrence, all eyes being directed to the leading horses; but now it affords materials for a nice little row, Pelham's driver protesting violently against the distance. There is much thronging, and vociferating, and swearing about the judge's stand, into which our burly Irishman endeavors to force his way. One of the specials favors him with a rap on the head, that would astonish a hippopotamus. Pat doesn't seem to mind it, but he understands it well enough (the argument is just suited to his capacity), and remains tolerably quiet. Finally, it is proclaimed that "Trustee wins the heat in 7' 45", and Pelham is distanced."

"Best three miles ever made in harness," says Harrison, except when Dutchman did it in 7' 41"."

Edwards doubts the fact, and they bet about it, and will write to the *Spirit of the Times* (the American *Bell's Life*).

Ashburner and Benson descended from the stand. The horses, panting and pouring with sweat, are rubbed and scraped by their attendants, three or four to each. Then they are clothed, and walked up and down quietly. They have a rest of nominally half-an-hour, and practically at least forty minutes. Some of the crowd are eating oysters, more drinking brandy and water, and a still greater number "loafing" about without any particular employment. There are two or three thimble-riggers on the ground, but they seem to be in a barren county; nobody there is green enough for them; the very small boys take sights at them. There is a tradition that Edwards once in his younger days tried his fortune with them. He looked so dandified, green, and innocent, that they let him win five dollars the first time, and then, on the rigger's proposing to bet a hundred, his supposed victim applied the finger of scorn to the nose of derision, and strutted off with his V.,* to the great amusement of the bystanders. Tom is very proud of this story, and likes to tell it himself. That, and his paying a French actress with a check when he had nothing at his banker's, are two of the great exploits of his life.

"This *is* rather a low assemblage, certainly," says Ashburner, after he has contemplated it from several points of view, and observed a great many different points of character. "Do they ever have races here?"

*A five-dollar bill is so called from the designation in Roman numerals upon it.

"Yes, every spring and fall, here, or on the Union Course adjoining. They are rather more decently attended, but not over respectable, much less fashionable. At the South, it is different; there ladies go, and the club races are some of the most marked features of their city life. I recollect when I was a boy, that these trotting matches were nice things, and gentlemen used to enter their own horses; but gradually they have gone down hill to what they are now, and the names of the best trotters are associated with the hardest characters and the most disreputable species of balls."

"And when they race, do the horses run on ground like *this?*" asked Ashburner, stamping on the track, which was as hard as Macadam.

"Precisely on this, and run four-mile heats, too, and five of them sometimes."

"*Five* four-mile heats on ground like this?" The Englishman looked incredulous.

"Exactly. It has happened that each of three has won a heat, and then there was one dead heat. You will remember, though, that we run old horses, not colts. There is no extra weight for age; they begin at four or five years old, and go on till twelve or fourteen."

"But they must be very liable to accidents, going on such hard soil."

"Yes, they do break their legs sometimes, but not often. Our horses are tougher than yours."

As they stroll about, Benson points out several celebrated fliers that have gained admission inside of the stand, but prefer remaining outside the track; some pretty well worn-out and *emeriti* like Ripton, an old rival of Lady Suffolk (the mare has outlasted most of her early contemporaries), some in their prime, like the trotting stallion, Black Hawk, beautifully formed as any blood-horse, but singularly marked, being white-stockinged all round to the knee. "There," says Harry, "is a fellow that belies the old horse-dealer's rhyme:

> 'Four white legs and a white nose,
> Take him away, and throw him to the crows.'"

Time is up, and they return to the stand. Edwards is bantering Losing, and asks him if he will repeat his bet on this heat. He will fast enough, and double it on the final result. Edwards wants nothing better.

This time, for a wonder, the horses got off at the first start, and a tremendous pace they make, altogether too much for Trustee, who is carried off his feet in the first half-quarter, and the Lady goes ahead three, four, five lengths, and has taken the pole before he can recover. Bryan continues to crowd the pace. The mare comes round to the score in 2' 38", leading by four lengths, and her driver threshing her already. "She can't stand it," say the knowing ones; "she must drop out soon." But she doesn't drop out in the second mile at least, for at the end of that, she is still three lengths in advance, and Trustee does not appear so fresh as he did last heat. The Long-Islanders are exultant, and the sporting men look shy. When they come home in the last quarter, the chestnut has only taken one length out of the gap; nevertheless, he goes for the outside, and makes the best rush he can. It's no use. He can't get near her; breaks up again, and crosses the score a long way behind. Much manifestation of boisterous joy among the farmers. Edwards looks sold, and something like a smile passes over Losing's unimpassioned countenance. It is plain sailing for the judges this time. "Lady Suffolk has the heat in 7' 49"," and there is no mistake or dispute about it.

Another long pause. Eight minutes' sport and three quarters of an hour intermission among such a company begins to be rather dull work. All the topics of interest afforded by the place have been exhausted. Harrison and Benson begin to talk stocks and investments; the juveniles are comparing their watering place experiences during the summer. Ashburner says nothing, and smokes an indefinite number of cigars; Losing says rather less, and smokes more. Edwards has disappeared; gone, possibly, to talk to the doubtful carriages. It is growing dark before they are ready for the third and decisive heat.

One false start, and at the second trial they are off. The mare has the inside, in right of having won the preceding heat. She crowds the pace from the start, as usual; but Trustee is better handled this time, and does not break. Case allows the Lady to lead him by three lengths, and keeps his horse at a steady gait, in quiet pursuit of her. For two miles their positions are unaltered; Bryan's friends cheer him vociferously every time as he comes round; he replies by a flourish of his long whip and additional shouts to his mare. In the third mile, Trustee begins to creep up, and in the third quarter of it, just before he gets out of sight from the stand, is only a length and a half behind. When they appear again, there are plenty of anxious lookers-out; and men like our friend Edwards, who have a thousand or more at stake on the result, cannot altogether restrain their emotions. Here they come close enough together! Trustee has lapped the mare on the outside; his head is opposite the front rim of her wheel. Bryan shouts and whips like one possessed; Case's small voice is also lifted up to encourage Trustee. The chestnut is gaining, but only inch by inch, and they are nearly home. Now Case has lifted him with the whip, and he makes a rush and is at her shoulder. Now he will have her. Oh, dear, he has gone up! Hurrah for the old gray! Stay! Case has caught him beautifully; he is on his trot again opposite her wheel. One desperate effort on the part of man and horse, and Trustee shoots by the mare; but not till after she has crossed the score. Lady Suffolk is quite done up; she could not go another quarter; but she has held out long enough to win the heat and the money.

And now, as it was somewhere in the neighborhood of seven, and neither Ashburner nor Benson had eaten any thing since eight in the morning, they began to feel very much inclined for dinner, or supper, or something of the sort; and the team travelled back quite as fast as it was safe to go by twilight; a little faster, the Englishman might have thought, if he had not been so hungry. Then, after crossing the Brooklyn ferry, Benson announced his intention of putting up his horses for the night at a livery stable, and himself at Ashburner's hotel, as it was still a long drive for that time of night to Devilshoof; which being agreed upon, they next dived into an oyster cellar, of which there are about two to a block all along Broadway, and ordered an unlimited supply of the agreeable shellfish, broiled;—*oyster chops*, Ashburner used to call them; and the term gives a stranger a pretty good idea of what these large oysters look like, cooked as they are with crumbs, exactly in the style of a *cotelette panée*. And they make very nice eating, too; only they promote thirst and induce the consumption of numerous glasses of champagne or brandy and water, as the case may be. Whether this be an objection to them or not, is matter of opinion. Then having adjourned to Ashburner's apartment in the fifth story of the Manhattan hotel (it was a room with an alcove, French fashion), and smoked numerous Firmezas there, the Englishman turned in for the night; and Benson, who had no notion of paying for a bed when he could get a sofa for nothing, disposed himself at full length upon Ashburner's, without taking off any thing except his hat, and was fast asleep in less time than it would take *The Sewer* to tell a lie.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A DUTCH POET.

THE name of Wilhelm Bilderdyk is scarcely known beyond the boundaries of his own country; and yet those who are conversant with the Dutch language place him in a very high rank as a poet. The publication of his first poem, *Elicus*, formed quite an era in the history of Dutch literature. It was speedily followed by a faithful and spirited translation of the *Œdipus* of Sophocles, and versions of other Greek writers. Besides his imaginative pursuits, he engaged with ardor in the study of geology, and almost rivalled Cuvier in his acquaintance with natural history. War and invasion, however, interrupted the labors of Bilderdyk. He quitted Holland, travelled through Germany, crossed over to England, and finally spent some time amongst the Scottish Highlands, where he employed himself in translating Ossian's poems into Dutch verse. He then went to the principality of Brunswick, and there composed a very extraordinary work, *The Maladies of Wise Men*, a poem whose mild, lofty sublimity, unearthly interest, and grasp of gloomy thought, entitle it to rank with the Inferno of Dante.

Bilderdyk at length was able to return to his country. Louis Napoleon, who then reigned at the Hague, chose him as his instructor in the Dutch language, and named him president of the second class in the Institute of Amsterdam. About this time he married a beautiful and clever girl, named Wilhelmina; and for several years they enjoyed together as perfect happiness as this world can give—she occupied in domestic and maternal duties, and he adding to his fame and fortune by the publication of several works. But at length death visited their dwelling, and removed within a brief space three lovely children. Their loss was commemorated in two poems—*Winter Flowers*, and *The Farewell*. Not long afterwards, public misfortune came to aggravate his private sorrows. Louis Napoleon left Holland, and Bilderdyk took refuge at Groningen, where he stayed for some time, and then, rejecting a liberal offer of employment made him by William of Orange, he set out for France, accompanied by his wife.

When they entered the diligence, they found it occupied but by one person, a young female of mild and engaging appearance. No sooner did the heavy machine begin to move than she began to scream, and testified the most absurd degree of terror. Public carriages then were certainly far inferior, both in safety and accommodation, to those of modern times; yet the probable amount of danger to be apprehended did not by any means justify the excessive apprehension manifested by the fair traveller. On arriving at Brussels, the lady was so much overcome that she announced her intention of stopping some days in that city to recruit her strength before venturing again to encounter the perils of a diligence; and taking leave of Bilderdyk and his wife, she gratefully thanked the latter for the kind attention she had shown her during the journey. The two Hollanders proceeded on their way to Paris, laughing heartily from time to time at the foolish cowardice of a woman who saw a precipice in every rut, and a certain overturn in every jolt of the wheels.

Arrived at their journey's end, the travellers took up their abode in a humble dwelling in the Rue Richelieu, and commenced with the utmost delight visiting all the wonderful things in Paris. Bilderdyk soon found himself completely in his element. He breakfasted with Cuvier at the Jardin des Plantes, passed his afternoon at the Bibliothèque Richelieu, dined in the Faubourg St. Germain with Dr. Alibert, and finished the evening at the play or the opera. One day he and his wife were given excellent places for witnessing the ascent in a balloon of a young woman, Mme. Blanchard, whose reckless courage enabled her to undertake aërial voyages,

despite the sad fate which befell Pilastre de Rosiers, her own husband, and several other aëronauts. Our Hollanders amused themselves for some time with watching the process of inflating the balloon, and following with their eyes the course of the tiny messenger-balloons sent up to ascertain the direction of the upper currents of wind. At length all is ready, the band strikes up a lively air, and Mme. Blanchard, dressed in white and crowned with roses, appears, holding a small gay flag in her hand. With the most graceful composure she placed herself in the boat, the cords were loosed, and the courageous adventuress, borne rapidly upwards in her perilous vehicle, soon appeared like a dark spot in the sky.

When he returned to his lodging, Bilderdyk composed a poem in honor of the brave woman who adventured her life so boldly, rivalling the free birds of heaven in her flight, and beholding the stars face to face. Next morning he hastened to get his production printed, and without considering that Mme. Blanchard most likely did not understand Dutch, he repaired to her lodgings with a copy of the poem in his hand, intending to ask permission to present it to her. He was courteously invited to enter the drawing-room, and there, to his great amazement, he found himself *tête-à-tête* with the silly, frightened lady, whose nervous tremors in the Brussels diligence had afforded so much amusement to him and his wife. Surprised and disconcerted, he was beginning to apologize, when the lady interrupted him.

"Monsieur," she said, "you are not mistaken. I am Mme. Blanchard. You see how possible it is for the same person to be cowardly in a coach, and courageous in a balloon."

A good deal of conversation ensued, the poem was timidly offered, and graciously accepted; and the fair aëronaut accepted an invitation to dine that day with Bilderdyk and his wife. In the course of the evening Mme. Blanchard related to them some curious circumstances in her life. Her mother kept a humble wayside inn near La Rochelle, while her father worked in the fields. One day a balloon descended near their door, and out of it was taken a man, severely but not dangerously bruised. Her parents received him with the utmost hospitality, and supplied him with all the comforts they could give. He had no money wherewith to repay them, but as he was about to depart, he remarked that the mistress of the house was very near her confinement, and he said: "Listen, and mark my words. Fortune cannot always desert me. In sixteen years, if alive, I will return hither. If the child who will soon be born to you should be a boy, I will then adopt him; if a girl, I will marry her!"

The worthy peasants laughed heartily at this strange method of paying a bill; and although they allowed their guest to depart, they certainly built very little on his promise. The aëronaut, however, kept his word, and at the end of sixteen years reappeared at the inn, then inhabited by only a fair young girl, very lately left an orphan. She willingly accepted Jean Pierre Blanchard as a husband, and for a short time they lived happily together; but during an ascent which he made in Holland, he was seized with apoplexy, and fell to the ground from a height of sixty feet. The unhappy aëronant was not killed on the spot, but lingered for some time in frightful torture, carefully and fondly attended by his wife, whom at length he left a young and penniless widow.

Marie Madeleine Blanchard, despite her natural timidity, resolved to adopt her husband's perilous profession. Pride and necessity combined do wonders; and not only did she succeed in maintaining perfect composure while in the air, but she also displayed wonderful presence of mind during the time of danger. On one occasion she ascended in her balloon from Nantes, intending to come down at about four leagues from that town, in what she believed to be a large meadow. While rapidly descending, the cordage of the balloon became entangled in the branches of a tree, and she found herself suspended over a vast green marsh, whose treacherous mud would infallibly ingulf her. Drawn to the spot by her cries, several peasants came to her assistance, and with considerable difficulty and danger succeeded in placing her on terra firma.

On the day following the one on which she dined with M. and Mme. Bilderdyk, Mme. Blanchard left Paris, promising her two friends, as she bade them farewell, that she would soon return. Time passed on, however, and they heard nothing of her. They were preparing to return to Holland, when some of Bilderdyk's countrymen residing in Paris resolved to give him a banquet on the eve of his departure.

The entertainment took place at a celebrated restaurant, situated at the angle formed by the Rue Cauchat and the Rue de Provence. While enjoying themselves at table, the guests suddenly perceived the windows darkened by the passing of some large black object. With one accord they rose and ran out: a woman lay on the pavement, pale, crushed, and dead. Bilderdyk gave a cry—it was Mme. Blanchard! In what a guise to meet her again! Encouraged by the constant impunity of her perilous ascensions, the unhappy aëronaut (the word I believe has no feminine), finding a formidable rival in Mlle. Garnerin, resolved to surpass her in daring by augmenting the risk of her aërial voyages. For this purpose she lighted up her balloon car with colored lamps, and carried with her a supply of fireworks. On the sixth of July, 1819, she rose from amid a vast concourse of spectators. The balloon caught in one of the

trees in the Champs-Elysées, but without regarding the augury, Mme. Blanchard threw out ballast, and as she rose rapidly in the air she spilled a quantity of lighting spirits of wine, and then sent off rockets and Roman candles. Suddenly, with horror, the mass of upturned eyes beheld the balloon take fire. One piercing shriek from above mingled with the affrighted cries of the crowd below, and then some object was seen to detach itself from the fiery globe. As it came near the earth, it was recognized as the body of the ill-fated Mme. Blanchard.

Weeping and trembling, Bilderdyk aided in raising the disfigured corpse, and wrapped it up in the net-work of the balloon, which the hands still grasped firmly. The shock, acting on his excitable temperament, threw him into a dangerous illness, from which, however, he recovered, and returned to his native country. There he published an admirable treatise, "The Theory of Vegetable Organization," and a poem entitled, "The Destruction of the Primeval World." A French critic has placed this latter work in the same rank with "Paradise Lost," and says: "Old Milton has nothing finer, more energetic, or more vast, in his immortal work." An English critic, however, would probably scarcely concur in this judgment.

Bilderdyk died in the town of Haarlem on the 18th of December, 1831.

From Household Words.

OUR PHANTOM SHIP: CHINA.

SINCE a typhoon occurs not much oftener than once in about three years, it would be odd if we should sail immediately into one; but we are fairly in the China seas, which are the typhoon's own peculiar sporting ground, and it is desperately sultry, and those clouds are full of night and lightning, to say nothing of a fitful gale and angry sea. Look out! There is the coast of China. Now for a telescope to see the barren, dingy hills, with clay and granite peeping out, with a few miserable trees and stunted firs. That is our first sight of the flowery land, and we shall not get another yet, for the spray begins to blind us; it is quite as much as we can do to see each other. Now the wind howls and tears the water up, as if it would extract the great waves by their roots, like so many of old Ocean's teeth; but he kicks sadly at the operation. We are driven by the wild blast that snaps our voices short off at the lips and carries them away; no words are audible. We are among a mass of spars and men wild as the storm on drifting broken junks; a vessel founders in our sight, and we are cast, with dead and living, upon half a dozen wrecks entangled in a mass, upon the shore of Hong Kong;—ourselves safe, of course, for we have left at home whatever could be bruised upon the journey. How many houses have been blown away like hats, how many rivers have been driven back to swell canals and flood the fields, (whose harvest has been prematurely cropped on the first warning of the typhoon's intended visit,) we decline investigating. The evening sky is very wild, and we were all last night under the typhoon at sea; to-night we are in the new town of Victoria, and will be phantom bed-fellows to any Chinaman who has been eating pork for supper. The Chinese are very fond of pork, or any thing that causes oiliness in man. A lean man forfeits something in their estimation; for they say, "He must have foolishness; why has he wanted wisdom to eat more?"

Hong Kong was one of the upshots of our cannonading in the pure and holy Chinese war; and as for the new town of Victoria, we shall walk out of it at once, for we have not travelled all this way to look at Englishmen. The island itself is eight or ten miles long, and sometimes two or sometimes six miles broad. It is the model of a grand mountain region on a scale of two inches to the foot. There are crags, ravines, wild torrents, fern-covered hills; but the highest mountain does not rise two thousand feet.—We stand upon it now. Quite contrary to usual experience, we found, in coming up, the richest flowers at the greatest elevation. The heat and dryness of the air below, where the sun's rays are reflected from bare surfaces, is said to be oppressive, and perhaps the flowers down there want a pleasant shade. From our elevation we can see few patches of cultivation, but leaping down the rocks are many picturesque cascades. Hong Kong is christened from its own waters, its name signifying in Chinese "the Island of Fragrant Streams." There is a goat upon the nearest rock; but look beyond. On one side is the bay, with shipping, and behind us the broad expanse of the ocean; and before us is the sea, studded as far as our eyes can reach with mountainous islands, among which we must sail to reach Canton. Now we float onward in the Phantom, and among these islands our sharp eyes discover craft that have more hands on board than usually man an honest vessel. In the holes and corners of the islands pirates lurk to prey upon the traffic of Canton. We pass Macao on our way into the Canton river. Portugal was a nation of quality once, with a strong constitution, and in those days, once upon a time, wrecked Portuguese gained leave to dry a cargo on the Island of Macao. They erected sheds a little stronger than were necessary for that temporary purpose; in fact, they turned the accident to good account, and established here an infant settlement, which soon grew to maintain itself, and sent money home occasionally to assist its mother. Twice the Emperor of China offered to make Macao an emporium for European trade; the Portuguese preferred to be exclusive. So the settlement fell sick, and since the English made Hong Kong a place of active trade, very few

people trouble themselves to inquire whether Macao be dead yet, or only dying. The Portuguese town has a mournful aspect, marked as it is by strong lines of character that indicate departed power.

Still sailing among islands, mountainous and barren, we soon reach the Bocca Tigris, or mouth of the Canton river, guarded now with very formidable forts. The Chinese, since their war with England, have been profiting by sore experience. If their gunnery be as completely mended as their fortifications, another war with them would not be quite so much like an attack of grown men upon children. The poor Chinese, in that war, were indefatigable in the endeavor to keep up appearances. Steam ships were scarcely worth attention—they had "plenty all the same inside:" and when the first encounter, near the spot on which we are now sailing, between junks and men-of-war, had exhibited the tragedy, in flesh and bone, of John Bull in a China-shop, the Chinese Symonds, at Ningpo, was ordered to build ships exactly like the British. He could not execute the order, and played, therefore, executioner upon himself. Cannon were next ordered, that should be large enough to destroy a ship at one burst. They were made, and the first monster tried, immediately burst and killed its three attendants; nobody could be induced to fire the others. One morning, a British fleet was very much surprised to see the shore look formidable with a line of cannon mouths. The telescope, which had formed no part of the Chinese calculations, discovered them to be a row of earthern pots. Forts, in the same way, often turned out to be dummies made of matting, with the portholes painted; and sometimes real cannon, mere three pounders, had their fronts turned to the sea, plugged with blocks of wood, cut and so painted as to resemble the mouths of thirty-two pounders shotted. However, we have passed real strong forts and veritable heavy cannon, to get through the Bocca Tigris. Nothing is barren now; the river widens, and looks like an inland sea; the flat land near the shores is richly cultivated; rice is there and upon the islands, all protected with embankments to admit or exclude the flood in its due season, or provided with wheels for raising water where the land is too high to be flooded in a simpler manner. The embankments, too, yield plantain crops. The water on each side is gay with water lilies, which are cultivated for their roots. Banyan and fig-trees, cypress, orange, waterpines, and weeping willows, grow beside the stream, with other trees; but China is not to be called a richly timbered country; most of its districts are deficient in large trees. There is the Whampoa Pagoda; there are more pagodas, towers, joss-houses; here are the European factories, and here are boats, boats, boats, literally, hundreds of thousands of boats—the sea-going junk, gorgeous with griffins, and with proverbs, and with painted eyes; the flower boat; boats of all shapes, and sizes, down to the barber's boat, which barely holds the barber and his razor. There is a city on the water, and the dwellers in these boats, who whether men or women, dive and swim so naturally that they may all be fishes, curiously claim their kindred with the earth. On every boat, a little soil and a few flowers, are as essential as the little joss-house and the little joss. Canals flow from the river through Canton; every where, over the mud, upon the water side are wooden houses built on piles. But here we will not go ashore; the suburbs of Canton are full of thieves, and little boys who shout *fan-qui* (foreign devil) after all barbarians, and we should not be welcome in the city; so we will not go where we shall not be welcome. After floating up and down the streets and lanes of water made between the boats upon the Canton river, pleased with the strange music, the gongs, and the incessant chattering of women, (Chinese women are pre-eminent as chatterers,) we sail away. We do not wait even till night to wonder at the scene by lantern light; but returning by the way we came, repass the rice fields, the water lilies, and the forts, the islands, and Macao, and Hong Kong, and have again before us the expanse of ocean. Canton lies within the tropic; sugar-cane grown in its vicinity yields brown sugar and candy; but our lump sugar is a luxury to which the Chinese have not yet attained. Canton lying within the tropic, we shall change our climate on the journey northward. An empire that engrosses nearly a tenth part of the globe, and includes the largest population gathered under any single government, will have many climates in its eighteen provinces. Now we are sailing swiftly northward by a barren rocky coast, with sometimes hills of sand, and sometimes cultivated patches, and, except for the pagodas on the highest elevations, we might fancy we were off the coast of Scotland.

Five ports are open to our trade upon the coast of China; one of these, Canton, we have merely looked at, and the next, Amoy, we pass unvisited in sailing up between the mainland and Formosa. Amoy produces the best Chinese sailors, and it is in this port that the native junks have most experience of foreign trade; it is a dirty, densely-peopled town, too distant from the tea and silk regions to be of prominent importance to the Europeans. As soon as we have passed through the Formosa channel, we direct our course towards the river Min, and steering safely among rocks and sand-banks, among which is a rock cleft into five pyramids, regarded with a sort of worship by the sailors, we float up the river to the third of the five cities, Foo-chow-foo. The river varies in width, sometimes a mile across, where it is flowing between plains, sometimes confined between the hills; a hilly

country is about us, with some mountains nearly twice as high as those up which we clambered at Hong-Kong. We pass, after a few miles' sail, the little town and fort of Mingan; we sail among pagodas and temples, near which the priests plant dark spreading fig-trees, terraced hills, yielding earth-nuts and sweet potatoes; we see cultivation carried up some mountain sides beyond two thousand feet, and barren mountains, granite rocks, islands, and villages; here and there more wooded tracts than usually belong to a Chinese landscape, rills of water and cascades that tumble down into the Min. We have sailed up the river twenty miles, and here is Foo-chow-foo. We have met on our way a good many junks, having wood lashed to their sides; and here we see acres of wood (chiefly pine) afloat before the suburbs, for here wood is a main article of trade. We pass under the bridge Wanshow ("myriads of ages"), which connects the suburbs on each bank; it is a bridge of granite slabs, supported upon fifty pillars of strong masonry, the whole about two thousand feet in length. The suburbs happen just now to be flooded, and the large Tartar population here delights in mobbing a barbarian. This inhospitable character repels men, while the floods and rapids of the river and its tributaries, causes an uncertainty of transit, tend also to keep European traders out of Foo-chow-foo. True, the bohea tea hills are in the vicinity, but their bohea tea has not a first-rate character, and the great seat of the tea trade is yet farther north. The city walls are eight or nine miles in circumference; but we will not enter their gates for all Chinese cities have a close resemblance to each other; it is enough to visit one, and we can do better than visit this. We sail back to the sea again, and there resume our northward voyage. We have seen part of the mountainous or hilly half of China; farther north, between the two great rivers, and beyond them to the famous Wall, is a great plain studded in parts with lakes or swamps, and very fertile.

Far westward, we might journey to the high central table-land of Asia, where there are extensive levels; but the seaward provinces are the most fertile; and as for the Chinese themselves, they are in all places very much alike—in body as in character. But sailing in our ship, and talking of those plains, we may naturally recall to our minds those ancient days when the Chinese, civilised then as now, guided their chariots across a pathless level on the land by the same instrument that guides our ship across a pathless level on the water.

The coast by which we sail is studded with islands, and to reach Ningpo, the fourth of the five ports, we pass between the mainland and the island of Chusan. The water here is quite hemmed in with islands forming the Chusan Archipelago. Chusan is like a piece of the Scotch Highlands, twenty miles long, and ten or twelve broad, with rich vegetation added. Forty miles' sail from Chusan brings us to Ningpo. Amongst the numerous islands past which we have floated, we should have found, on many, characters not quite Chinese. One island, visited for water by one of our ships, was said to be an Eden for its innocence. Crime was unknown among the islanders: and at a grave look or a slight tap with a fan, the wrong-doer invariably desisted from his evil course. The simplicity of the natives here consisted in the fact, that they expected credit for the character they gave themselves. On another island, the natives entertained snug notions of a warm bed in the winter. Their bed was a stone trough; in winter they spread at the bottom of this trough hot embers, and over these a large stone, over that their bedding, and then tucked themselves comfortably in.

Ningpo, with its bridge of boats and Chinese shipping and pagodas, has a picturesque appearance from the river. It is large, populous, and wealthy; a place to which the merchant may retire to spend his gains, more than a port for active and hard working commerce. That is the reason why we will not land at Ningpo. Where, then, shall we land? If you have no objection, at Shangae, the fifth and most important, although not the largest, of these ports. But sea life is monotonous, and therefore we will take five minutes' diversion ashore, after we have sailed some twenty miles up this canal. Here we will land under an avenue of pines, and walk up to a Buddhist temple. We are in the centre of the green-tea district.

The priests, belonging, for a wonder, to a simple-minded class, receive us, of course hospitably. The stranger is at all times welcome to a lodging, and to his portion of the Buddhist vegetable dinner. These priests are like some of our monks in mendicancy charity, and superstition. In the pagodas they always have a meal prepared for the arrival of a hungry traveller. But hungry we are not; and we came hither to see the tea-plantations; these we now seek out. They are small farms upon the lower slopes of hills; the soil is rich; it must be rich, or the tea-plant would not long endure the frequent stripping of its leaves, which usage does of course sooner or later kill it. Each plant is at a distance of about four feet from its neighbors, and the plantations look like little shrubberies. The small proprietors inhabit wretched-looking cabins, in which each of them has fixed a flue and coppers for the drying of his tea. In the appearance of the people there is nothing wretched; old men sit at their doors like patriarchs, expecting and receiving reverence; young men, balancing bales across their shoulders, travel out, and some return with strings of copper money; the chief tea-harvest is over, and the merchants have come down now to the little inns about the district, that each husbandman

may offer them his produce. There are three tea-making seasons. The first is in the middle of April, just before the rains, when the first leaves of spring are plucked; these make the choicest tea, but their removal tries the vigor of the plant. Then come the rains; the tea-plant pushes out new leaves, and already in May the plantation is again dark with foliage; that is the season of the second, the great gathering. A later gathering of coarse leaves yields an inferior tea, scarcely worth exporting. It should be understood that although black and green tea are both made from the same kind of leaf, there really are two tea-plants. The plant cultivated at Canton for black tea, and known in our gardens as *Thea Bohea*, differs from the *Thea viridis*, which yields the harvest here. The Canton plant, however, is not cultivated in the North; on the Bohea hills themselves, speaking botanically, there grows no Bohea tea; the plant there, also, is the *Thea viridis*. The difference between our green and black tea is produced entirely in the making. Green tea is more quickly and lightly dried, so that it contains more of the virtues of the leaf. Black tea is dried more slowly; exposed, while moist, on mats, when it ferments a little, and then subjected in drying to a greater heat, which makes it blacker in its color. The bright bloom on our green tea is added with a dye, to suit the gross taste of barbarians. The black tea will keep better, being better dried. There is a kind of tea called Hyson Pekoe made from the first young buds which keeps ill, being very little fired, but when good it is extremely costly. As for our names of teas,—of the first delicate harvest, the black tea is called Pekoe, and the green, Young Hyson; Hyson being the corruption of Chinese words, that mean "flourishing spring." The produce of the main or second harvest yields, in green tea, Hyson; out of which are picked the leaves that prove to be best rolled for Gunpowder, or as the Chinese call it, pearl-tea. Souchong ("small or scarce sort") is the best black tea of the second crop, followed by Congou (koong-foo, "assiduity"). Twankay is imported largely, a green tea from older leaves, which European retailers employ for mixing with the finer kinds. Bohea, named from the hills we talked of, is the lowest quality of black tea, though good Bohea is better than a middling quality of Congou. The botanical *Thea Bohea* comes into our pots, with refuse Congou, as Canton Bohea. At Canton, however, Young Hyson and Gunpowder are manufactured out of these leaves, chopped and painted; and this branch of the fine arts is carried on extensively in Chinese manufactories established there. As the tea-merchants go out to collect their produce of the little farmers; so the mercers in the Nankeen districts leave their cities for the purchase, in the same way, of home-woven cloth. It is the same in the silk districts. If we look now into a larger Chinese farm on our way back to the Phantom, we shall find the tenants on a larger scale supplying their own wants, and making profit of the surplus. On such a farm we shall find also familiar friends, fowls, ducks, geese, pigs, goats, and dogs, bullocks, and buffaloes; in-doors there will be a best parlor in the shape of a Hall of Ancestors, containing household gods and an ancestral picture, before which is a table or altar with its offerings. There is the head of the family, who built a room for each son as he married, and left each son to add other rooms as they were necessary, till a colony arose under the common roof about the common hall, in which rules, as a high priest and patriarch, the living ancestor. Respect for the past is the whole essence of Chinese religion and morality. The oldest emperors were fountain-heads of wisdom, and he who imitates the oldest doctrine is the wisest man. The tombs of ancestors are visited with pious care; respect and worship is their due. This had at all times been the Chinese principle, to which Confucius added the influence of a good man's support. No nation has been trained into this feeling so completely as the Chinese, and as long as they saw nothing beyond themselves, and were taught to look down upon barbarians out of the heights of their own ignorance concerning them, they were contented to stand still. But the Chinese are a people sharply stimulated by the love of gain; they despised what they had not seen, yet it is evident that they have not been slow to profit by experience of European arts. An emigrant Chinese became acquainted with a Prussian blue manufactory, secretly observed the process of the manufacture, took his secret home, and China now makes at home all the Prussian blue which was before imported. The Chinese emigrant is active, shrewd. In Batavia he ko-toos to the Dutch, and lets his tail down dutifully. In Singapore he readily assumes a freer spirit, keeps his tail curled, and walks upright among the Englishmen.

We are now sailing towards Shangae, no very long way northward from Ningpo, to the last of the five ports we came out to visit. It is not necessary to return to the Yellow Sea, for all this part of China is so freely intersected with canals that we may sail to Shangae among farms and rice-grounds. While among the farmers, we may call to mind that the great lord of the Chinese manor is the Emperor, to whom this ground immediately belongs, and who receives as rent for it a tenth of all the produce. A large part of this tenth is paid in kind. The Emperor is the great father also; his whole care of his enormous family distinctly assumes the paternal form, and embodies a good deal of the maxim, that to spare the rod will spoil the child. To govern is expressed in Chinese by the symbols of bamboo and strike; and the bamboo does, in the way

of striking, a vast deal of business. The central legislation is as a rule beneficent, and based upon an earnest desire to do good; for the father is answerable for the welfare of his children. National calamities have, at all times, been ascribed by the Chinese directly to their Emperors; who must by personal humiliation appease the anger of the gods. So large a household as this father has to care for requires many stewards, mandarins, and others; all these officers of state are those sons who have proved themselves to be the wisest, on examination into their attainments. A grand system of education pervades China; and, above the first school, to which all are sent, there is a series of four examinations, through which every Chinese may graduate if he will study. Not to pass the first is to be vile, and the highest degrees qualify for all the offices of state; but Chinese education means, after reading and writing, and moral precepts of Confucius, little beside a knowledge of Chinese ancient history and literature. The Emperor, belonging to a Tartar dynasty, bestows an equal patronage on Tartars and Chinese. The officers throughout the provinces are, as a further precaution, obliged to serve in places distant from their own connections, in order that no private feelings may destroy their power to be just. They are scantily paid, however; and, as a Chinese likes profit with his honor, the minor officials drive a trade in bribery, which often nullifies the central edicts, and which very directly helped to bring about the Opium war. The Emperor himself is, of course, too sublime a person to be often seen; the Son of Heaven, he robes himself in the imperial yellow, because that is the hue of the sun's jacket; but, once a year, in enforcement of a main principle of the Chinese political economy—Honor to Agriculture—he drives the plough before a state procession; and the grain sown in those imperial furrows is afterwards bought up by courtiers, at a most flattering price.

Where are we now?—we have shot out upon a grand expanse of water, like an inland sea. An horizon of water is before us—we cannot see the other bank of the Yang-tse-Kiang, the "child of the ocean," the great river of China; the greatest river in the old world, and surpassed only by two on the whole globe. Here, eighty miles above the sea, it is eight miles in breadth, and sixty feet deep, flowing five miles an hour; and far up, off the walls of Nankin, its breadth is three thousand six hundred feet, and its depth twenty-two fathoms, at a distance of fifty paces from either shore. Well, this is something like a river; from its source to its mouth, in a straight line, the distance is one thousand seven hundred and ninety-six miles; and the windings nearly double its real length, making three thousand three hundred and thirty-six English miles; of which two thousand, from the mouth upwards, are said to be quite free from all obstruction. At its mouth it is, comparatively, shallow; much of this vast body of water is diverted from its course and carried through the country in canals. We are not far, now, from the great canal which cuts across this river and the Hoang-Ho, another grand stream farther northward, with a course of two thousand six hundred and thirty miles. Between the Yang-tse-Kiang and Hoang-Ho the country is so flat that, if we may judge by the scene from the mast-head of the Phantom, not a hillock breaks the level waste of fertile land. In ancient times this country was subjected to desolating floods, which, in fact, caused the removal of the capital. The canal system was commenced, then, as a means of drainage, by a wise man, who was made an emperor for his sagacity. Now the canals serve the purposes of commerce, and agriculture also, since water, in abundance, is essential for the irrigation of the rice-fields. We are sailing up the Shangae river, a tributary of the Yang-tse-Kiang; this river, at Shangae, we perceive is about as broad as the Thames at London Bridge; for we are at Shangae. We sail through a water-gate into the centre of the town, and land beside a fleet of junks, into which heaps of rice are being shot; these are grain junks sent from Pekin to receive part of the imperial tribute.

Narrow, dirty streets, low houses, brilliant open shops, painted with red and gold. Here is a fragrant fruit-shop, where a poor Chinese is buying an iced slice of pine-apple for less money than a farthing. Here is the chandler's, gay with candles of the tallow-tree coated with colored wax. The chandler deals in puffs; and what an un-English appeal is this from the candle-maker on behalf of his wares—"Late at night in the snow gallery they study the books." Study the books! Yes; through the crowd of Chinese, in their picturesque familiar dresses, look at that man, with books upon a tray, who dives into house after house. He lends books on hire to the poor people and servants. Who is the puffer here? "We issue and sell Hong Chow tobacco, the name and fame of which has galloped to the north of Kechow; and the flavor has pervaded Keangnan in the south." Here we have "Famous teas from every province;" and you see boiling water handy in the shop, wherewith the customer may test his purchases. Here, on the other side of this triumphal arch, we peep through a gateway hung with lanterns into a small paved paradise with gold fish, (China is the home of gold fish), and exotics, and trellis-work, and vines, and singing birds; that is a mercer's shop, affecting style in China as in England, only in another way. We will walk through the paradise into a grand apartment hung with lanterns, decorated also with gilded tickets, inscribed "Pekin satins and Canton crapes," "Hang-chow reeled silks," and so on. Here a courtly Chinese, skilled in the

lubrication of a customer, produces the rich heavy silks for which his country is renowned, the velvets or the satins you desire, and shaves you skilfully. Talking of shaving, and we run against a barber as we come out of the silk shop. He carries a fire on his head, with water always boiling; on a pole over his shoulder he balances his water, basin, towels, razors. Will you be shaved like a Chinese? he picks you out a reasonably quiet doorway, shaves your head, cleans your ears, tickles your eyes, and cracks your joints in a twinkling. Where heads are shaved, the wipings of the razors are extensive; they are all bought up, and employed as manure. The Chinese have so many mouths to feed, that they can afford to lose nothing that will fertilize the ground. Instead of writing on their walls "Commit no nuisance," they place jars, and invite or even pay the pilgrim.

The long tail that the barber leaves is to the Chinese his sign of manhood. Beards do not form a feature of Mongolian faces; a few stray coarse hairs are all they get, with their square face, high cheek bones, slanting eyes, and long dark hair upon the head. A plump body, long ears, and a long tail, are the respectabilities of a Chinese. The tail is magnified by working in false hair, and it generally ends with silk. There is a man using his tail to thrash a pig along; and one traveler records that he has seen a Chinese servant use the same instrument for polishing a table. It is, of course, the thing to pull at in a street fight. Here is a phrenologist, with a large figure of a human head mapped into regions, inviting Chinese bumpkins to submit to him their bumps. Here is a dentist showing his teeth. Here—we must stop here—with a gong for drum, but raised on the true pedestal, with a man inside, who knows the veritable squeak, are Punch and Judy, all alive. This is their native land. "Pun-tse," the Chinese call our friend, because he is a little puppet, after all—Puntse meaning in Chinese, "the son of an inch." Here is the very Chinese bridge that we have learned by heart along with the pagoda, from a willow-patterned soup-plate; steps up, steps down, and a set of Chinese lanterns. Here is a temple, flaming with red paint. Let us go in. Images, votive candles burning on an altar, and a woman on her face wrestling in prayer. After praying in a sort of agony for a few minutes, she has stopped to take a bit of stick, round on one side, for she purposes therewith to toss up and see whether her prayer is granted. Tails! She loses! She is wrestling on her knees again—praying, doubtless, for a "bull child." Girls are undesirable, because they are of no use except for what they fetch in marriage gifts, and to fetch much they must be good-looking. Poor woman—tails again! Never mind, she must persevere, and she will get heads presently. Here comes a grave man, who prays for half a minute, and pulls out one from a jar of scrolls. Having examined it, he takes one of the little books that hang against the wall, looks happy, and departs. He has been drawing lots to see whether the issue of some undertaking will be fortunate. Poor woman—tails again! We cannot stop for the result; but I have no doubt that if she persevere she will get heads up presently. Here is a man in the street with a whole bamboo kitchen on his head, nine feet long, by six broad, uttering all manner of good things. The poor fellow who drove the pig stops in the street to dine. What a Soyer that fellow is, with his herbs, and his peppers, and his magic stove, and what a magnificent stew he gives the pig driver! Do you know, I doubt whether the Chinese are fools. What place have we here steaming like a boiler? This, sir, is one of the public bath establishments, where a warm bath, towels, and a dressing closet are at the service of the pig driver after his dinner, for five *le*—less than a farthing. There, too, his wife may go and obtain boiling water for the day's tea, which is to that poor Chinaman his beer, and pay for it but a single *le*. It would cost far more to boil it for herself; fuel is dear, and except for cooking or for manufactures, is not used in China. There are neither grates nor stoves in any Chinese parlor. The continent of Asia, and with it China, has a climate of extremes, great summer heat and an excessive winter cold; so that even at Canton, within the tropic, snow falls. But the Chinaman warms not his toes at a fire; he accommodates his comfortable costume to the climate; puts on more clothes as the cold makes itself felt, and takes some off again if he should feel too warm. That building on the walls is the temple of Spring, to which ladies repair to dress their hair with flowers when the first buds open. This handsome structure is the temple of Confucius. Yonder is the hall of United Benevolence, which supports a free hospital, a foundling hospital, and makes other provision for the poor. The Chinese charities are supported generously; the Chinese are a liberal and kindly race. Here is a shoemaker's shop, with a huge boot hung over the door, and an inscription which might not suit lovers of a good fit, "All here are measured by one rule." "When favored by merchants who bestow their regards on us, please to notice our sign of the Double Phœnix on a board as a mark; then it will be all right." These signs are in common use on shops in China as they were formerly in England. In this shop there is a wild fellow, who is beating a gong fearfully, and who has rubbed himself with stinking filth, that he may be the greater nuisance. This is his way of extorting charity. That shopkeeper, not having compounded with the king of the beggars for immunity from customers of this kind, seldom lives a day without being compelled to pay as he is now paying for a little peace. The beggar takes his nuisance then

into another shop. This is a vast improvement upon our street fiddle and organ practice. There is a pawnbroker's three-per-cent. per month shop. Here is a tea-house, surrounded with huge vases for rain-water which is kept to acquire virtue by age—of course imaginary virtue—for the making of celestial tea. In that house there is the oven for hatching eggs. Gateways are fitted at the end of the wide streets, locked at night to restrain thieves; and in the first house through the gateway here a girl is screaming dreadfully. Very likely it is a case of sore feet. The small feet of the Chinese women—about three inches long—are essential, for without them a girl cannot get a husband; as a wife, she is her husband's obedient, humble servant, but as a spinster she is her parents' plague. The operation on the feet takes place when the girl is seven or eight years old. A young naval surgeon, in his walks, heard screams (like those) proceeding from a cottage, and went in; he found a little girl in bed, with her feet bandaged; he removed the bandage, found the feet of course bent, and ulcerated. He dressed the wounds, and warned the mother. Passing, another day, he found the child still suffering torment, and in a hectic fever. He again removed the bandages, and warned the mother that her child's life would be sacrificed if she continued with the process. The next time he went by he saw a little coffin at the door.

The tea-gardens are in the centre of the town; we will go thither and rest. We might have dined with a hospitable townsman, where we could have been present at a theatrical entertainment, in which the Chinese delight like children. But a dinner in this country is a work of many hours; the list is very long of things that we should have to touch or eat. Chinese eat almost any thing; their carte includes birds' nests, delicate meal-fed puppies, sea-slugs, sharks' fins and tails, frogs, snails, worms, lizards, tortoises, and water-snakes, with many things that we should better understand, and a great many disguised vegetables. A Chinese dinner is so tediously long that we escape it altogether. Milk is not used; it is thought improper to take it from the calves; and meat plays no very large part of the Chinese diet. During our late war it was seriously stated, by several advisers of the Emperor, that to forbid the English tea and rhubarb would go a great way to destroy the nation; "for it is well known that the barbarians feed grossly on the flesh of animals, by which their bodies are so bound and obstructed," that rhubarb and warm tea were necessary to be taken, daily, as correctives. Now we are in the tea-gardens, and have passed through a happy crowd, sipping tea, smoking, eating melon pips, walking or looking at the jugglers. Into a fairy-like house of bamboo, perched over water, we ascend. Here is an elegant apartment, which we claim as private. We recline, and take our cups of tea; the cups that have been used are wiped, not washed; for washing, say the people here, would spoil their capacity for preserving the pure flavor of this delicate young Hyson; upon a spoonful of which, placed in the cup, hot water is now poured. Opium pipes, bring us! Ha! a hollow cane, closed at one end, with a mouthpiece at the other; near the centre is the bowl, of ample size, but with an outward opening no bigger than a pin's head. We recline luxuriously—looking down on the gay colors of the Chinese crowd, we take our long stilettos, prick off a little pill of opium from its ivory reservoir, and burn it, dexterously, in the spirit lamp; then twist it, judiciously, about the pin's head orifice. Three whiffs, and it is out, and we are more than half deprived of active consciousness. Let us repeat the operation. Practised smokers will go on for hours; a few whiffs are enough for us. Another languid gaze at the pagodas, and the flowers, and the water, and the Chinamen; now some more opium to smoke!

The Phantom finding us intoxicated, like a good servant may have brought us home; for, certainly, we are at home.

From "Reminiscences of an Attorney," in Chambers's Edinburgh Miscellany.

THE CHEST OF DRAWERS.

I AM about to relate a rather curious piece of domestic history, some of the incidents of which, revealed at the time of their occurrence in law reports, may be in the remembrance of many readers. It occurred in one of the midland counties, and at a place which I shall call Watley; the names of the chief actors who figured in it must also, to spare their modesty or their blushes, be changed; and should one of those persons, spite of these precautions, apprehend unpleasant recognition, he will be able to console himself with the reflection, that all I state beyond that which may be gathered from the records of the law courts will be generally ascribed to the fancy or invention of the writer. And it is as well, perhaps, that it should be so.

Caleb Jennings, a shoemender, or cobbler, occupied, some twelve or thirteen years ago, a stall at Watley, which, according to the traditions of the place, had been hereditary in his family for several generations. He may also be said to have flourished there, after the manner of cobblers; for this, it must be remembered, was in the good old times, before the gutta-percha revolution had carried ruin and dismay into the stalls—those of cobblers—which in considerable numbers existed throughout the kingdom. Like all his fraternity whom I have ever fallen in with or heard of, Caleb was a sturdy Radical of the Major Cartwright and Henry Hunt school; and being withal industrious, tolerably skilful, not inordinately prone to the observance of Saint Mondays, possessed, moreover, of a neatly-furnished sleeping and eating apartment in the house of which the pro-

jecting first-floor, supported on stone pillars, overshadowed his humble work-place, he vaunted himself to be as really rich as an estated squire, and far more independent.

There was some truth in this boast, as the case which procured us the honor of Mr. Jennings's acquaintance sufficiently proved. We were employed to bring an action against a wealthy gentleman of the vicinity of Watley for a brutal and unprovoked assault he had committed, when in a state of partial inebriety, upon a respectable London tradesman who had visited the place on business. On the day of trial our witness appeared to have become suddenly afflicted with an almost total loss of memory; and we were only saved from an adverse verdict by the plain, straightforward evidence of Caleb, upon whose sturdy nature the various arts which soften or neutralize hostile evidence had been tried in vain. Mr. Flint, who personally superintended the ca , took quite a liking to the man; and it thus happened that we were called upon some time afterwards to aid the said Caleb in extricating himself from the extraordinary and perplexing difficulty in which he suddenly and unwittingly found himself involved.

The projecting first floor of the house beneath which the humble workshop of Caleb Jennings modestly disclosed itself, had been occupied for many years by an ailing and somewhat aged gentleman of the name of Lisle. This Mr. Ambrose Lisle was a native of Watley, and had been a prosperous merchant of the city of London. Since his return, after about twenty years' absence, he had shut himself up in almost total seclusion, nourishing a cynical bitterness and acrimony of temper which gradually withered up the sources of health and life, till at length it became as visible to himself as it had for some time been to others, that the oil of existence was expended, burnt up, and that but a few weak flickers more, and the ailing man's plaints and griefs would be hushed in the dark silence of the grave.

Mr. Lisle had no relatives in Watley, and the only individual with whom he was on terms of personal intimacy was Mr. Peter Sowerby, an attorney of the place, who had for many years transacted all his business. This man visited Mr. Lisle most evenings, played at chess with him, and gradually acquired an influence over his client which that weak gentleman had once or twice feebly but vainly endeavored to shake off. To this clever attorney, it was rumored, Mr. Lisle had bequeathed all his wealth.

This piece of information had been put in circulation by Caleb Jennings, who was a sort of humble favorite of Mr. Lisle's, or, at all events, was regarded by the misanthrope with less dislike than he manifested toward others. Caleb cultivated a few flowers in a little plot of ground at the back of the house, and Mr. Lisle would sometimes accept a rose or a bunch of violets from him. Other slight services—especially since the recent death of his old and garrulous woman-servant, Esther May, who had accompanied him from London, and with whom Mr. Jennings had always been upon terms of gossiping intimacy—had led to certain familiarities of intercourse; and it thus happened that the inquisitive shoemender became partially acquainted with the history of the wrongs and griefs which preyed upon, and shortened the life of, the prematurely-aged man.

The substance of this everyday, commonplace story, as related to us by Jennings, and subsequently enlarged and colored from other sources, may be very briefly told.

Ambrose Lisle, in consequence of an accident which occurred in his infancy, was slightly deformed. His right shoulder—as I understood, for I never saw him—grew out, giving an ungraceful and somewhat comical twist to his figure, which, in female eyes—youthful ones at least—sadly marred the effect of his intelligent and handsome countenance. This personal defect rendered him shy and awkward in the presence of women of his own class of society; and he had attained the ripe age of thirty-seven years, and was a rich and prosperous man, before he gave the slightest token of an inclination towards matrimony. About a twelvemonth previous to that period of his life, the deaths—quickly following each other—of a Mr. and Mrs. Stevens threw their eldest daughter, Lucy, upon Mr. Lisle's hands. Mr. Lisle had been left an orphan at a very early age, and Mrs. Stevens—his aunt, and then a maiden lady—had, in accordance with his father's will, taken charge of himself and brother till they severally attained their majority. Long, however, before that she married Mr. Stevens, by whom she had two children—Lucy and Emily. Her husband, whom she survived but two months, died insolvent; and in obedience to the dying wishes of his aunt, for whom he appears to have felt the tenderest esteem, he took the eldest of her orphan children to his home, intending to regard and provide for her as his own adopted child and heiress. Emily, the other sister found refuge in the house of a still more distant relative than himself.

The Stevenses had gone to live at a remote part of England—Yorkshire, I believe—and it thus fell out, that till his cousin Lucy arrived at her new home he had not seen her for more than ten years. The pale, and somewhat plain child, as he had esteemed her, he was startled to find had become a charming woman; and her naturally gay and joyous temperament, quick talents, and fresh young beauty, rapidly acquired an overwhelming influence over him. Strenuously but vainly he struggled against the growing infatuation—argued, reasoned with himself—passed in review the insurmountable objections to such a union, the difference of age—

he leading towards thirty-seven, she barely twenty-one; he crooked, deformed, of reserved, taciturn temper—she full of young life, and grace and beauty. It was useless; and nearly a year had passed in the bootless struggle when Lucy Stevens, who had vainly striven to blind herself to the nature of the emotions by which her cousin and guardian was animated towards her, intimated a wish to accept her sister Emily's invitation to pass two or three months with her. This brought the affair to a crisis. Buoying himself up with the illusions which people in such an unreasonable frame of mind create for themselves, he suddenly entered the sitting-room set apart for her private use, with the desperate purpose of making his beautiful cousin a formal offer of his hand. She was not in the apartment, but her opened writing-desk, and a partly-finished letter lying on it, showed that she had been recently there, and would probably soon return. Mr. Lisle took two or three agitated turns about the room, one of which brought him close to the writing-desk, and his glance involuntarily fell upon the unfinished letter. Had a deadly serpent leaped suddenly upon his throat, the shock could not have been greater. At the head of the sheet of paper was a clever pen-and-ink sketch of Lucy Stevens and himself; he, kneeling to her in a lovelorn ludicrous attitude, and she laughing immoderately at his lachrymose and pitiful aspect and speech. The letter was addressed to her sister Emily; and the enraged lover saw not only that his supposed secret was fully known, but that he himself was mocked, laughed at for his doting folly. At least this was his interpretation of the words which swam before his eyes. At the instant Lucy returned, and a torrent of imprecation burst from the furious man, in which wounded self-love, rageful pride, and long pent-up passion, found utterance in wild and bitter words. Half an hour afterwards Lucy Stevens had left the merchant's house —for ever, as it proved. She, indeed, on arriving at her sister's, sent a letter supplicating forgiveness at the thoughtless, and, as he deemed it, insulting sketch, intended only for Emily's eye; but he replied merely by a note written by one of his clerks, informing Miss Stevens that Mr. Lisle declined any further correspondence with her.

The ire of the angered and vindictive man had, however, begun sensibly to abate, and old thoughts, memories, duties, suggested partly by the blank which Lucy's absence made in his house, partly by remembrance of the solemn promise he had made her mother, were strongly reviving in his mind, when he read the announcement of her marriage in a provincial journal, directed to him, as he believed, in the bride's handwriting; but this was an error, her sister having sent the newspaper. Mr. Lisle also construed this into a deliberate mockery and insult, and from that hour strove to banish all images and thoughts connected with his cousin from his heart and memory.

He unfortunately adopted the very worst course possible for effecting this object. Had he remained amid the buzz and tumult of active life, a mere sentimental disappointment, such as thousands of us have sustained and afterwards forgotten, would, there can be little doubt, have soon ceased to afflict him. He chose to retire from business, visited Watley, and habits of miserliness growing rapidly upon his cankered mind, never afterwards removed from the lodgings he had hired on first arriving there. Thus madly hugging to himself sharp-pointed memories which a sensible man would have speedily cast off and forgotten, the sour misanthrope passed a useless, cheerless, weary existence, to which death must have been a welcome relief.

Matters were in this state with the morose and aged man—aged mentally and corporeally, although his years were but fifty-eight—when Mr. Flint made Mr. Jennings's acquaintance. Another month or so had passed away when Caleb's attention was one day about noon claimed by a young man dressed in mourning, accompanied by a female similarly attired, and from their resemblance to each other he conjectured brother and sister. The stranger wished to know if that was the house in which Mr. Ambrose Lisle resided. Jennings said it was; and with civil alacrity left his stall and rang the front-door bell. The summons was answered by the landlady's servant, who, since Esther May's death, had waited on the first-floor lodger; and the visitors were invited to go up-stairs. Caleb, much wondering who they might be, returned to his stall, and thence passed into his eating and sleeping room just below Mr. Lisle's apartments. He was in the act of taking a pipe from the mantel-shelf in order to the more deliberate and satisfactory cogitation on such an unusual event, when he was startled by a loud shout, or scream rather, from above. The quivering and excited voice was that of Mr. Lisle, and the outcry was immediately followed by an explosion of unintelligible exclamations from several persons. Caleb was up stairs in an instant, and found himself in the midst of a strangely-perplexing and distracted scene. Mr. Lisle, pale as his shirt, shaking in every limb, and his eyes on fire with passion, was hurling forth a torrent of vituperation and reproach at the young woman, whom he evidently mistook for some one else; whilst she, extremely terrified, and unable to stand but for the assistance of her companion, was tendering a letter in her outstretched hand, and uttering broken sentences, which her own agitation and the fury of Mr. Lisle's invectives rendered totally incomprehensible. At last the fierce old man struck the letter from her hand, and with frantic rage ordered both the strangers to leave the room. Caleb urged

them to comply, and accompanied them down stairs. When they reached the street, he observed a woman on the other side of the way, dressed in mourning, and much older apparently—though he could not well see her face through the thick veil she wore—than she who had thrown Mr. Lisle into such an agony of rage, apparently waiting for them. To her the young people immediately hastened, and after a brief conference the three turned up the street, and Mr. Jennings saw no more of them.

A quarter of an hour afterwards the house-servant informed Caleb that Mr. Lisle had retired to bed, and although still in great agitation, and, as she feared, seriously indisposed, would not permit Dr. Clarke to be sent for. So sudden and violent a hurricane in the usually dull and drowsy atmosphere in which Jennings lived, excited and disturbed him greatly: the hours, however, flew past without bringing any relief to his curiosity, and evening was falling, when a peculiar knocking on the floor overhead announced that Mr. Lisle desired his presence. That gentleman was sitting up in bed, and in the growing darkness his face could not be very distinctly seen; but Caleb instantly observed a vivid and unusual light in the old man's eyes. The letter so strangely delivered was lying open before him; and unless the shoemender was greatly mistaken, there were stains of recent tears upon Mr. Lisle's furrowed and hollow cheeks. The voice, too, it struck Caleb, though eager, was gentle and wavering. "It was a mistake, Jennings," he said; "I was mad for the moment. Are they gone?" he added in a yet more subdued and gentle tone. Caleb informed him of what he had seen; and as he did so, the strange light in the old man's eyes seemed to quiver and sparkle with a yet intenser emotion than before. Presently he shaded them with his hand, and remained several minutes silent. He then said with a firmer voice: "I shall be glad if you will step to Mr. Sowerby, and tell him I am too unwell to see him this evening. But be sure to say nothing else," he eagerly added, as Caleb turned away in compliance with his request; "and when you come back, let me see you again."

When Jennings returned, he found to his great surprise Mr. Lisle up and nearly dressed; and his astonishment increased a hundred-fold upon hearing that gentleman say, in a quick but perfectly collected and decided manner, that he should set off for London by the mail-train.

"For London—and by night!" exclaimed Caleb, scarcely sure that he heard aright.

"Yes—yes, I shall not be observed in the dark," sharply rejoined Mr. Lisle; "and you, Caleb, must keep my secret from every body, especially from Sowerby. I shall be here in time to see him to-morrow night, and he will be none the wiser." This was said with a slight chuckle; and as soon as his simple preparations were complete, Mr. Lisle, well wrapped up, and his face almost hidden by shawls, locked his door, and assisted by Jennings, stole furtively down stairs, and reached unrecognized the railway station just in time for the train.

It was quite dark the next evening when Mr. Lisle returned; and so well had he managed, that Mr. Sowerby, who paid his usual visit about half an hour afterwards, had evidently heard nothing of the suspicious absence of his esteemed client from Watley. The old man exulted over the success of his deception to Caleb the next morning, but dropped no hint as to the object of his sudden journey.

Three days passed without the occurrence of any incident tending to the enlightenment of Mr. Jennings upon these mysterious events, which, however, he plainly saw had lamentably shaken the long-since failing man. On the afternoon of the fourth day, Mr. Lisle walked, or rather tottered, into Caleb's stall, and seated himself on the only vacant stool it contained. His manner was confused, and frequently purposeless, and there was an anxious, flurried expression in his face which Jennings did not at all like. He remained silent for some time, with the exception of partially inaudible snatches of comment or questionings, apparently addressed to himself. At last he said: "I shall take a longer journey to-morrow, Caleb—much longer: let me see—where did I say? Ah, yes! to Glasgow; to be sure to Glasgow!"

"To Glasgow, and to-morrow!" exclaimed the astounded cobbler.

"No, no—not Glasgow; they have removed," feebly rejoined Mr. Lisle. "But Lucy has written it down for me. True—true; and to-morrow I shall set out."

The strange expression of Mr. Lisle's face became momentarily more strongly marked, and Jennings, greatly alarmed, said: "You are ill, Mr. Lisle; let me run for Dr. Clarke."

"No—no," he murmured, at the same time striving to rise from his seat, which he could only accomplish by Caleb's assistance, and so supported, he staggered indoors. "I shall be better to-morrow," he said faintly, and then slowly added: "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow! Ah me! Yes, as I said, to-morrow, I"—— He paused abruptly, and they gained his apartment. He seated himself, and then Jennings, at his mute solicitations, assisted him to bed.

He lay some time with his eyes closed; and Caleb could feel—for Mr. Lisle held him firmly by the hand, as if to prevent his going away—a convulsive shudder pass over his frame. At last he slowly opened his eyes, and Caleb saw that he was indeed about to depart upon the long journey from which there is no return. The lips of the dying man worked inarticulately for some moments; and then, with a mighty effort, as it

seemed, he said, whilst his trembling hand pointed feebly to a bureau chest of drawers that stood in the room: "There—there for Lucy; there, the secret place is"—— Some inaudible words followed, and then, after a still mightier struggle than before, he gasped out: "No word—no word—to—to Sowerby —for her—Lucy."

More was said, but undistinguishable by mortal ear; and after gazing with an expression of indescribable anxiety in the scared face of his awestruck listener, the wearied eyes slowly reclosed—the deep silence flowed past; then the convulsive shudder came again, and he was dead!

Caleb Jennings tremblingly summoned the house-servant and the landlady, and was still confusedly pondering the broken sentences uttered by the dying man, when Mr. Sowerby hurriedly arrived. The attorney's first care was to assume the direction of affairs, and to place seals upon every article containing or likely to contain any thing of value belonging to the deceased. This done, he went away to give directions for the funeral, which took place a few days afterwards; and it was then formally announced that Mr. Sowerby succeeded by will to the large property of Ambrose Lisle; under trust, however, for the family, if any, of Robert Lisle, the deceased's brother, who had gone when very young to India, and had not been heard of for many years—a condition which did not at all mar the joy of the crafty lawyer, he having long since instituted private inquiries, which perfectly satisfied him that the said Robert Lisle had died, unmarried, at Calcutta.

Mr. Jennings was in a state of great dubiety and consternation. Sowerby had emptied the chest of drawers of every valuable it contained; and unless he had missed the secret receptacle Mr. Lisle had spoken of, the deceased's intentions, whatever they might have been, were clearly defeated. And if he had *not* discovered it, how could he, Jennings, get at the drawers to examine them? A fortunate chance brought some relief to his perplexities. Ambrose Lisle's furniture was advertised to be sold by auction, and Caleb resolved to purchase the bureau chest of drawers at almost any price, although to do so would oblige him to break into his rent-money, then nearly due. The day of sale came, and the important lot in its turn was put up. In one of the drawers there were a number of loose newspapers, and other valueless scraps; and Caleb, with a sly grin, asked the auctioneer if he sold the article with all its contents. "Oh yes," said Sowerby, who was watching the sale; "the buyer may have all it contains over his bargain, and much good may it do him." A laugh followed the attorney's sneering remark, and the biddings went on. "I want it," observed Caleb, "because it just fits a recess like this one in my room underneath."

This he said to quiet a suspicion he thought he saw gathering upon the attorney's brow. It was finally knocked down to Caleb at £5, 10s., a sum considerably beyond its real value; and he had to borrow a sovereign in order to clear his speculative purchase. This done, he carried off his prize, and as soon as the closing of the house for the night secured him from interruption, he set eagerly to work in search of the secret drawer. A long and patient examination was richly rewarded. Behind one of the small drawers of the *secrétaire* portion of the piece of furniture was another small one, curiously concealed, which contained Bank-of-England notes to the amount of £200, tied up with a letter, upon the back of which was written, in the deceased's handwriting, "To take with me." The letter which Caleb, although he read print with facility, had much difficulty in making out, was that which Mr. Lisle had struck from the young woman's hand a few weeks before, and proved to be a very affecting appeal from Lucy Stevens, now Lucy Warner, and a widow, with two grown-up children. Her husband had died in insolvent circumstances, and she and her sister Emily, who was still single, were endeavoring to carry on a school at Bristol, which promised to be sufficiently prosperous if the sum of about £150 could be raised, to save the furniture from her deceased husband's creditors. The claim was pressing, for Mr. Warner had been dead nearly a year, and Mr. Lisle being the only relative Mrs. Warner had in the world, she had ventured to entreat his assistance for her mother's sake. There could be no moral doubt, therefore, that this money was intended for Mrs. Warner's relief; and early in the morning Mr. Caleb Jennings dressed himself in his Sunday's suit, and with a brief announcement to his landlady that he was about to leave Watley for a day or two on a visit to a friend, set off for the railway station. He had not proceeded far when a difficulty struck him: the bank-notes were all twenties; and were he to change a twenty-pound note at the station, where he was well known, great would be the tattle and wonderment, if nothing worse, that would ensue. So Caleb tried his credit again, borrowed sufficient for his journey to London, and there changed one of the notes.

He soon reached Bristol, and blessed was the relief which the sum of money he brought afforded Mrs. Warner. She expressed much sorrow for the death of Mr. Lisle, and great gratitude to Caleb. The worthy man accepted with some reluctance one of the notes, or at least as much as remained of that which he had changed; and after exchanging promises with the widow and her relatives to keep the matter secret, departed homewards. The young woman, Mrs. Warner's daughter, who had brought the letter to Watley, was, Caleb noticed, the very image of her mother, or rather of what her mother must have been

when young. This remarkable resemblance it was, no doubt, which had for the moment so confounded and agitated Mr. Lisle.

Nothing occurred for about a fortnight after Caleb's return to disquiet him, and he had begun to feel tolerably sure that his discovery of the notes would remain unsuspected, when, one afternoon, the sudden and impetuous entrance of Mr. Sowerby into his stall caused him to jump up from his seat with surprise and alarm. The attorney's face was deathly white, his eyes glared like a wild beast's, and his whole appearance exhibited uncontrollable agitation. "A word with you, Mr. Jennings," he gasped—"a word in private, and at once!" Caleb, in scarcely less consternation than his visitor, led the way into his inner room, and closed the door.

"Restore—give back," screamed the attorney, vainly struggling to dissemble the agitation which convulsed him—"that—that which you have purloined from the chest of drawers!"

The hot blood rushed to Caleb's face and temples; the wild vehemence and suddenness of the demand confounded him; and certain previous dim suspicions that the law might not only pronounce what he had done illegal, but possibly felonious, returned upon him with terrible force, and he quite lost his presence of mind.

"I can't—I can't," he stammered. "It 's gone—given away"——

"Gone!" shouted, or more correctly howled, Sowerby, at the same time flying at Caleb's throat as if he would throttle him. "Gone—given away! You lie—you want to drive a bargain with me—dog!—liar!—rascal!—thief!"

This was a species of attack which Jennings was at no loss how to meet. He shook the attorney roughly off, and hurled him, in the midst of his vituperation, to the further end of the room.

They then stood glaring at each other in silence, till the attorney, mastering himself as well as he could, essayed another and more rational mode of attaining his purpose.

"Come, come, Jennings," he said, "don't be a fool. Let us understand each other. I have just discovered a paper, a memorandum of what you have found in the drawers, and to obtain which you bought them. I don't care for the money—keep it; only give me the papers—documents."

"Papers—documents!" ejaculated Caleb in unfeigned surprise.

"Yes—yes; of use to me only. You, I remember, cannot read writing; but they are of great consequence to me—to me only, I tell you."

"You can't mean Mrs. Warner's letter?"

"No—no; curse the letter! You are playing with a tiger! Keep the money, I tell you; but give up the papers—documents—or I'll transport you!" shouted Sowerby with reviving fury.

Caleb, thoroughly bewildered, could only mechanically ejaculate that he had no papers or documents.

The rage of the attorney when he found he could extract nothing from Jennings was frightful. He literally foamed with passion, uttered the wildest threats; and then suddenly changing his key, offered the astounded cobbler one—two—three thousand pounds—any sum he chose to name—for the papers—documents! This scene of alternate violence and cajolery lasted nearly an hour; and then Sowerby rushed from the house, as if pursued by the furies, and leaving his auditor in a state of thorough bewilderment and dismay. It occurred to Caleb, as soon as his mind had settled into something like order, that there might be another secret drawer; and the recollection of Mr. Lisle's journey to London returned suggestively to him. Another long and eager search, however, proved fruitless; and the suspicion was given up, or, more correctly, weakened.

As soon as it was light the next morning, Mr. Sowerby was again with him. He was more guarded now, and was at length convinced that Jennings had no paper or document to give up. "It was only some important memoranda," observed the attorney carelessly, "that would save me a world of trouble in a lawsuit I shall have to bring against some heavy debtors to Mr. Lisle's estate; but I must do as well as I can without them. Good morning." Just as he reached the door, a sudden thought appeared to strike him. He stopped and said: "By the way, Jennings, in the hurry of business I forgot that Mr. Lisle had told me the chest of drawers you bought, and a few other articles, were family relics which he wished to be given to certain parties he named. The other things I have got: and you, I presume, will let me have the drawers for—say a pound profit on your bargain?"

Caleb was not the acutest man in the world; but this sudden proposition, carelessly as it was made, suggested curious thoughts. "No," he answered; "I shall not part with it. I shall keep it as a memorial of Mr. Lisle."

Sowerby's face assumed, as Caleb spoke, a ferocious expression. "Shall you?" said he. "Then be sure, my fine fellow, that you shall also have something to remember me by as long as you live!"

He then went away, and a few days afterwards Caleb was served with a writ for the recovery of the two hundred pounds.

The affair made a great noise in the place; and Caleb's conduct being very generally approved, a subscription was set on foot to defray the cost of defending the action—one Hayling, a rival attorney to Sowerby, having asserted that the words used by the proprietor of the chest of drawers at the sale barred his claim to the money found in them.

This wise gentleman was intrusted with the defence; and, strange to say, the jury, a common one—spite of the direction of the judge, returned a verdict for the defendant, upon the ground that Sowerby's jocular or sneering remark amounted to a serious, valid leave and license to sell two hundred pounds for five pounds ten shillings!

Sowerby obtained, as a matter of course, a rule for a new trial; and a fresh action was brought. All at once Hayling refused to go on, alleging deficiency of funds. He told Jennings that in his opinion it would be better that he should give in to Sowerby's whim, who only wanted the drawers in order to comply with the testator's wishes. "Besides," remarked Hayling in conclusion, "he is sure to get the article, you know, when it comes to be sold under a writ of *fi. fa.*" A few days after this conversation, it was ascertained that Hayling was to succeed to Sowerby's business, the latter gentleman being about to retire upon the fortune bequeathed him by Mr. Lisle.

At last Caleb, driven nearly out of his senses, though still doggedly obstinate, by the harassing perplexities in which he found himself, thought of applying to us.

"A very curious affair, upon my word," remarked Mr. Flint, as soon as Caleb had unburdened himself of the story of his woes and cares; "and in my opinion by no means explainable by Sowerby's anxiety to fulfil the testator's wishes. He cannot expect to get two hundred pence out of you; and Mrs. Warner, you say, is equally unable to pay. Very odd indeed. Perhaps if we could get time, something might turn up."

With this view Flint looked over the papers Caleb had brought, and found the declaration was in *trover*—a manifest error—the notes never admittedly having been in Sowerby's actual possession. We accordingly demurred to the form of action, and the proceedings were set aside. This, however, proved of no ultimate benefit: Sowerby persevered, and a fresh action was instituted against the unhappy shoemender. So utterly overcrowed and disconsolate was poor Caleb, that he determined to give up the drawers, which was all Sowerby even now required, and so wash his hands of the unfortunate business. Previous, however, to this being done, it was determined that another thorough and scientific examination of the mysterious piece of furniture should be made; and for this purpose, Mr. Flint obtained a workman skilled in the mysteries of secret contrivances, from the desk and dressing-case establishment in King-street, Holborn, and proceeded with him to Watley.

The man performed his task with great care and skill: every depth and width was gauged and measured, in order to ascertain if there were any false bottoms or backs; and the workman finally pronounced that there was no concealed receptacle in the article.

"I am sure there is," persisted Flint, whom disappointment as usual rendered but the more obstinate; "and so is Sowerby; and he knows, too, that it is so cunningly contrived as to be undiscoverable, except by a person in the secret, which he no doubt at first imagined Caleb to be. I'll tell you what we will do: you have the necessary tools with you. Split the confounded chest of drawers into shreds: I'll be answerable for the consequences."

This was done carefully and methodically, but for some time without result. At length the large drawer next the floor had to be knocked to pieces; and as it fell apart, one section of the bottom, which, like all the others, was divided into two compartments, dropped asunder, and discovered a parchment laid flat between the two thin leaves, which, when pressed together in the grooves of the drawer, presented precisely the same appearance as the rest. Flint snatched up the parchment, and his eager eye scarcely rested an instant on the writing, when a shout of triumph burst from him. It was the last will and testament of Ambrose Lisle, dated August 21, 1838—the day of his last hurried visit to London. It revoked the former will, and bequeathed the whole of his property, in equal portions, to his cousins Lucy Warner and Emily Stevens, with succession to their children; but with reservation of one-half to his brother Robert or children, should he be alive, or have left offspring.

Great, it may be supposed, was the jubilation of Caleb Jennings at this discovery; and all Watley, by his agency, was in a marvellously short space of time in a very similar state of excitement. It was very late that night when he reached his bed; and how he got there at all, and what precisely had happened, except, indeed, that he had somewhere picked up a splitting headache, was, for some time after he awoke the next morning, very confusedly remembered.

Mr. Flint, upon reflection, was by no means so exultant as the worthy shoemender. The odd mode of packing away a deed of such importance, with no assignable motive for doing so, except the needless awe with which Sowerby was said to have inspired his feeble-spirited client, together with what Caleb had said of the shattered state of the deceased's mind after the interview with Mrs. Warner's daughter, suggested fears that Sowerby might dispute, and perhaps successfully, the validity of this last will. My excellent partner, however, determined, as was his wont, to put a bold face on the matter; and first clearly settling in his own mind what he should and what he should *not* say, he waited upon Mr. Sowerby. The news had preceded him, and he was at once surprised and delighted to find that the nervous, crestfallen attorney was quite unaware of the advantages of his position. On condition of not being called to account for the moneys he had received and expended, about £1200, he destroyed

the former will in Mr. Flint's presence, and gave up at once all the deceased's papers. From these we learned that Mr. Lisle had written a letter to Mrs. Warner, stating what he had done, where the will would be found, and that only herself and Jennings would know the secret. From infirmity of purpose, or from having subsequently determined on a personal interview, the letter was not posted; and Sowerby subsequently discovered it, together with a memorandum of the numbers of the bank-notes found by Caleb in the secret drawer—the eccentric gentleman appears to have had quite a mania for such hiding-places—of a writing-desk.

The affair was thus happily terminated: Mrs. Warner, her children, and sister, were enriched, and Caleb Jennings was set up in a good way of business in his native place, where he still flourishes. Over the centre of his shop there is a large nondescript sign, surmounted by a golden boot, which, upon close inspection, is found to bear some resemblance to a huge bureau chest of drawers, all the circumstances connected with which may be heard, for the asking, and in much fuller detail than I have given, from the lips of the owner of the establishment, by any lady or gentleman who will take the trouble of a journey to Watley for that purpose.

MY NOVEL:

OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK VI.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

"LIFE," said my father, in his most dogmatical tone, "is a certain quantity in time, which may be regarded in two ways—first, as life *Integral;* second, as life *Fractional.* Life integral is that complete whole, expressive of a certain value, large or small, which each man possesses in himself. Life fractional is that same whole seized upon and invaded by other people, and subdivided amongst them. They who get a large slice of it say, 'a very valuable life this!'—those who get but a small handful say, 'so, so, nothing very great!'—those who get none of it in the scramble exclaim, 'Good for nothing!'"

"I don't understand a word you are saying," growled Captain Roland.

My father surveyed his brother with compassion—"I will make it all clear even to your understanding. When I sit down by myself in my study, having carefully locked the door on all of you, alone with my books and thoughts, I am in full possession of my integral life. I am *totus, teres, atque rotundus*—a whole human being—equivalent in value we will say, for the sake of illustration, to a fixed round sum—£100, for example. But when I come forth into the common apartment, each of those to whom I am of any worth whatsoever puts his fingers into the bag that contains me and takes out of me what he wants. Kitty requires me to pay a bill; Pisistratus to save him the time and trouble of looking into a score or two of books; the children to tell them stories; or play at hide-and-seek; the carp for bread-crumbs; and so on throughout the circle to which I have incautiously given myself up for plunder and subdivision. The £100 which I represented in my study is now parcelled out; I am worth £40 or £50 to Kitty, £20 to Pisistratus, and perhaps 30*s.* to the carp. This is life fractional. And I cease to be an integral till once more returning to my study, and again closing the door on all existence but my own. Meanwhile, it is perfectly clear that, to those who, whether I am in the study or whether I am in the common sitting-room, get nothing at all out of me, I am not worth a farthing. It must be wholly indifferent to a native of Kamschatka whether Austin Caxton be or be not rased out of the great account-book of human beings."

"Hence," continued my father—"hence it follows that the more fractional a life be—*id est*, the greater the number of persons among whom it can be subdivided—why, the more there are to say, 'a very valuable life this!' Thus, the leader of a political party, a conqueror, a king, an author who is amusing hundreds or thousands, or millions, has a greater number of persons whom his worth interests and affects than a Saint Simon Stylites could have when he perched himself at the top of a column; although, regarded each in himself, Saint Simon, in his grand mortification of flesh, in the idea that he thereby pleased his Divine Benefactor, might represent a larger sum of moral value *per se* than Bonaparte or Voltaire."

Pisistratus.—"Perfectly clear, sir, but I don't see what it has to do with My Novel."

Mr. Caxton.—"Every thing. Your novel, if it is to be a full and comprehensive survey of the '*Quicquid agunt homines*,' (which it ought to be, considering the length and breadth to which I foresee, from the slow development of your story, you meditate extending and expanding it,) will embrace the two views of existence, the integral and the fractional. You have shown us the former in Leonard, when he is sitting in his mother's cottage, or resting from his work by the little fount in Riccabocca's garden. And in harmony with that view of his life, you have surrounded him with comparative integrals, only subdivided by the tender hands of their immediate families and neighbors—your Squires and Parsons, your Italian exile and his Jemima. With all these, life is more or less the life natural, and this is always more or less the life integral. Then comes the life artificial, which is always more or less the life fractional. In the life natural, wherein we are swayed but by our own native impulses and desires, subservient only to the great silent law of virtue, (which has pervaded the universe since it swung out of chaos,) a man is of worth from what he is in himself—Newton

* Continued from page 557, vol. iii.

was as worthy before the apple fell from the tree as when all Europe applauded the discoverer of the principle of gravity. But in the life artificial we are only of worth in as much as we affect others. And, relative to that life, Newton rose in value more than a million per cent. when down fell the apple from which ultimately sprang up his discovery. In order to keep civilization going, and spread over the world the light of human intellect, we have certain desires within us, ever swelling beyond the ease and independence which belong to us as integrals. Cold man as Newton might be, (he once took a lady's hand in his own, Kitty, and used her forefinger for his tobacco-stopper; great philosopher!)—cold as he might be, he was yet moved into giving his discoveries to the world, and that from motives very little differing in their quality from the motives that make Dr. Squills communicate articles to the Phrenological Journal upon the skulls of Bushmen and wombats. For it is the *property of light to travel*. When a man has light in him, forth it must go. But the first passage of genius from its integral state (in which it has been reposing on its own wealth) into the fractional, is usually through a hard and vulgar pathway. It leaves behind it the reveries of solitude—that self-contemplating rest which may be called the Visionary, and enters suddenly into the state that may be called the Positive and Actual. There, it sees the operation of money on the outer life—sees all the ruder and commoner springs of action—sees ambition without nobleness—love without romance—is bustled about, and ordered, and trampled, and cowed—in short, it passes an apprenticeship with some Richard Avenel, and does not yet detect what good and what grandeur, what addition even to the true poetry of the social universe, fractional existences like Richard Avenel's bestow; for the pillars that support society are like those of the court of the Hebrew Tabernacle—they are of brass, it is true, but they are filleted with silver. From such intermediate state genius is expelled, and driven on in its way, and would have been so in this case, had Mrs. Fairfield (who is but the representative of the homely natural affections, strongest ever in true genius—for light is warm) never crushed Mr. Avenel's moss rose on her sisterly bosom. Now, forth from this passage and defile of transition into the larger world, must genius go on, working out its natural destiny amidst things and forms the most artificial. Passions that move and influence the world are at work around it. Often lost sight of itself, its very absence is a silent contrast to the agencies present. Merged and vanished for a while amidst the practical world, yet we ourselves feel all the while that it is *there*—is at work amidst the workings around it. This practical world that effaces it rose out of some genius that has gone before; and so each man of genius, though we never come across him, as his operations proceed, in places remote from our thoroughfares, is yet influencing the practical world that ignores him, for ever and ever. That is GENIUS! We can't describe it in books—we can only hint and suggest it, by the accessaries which we artfully heap about it. The entrance of a true probationer into the terrible ordeal of practical life is like that into the miraculous cavern, by which, legend informs us, St. Patrick converted Ireland."

Blanche.—"What is that legend? I never heard of it.

Mr. Caxton.—"My dear, you will find it in a thin folio at the right on entering my study, written by Thomas Messingham, and called 'Florilegium Insulæ Sanctorum,' &c. The account therein is confirmed by the relation of an honest soldier, one Louis Ennius, who had actually entered the cavern. In short, the truth of the legend is undeniable, unless you mean to say, which I can't for a moment suppose, that Louis Ennius was a liar. Thus it runs:—St. Patrick, finding that the Irish pagans were incredulous as to his pathetic assurances of the pains and torments destined to those who did not expiate their sins in this world, prayed for a miracle to convince them. His prayer was heard; and a certain cavern, so small that a man could not stand up therein at his ease, was suddenly converted into a Purgatory, comprehending tortures sufficient to convince the most incredulous. One unacquainted with human nature might conjecture that few would be disposed to venture voluntarily into such a place; on the contrary, pilgrims came in crowds. Now, all who entered from vain curiosity, or with souls unprepared, perished miserably; but those who entered with deep and earnest faith, conscious of their faults, and if bold, yet humble, not only came out safe and sound, but purified, as if from the waters of a second baptism. See Savage and Johnson at night in Fleet-street, and who shall doubt the truth of St. Patrick's Purgatory?" Therewith my father sighed—closed his Lucian, which had lain open on the table, and would read nothing but "good books" for the rest of the evening.

CHAPTER II.

ON their escape from the prison to which Mr. Avenel had condemned them, Leonard and his mother found their way to a small public-house that lay at a little distance from the town, and on the outskirts of the high-road. With his arm round his mother's waist, Leonard supported her steps and soothed her excitement. In fact the poor woman's nerves were greatly shaken, and she felt an uneasy remorse at the injury her intrusion had inflicted on the young man's worldly prospects. As the shrewd reader has guessed already, that infamous Tinker was the prime agent of evil in this critical

turn in the affairs of his quondam customer. For, on his return to his haunts around Hazeldean and the Casino, the Tinker had hastened to apprise Mrs. Fairfield of his interview with Leonard, and on finding that she was not aware that the boy was under the roof of his uncle, the pestilent vagabond (perhaps from spite against Mr. Avenel, or perhaps from that pure love of mischief by which metaphysical critics explain the character of Iago, and which certainly formed a main element in the idiosyncrasy of Mr. Sprott) had so impressed on the widow's mind the haughty demeanor of the uncle and the refined costume of the nephew, that Mrs. Fairfield had been seized with a bitter and insupportable jealousy. There was an intention to rob her of her boy!—he was to be made too fine for her. His silence was now accounted for. This sort of jealousy, always more or less a feminine quality, is often very strong amongst the poor; and it was the more strong in Mrs. Fairfield, because, lone woman as she was, the boy was all in all to her. And though she was reconciled to the loss of his presence, nothing could reconcile her to the thought that his affections should be weaned from her. Moreover, there were in her mind certain impressions, of the justice of which the reader may better judge hereafter, as to the gratitude, more than ordinarily filial, which Leonard owed to her. In short, she did not like, as she phrased it, "to be shaken off;" and after a sleepless night she resolved to judge for herself, much moved thereto by the malicious suggestions to that effect made by Mr. Sprott, who mightily enjoyed the idea of mortifying the gentleman by whom he had been so disrespectfully threatened with the treadmill. The widow felt angry with Parson Dale, and with the Riccabocca's; she thought they were in the plot against her; she communicated, therefore, her intention to none—and off she set, performing the journey partly on the top of the coach, partly on foot. No wonder that she was dusty, poor woman.

"And, oh, boy!" said she, half sobbing, "when I got through the lodge gates, came on the lawn, and saw all that power o' fine folk—I said to myself, says I—(for I felt fritted)—I'll just have a look at him and go back. But ah, Lenny, when I saw thee, looking so handsome—and when thee turned and cried 'Mother!' my heart was just ready to leap out o' my mouth—and so I could not help hugging thee, if I had died for it. And thou wert so kind, that I forgot all Mr. Sprott had said about Dick's pride, or thought he had just told a fib about that, as he had wanted me to believe a fib about thee. Then Dick came up—and I had not seen him for so many years—and we come o' the same father and mother; and so—and so"—the widow's sobs here fairly choked her. "Ah," she said, after giving vent to her passion, and throwing her arms round Leonard's neck, as they sat in the little sanded parlor of the public-house—"Ah, and I've brought thee to this. Go back, go back, boy, and never mind me."

With some difficulty Leonard pacified poor Mrs. Fairfield, and got her to retire to bed; for she was indeed thoroughly exhausted. He then stepped forth into the road, musingly. All the stars were out; and Youth, in its troubles, instinctively looks up to the stars. Folding his arms, Leonard gazed on the heavens, and his lips murmured.

From this trance, for so it might be called, he was awakened by a voice in a decidedly London accent; and, turning hastily round, saw Mr. Avenel's very gentlemanlike butler. Leonard's first idea was that his uncle had repented, and sent in search of him. But the butler seemed as much surprised at the rencontre as himself; that personage, indeed, the fatigues of the day being over, was accompanying one of Mr. Gunter's waiters to the public-house, (at which the latter had secured his lodging,) having discovered an old friend in the waiter, and proposing to regale himself with a cheerful glass, and—*that* of course—abuse of his present sitivation.

"Mr. Fairfield!" exclaimed the butler, while the waiter walked discreetly on.

Leonard, looked, and said nothing. The butler began to think that some apology was due for leaving his plate and his pantry, and that he might as well secure Leonard's propitiatory influence with his master—

"Please, sir," said he, touching his hat, "I was just a-showing Mr. Giles the way to the Blue Bells, where he puts up for the night. I hope my master will not be offended. If you are a-going back, sir, would you kindly mention it?"

"I am not going back, Jarvis," answered Leonard, after a pause; "I am leaving Mr. Avenel's house, to accompany my mother; rather suddenly. I should be very much obliged to you if you would bring some things of mine to me at the Blue Bells. I will give you the list, if you will step back with me to the inn."

Without waiting for a reply, Leonard then turned towards the inn, and made his humble inventory: item, the clothes he had brought with him from the Casino; item, the knapsack that had contained them; item, a few books, ditto; item, Dr. Riccabocca's watch; item, sundry MSS., on which the young student now built all his hopes of fame and fortune. This list he put into Mr. Jarvis's hand.

"Sir," said the butler, twirling the paper between his finger and thumb, "you are not a-going for long, I hope;" and as he thought of the scene on the lawn, the report of which had vaguely reached his ears, he looked on the face of the young man, who had always been "civil spoken to him," with as much curiosity and as much compassion as so aps-

thetic and princely a personage could experience in matters affecting a family less aristocratic than he had hitherto condescended to serve.

"Yes," said Leonard, simply and briefly; "and your master will no doubt excuse you for rendering me this service."

Mr. Jarvis postponed for the present his glass and chat with the waiter, and went back at once to Mr. Avenel. That gentleman, still seated in his library, had not been aware of the butler's absence; and when Mr. Jarvis entered and told him that he had met Mr. Fairfield, and, communicating the commission with which he was intrusted, asked leave to execute it, Mr. Avenel felt the man's inquisitive eye was on him, and conceived new wrath against Leonard for a new humiliation to his pride. It was awkward to give no explanation of his nephew's departure, still more awkward to explain.

After a short pause, Mr. Avenel said sullenly, "My nephew is going away on business for some time—do what he tells you;" and then turned his back, and lighted his cigar.

"That beast of a boy," said he, soliloquizing, "either means this as an affront, or an overture; if an affront, he is, indeed, well got rid of; if an overture, he will soon make a more respectful and proper one. After all, I can't have too little of relations till I have fairly secured Mrs. McCatchly. An Honorable! I wonder if that makes me an Honorable too? This cursed Debrett contains no practical information on these points."

The next morning, the clothes and the watch with which Mr. Avenel had presented Leonard were returned, with a note meant to express gratitude, but certainly written with very little knowledge of the world, and so full of that somewhat over-resentful pride which had in earlier life made Leonard fly from Hazeldean, and refuse all apology to Randal, that it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Avenel's last remorseful feelings evaporated in ire. "I hope he will starve!" said the uncle, vindictively.

CHAPTER III.

"LISTEN to me, my dear mother," said Leonard the next morning, as with his knapsack on his shoulder and Mrs. Fairfield on his arm, he walked along the high road; "I do assure you, from my heart, that I do not regret the loss of favors which I see plainly would have crushed out of me the very sense of independence. But do not fear for me; I have education and energy—I shall do well for myself, trust me. No; I cannot, it is true, go back to our cottage—I cannot be a gardener again. Don't ask me—I should be discontented, miserable. But I will go up to London! That's the place to make a fortune and a name: I will make both. O yes, trust me, I will. You shall soon be proud of your Leonard; and then we will always live together—always! Don't cry."

"But what can you do in London—such a big place, Lenny?"

"What! Every year does not some lad leave our village, and go and seek his fortune, taking with him but health and strong hands? I have these, and I have more: I have brains, and thoughts, and hopes, that—again I say, No, no—never fear for me!"

The boy threw back his head proudly; there was something sublime in his young trust in the future.

"Well—but you will write to Mr. Dale, or to me? I will get Mr. Dale, or the good Mounseer (now I knew they were not agin me) to read your letters."

"I will, indeed!"

"And, boy, you have nothing in your pockets. We have paid Dick; these, at least, are my own, after paying the coach fare." And she would thrust a sovereign and some shillings into Leonard's waistcoat pocket.

After some resistance, he was forced to consent.

"And there's a sixpence with a hole in it. Don't part with that, Lenny; it will bring thee good luck."

Thus talking, they gained the inn where the three roads met, and from which a coach went direct to the Casino. And here, without entering the inn, they sat on the green sward by the hedge-row, waiting the arrival of the coach. Mrs. Fairfield was much subdued in spirits, and there was evidently on her mind something uneasy—some struggle with her conscience. She not only upbraided herself for her rash visit; but she kept talking of her dead Mark. And what would he say of her, if he could see her in heaven?

"It was so selfish in me, Lenny."

"Pooh, pooh! Has not a mother a right to her child?"

"Ay, ay, ay!" cried Mrs. Fairfield; "I do love you as a child—my own child. But if I was not your mother, after all, Lenny, and cost you all this—oh, what would you say of me then?"

"Not my own mother!" said Leonard, laughing, as he kissed her. "Well, I don't know what I should say then differently from what I say now—that you who brought me up, and nursed and cherished me, had a right to my home and my heart, wherever I was."

"Bless thee!" cried Mrs. Fairfield, as she pressed him to her heart. "But it weighs here—it weighs"—she said, starting up.

At that instant the coach appeared, and Leonard ran forward to inquire if there was an outside place. Then there was a short bustle while the horses were being changed; and Mrs. Fairfield was lifted up to the roof of the vehicle. So all future private conversation between her and Leonard ceased. But as the coach whirled away, and she waved her hand to the boy, who stood on the roadside gazing after her, she still murmured—"It weighs here—it weighs!"——

CHAPTER IV.

Leonard walked sturdily on in the high-road to the Great City. The day was calm and sunlit, but with a gentle breeze from gray hills at the distance; and with each mile that he passed, his step seemed to grow more firm, and his front more elate. Oh! it is such joy in youth to be alone with one's day dreams. And youth feels so glorious a vigor in the sense of its own strength, though the world be before and—against it! Removed from that chilling counting-house—from the imperious will of a patron and master—all friendless, but all independent—the young adventurer felt a new being—felt his grand nature as Man. And on the Man rushed the genius long interdicted—and thrust aside—rushing back, with the first breath of adversity to console—no! the Man needed not consolation,—to kindle, to animate, to rejoice! If there is a being in the world worthy of our envy, after we have grown wise philosophers of the fireside, it is not the palled voluptuary, nor the care-worn statesman, nor even the great prince of arts and letters, already crowned with the laurel, whose leaves are as fit for poison as for garlands; it is the young child of adventure and hope. Ay, and the emptier his purse, ten to one but the richer his heart, and the wider the domains which his fancy enjoys as he goes on with kingly step to the Future.

Not till towards the evening did our adventurer slacken his pace, and think of rest and refreshment. There, then, lay before him, on either side the road, those wide patches of uninclosed land, which in England often denote the entrance to a village. Presently one or two neat cottages came in sight—then a small farm-house, with its yard and barns. And some way farther yet, he saw the sign swinging before an inn of some pretensions—the sort of inn often found on a long stage between two great towns, commonly called "The Half-way House." But the inn stood back from the road, having its own separate sward in front, whereon were a great beech tree (from which the sign extended) and a rustic arbor—so that, to gain the inn, the coaches that stopped there took a sweep from the main thoroughfare. Between our pedestrian and the inn there stood naked and alone, on the common land, a church; our ancestors never would have chosen that site for it; therefore it was a modern church—modern Gothic—handsome to an eye not versed in the attributes of ecclesiastical architecture—very barbarous to an eye that was. Somehow or other the church looked cold and raw and uninviting. It looked a church for show—much too big for the scattered hamlet—and void of all the venerable associations which give their peculiar and unspeakable atmosphere of piety to the churches in which succeeding generations have knelt and worshipped. Leonard paused and surveyed the edifice with an unlearned but poetical gaze—it dissatisfied him. And he was yet pondering why, when a young girl passed slowly before him, her eyes fixed on the ground, opened the little gate that led into the churchyard, and vanished. He did not see the child's face; but there was something in her movements so utterly listless, forlorn, and sad, that his heart was touched. What did she there? He approached the low wall with a noiseless step, and looked over it wistfully.

There, by a grave evidently quite recent, with no wooden tomb nor tombstone like the rest, the little girl had thrown herself, and she was sobbing loud and passionately. Leonard opened the gate, and approached her with a soft step. Mingled with her sobs, he heard broken sentences, wild and vain, as all human sorrowings over graves must be.

"Father!—oh, father! do you not really hear me? I am so lone—so lone! Take me to you—take me!" And she buried her face in the deep grass.

"Poor child!" said Leonard, in a half whisper—"he is not there. Look above!"

The girl did not heed him—he put his arm round her waist gently—she made a gesture of impatience and anger, but she would not turn her face—and she clung to the grave with her hands.

After clear sunny days the dews fall more heavily; and now, as the sun set, the herbage was bathed in a vaporous haze—a dim mist rose around. The young man seated himself beside her, and tried to draw the child to his breast. Then she turned eagerly, indignantly, and pushed him aside with jealous arms. He profaned the grave! He understood her with his deep poet heart, and rose. There was a pause.

Leonard was the first to break it.

"Come to your home with me, my child, and we will talk of *him* by the way."

"Him! Who are you? You did not know him?" said the girl, still with anger. "Go away—why do you disturb me? I do no one harm. Go—go!"

"You do yourself harm, and that will grieve him if he sees you yonder! Come!"

The child looked at him through her blinding tears, and his face softened and soothed her.

"Go!" she said very plaintively, and in subdued accents. "I will but stay a minute more. I—I have so much to say yet."

Leonard left the churchyard, and waited without; and in a short time the child came forth, waved him aside as he approached her, and hurried away. He followed her at a distance, and saw her disappear within the inn.

CHAPTER V.

"Hip—hip—Hurrah!" Such was the sound that greeted our young traveller as he reached the inn door—a sound joyous in itself, but sadly out of harmony with the feelings which the child's sobbing on the tombless grave had left at his heart. The sound

came from within, and was followed by thumps and stamps, and the jingle of glasses. A strong odor of tobacco was wafted to his olfactory sense. He hesitated a moment at the threshold. Before him on benches under the beech-tree and within the arbor, were grouped sundry athletic forms with "pipes in the liberal air." The landlady, as she passed across the passage to the tap-room, caught sight of his form at the doorway, and came forward. Leonard still stood irresolute. He would have gone on his way, but for the child; she had interested him strongly.

"You seem full, ma'am," said he. "Can I have accommodation for the night?"

"Why, indeed, sir," said the landlady, civilly, "I can give you a bed-room, but I don't know where to put you meanwhile. The two parlors and the tap-room and the kitchen are all chokeful. There has been a great cattle-fair in the neighborhood, and I suppose we have as many as fifty farmers and drovers stopping here."

"As to that, ma'am, I can sit in the bed-room you are kind enough to give me; and if it does not cause you too much trouble to let me have some tea there, I should be glad; but I can wait your leisure. Do not put yourself out of the way for me."

The landlady was touched by a consideration she was not much habituated to receive from her bluff customers.

"You speak very handsome, sir, and we will do our best to serve you, if you will excuse all faults. This way, sir." Leonard lowered his knapsack, stepped in the passage, with some difficulty forced his way through a knot of sturdy giants in top-boots or leathern gaiters who were swarming in and out the tap-room, and followed his hostess up stairs to a little bedroom at the top of the house.

"It is small, sir, and high," said the hostess apologetically. "But there be four gentlemen farmers that have come a great distance, and all the first floor is engaged; you will be more out of the noise here."

"Nothing can suit me better. But, stay—pardon me;" and Leonard, glancing at the garb of the hostess, observed she was not in mourning. "A little girl whom I saw in the churchyard yonder, weeping very bitterly—is she a relation of yours? Poor child, she seems to have deeper feelings than are common at her age."

"Ah, sir," said the landlady, putting the corner of her apron to her eyes, "it is a very sad story—I don't know what to do. Her father was taken ill on his way to Lunnun, and stopped here, and has been buried four days. And the poor little girl seems to have no relations—and where is she to go? Larver Jones says we must pass her to Marybone parish, where her father lived last; and what's to become of her then? My heart bleeds to think on it." Here then rose such an uproar from below, that it was evident some quarrel had broken out; and the hostess, recalled to her duties, hastened to carry thither her propitiatory influences.

Leonard seated himself pensively by the little lattice. Here was some one more alone in the world than he. And she, poor orphan, had no stout man's heart to grapple with fate, and no golden manuscripts that were to be as the "Open Sesame" to the treasures of Aladdin. By-and-by the hostess brought him up a tray with tea and other refreshments, and Leonard resumed his inquiries. "No relatives?" said he; "surely the child must have some kinsfolk in London? Did her father leave no directions, or was he in possession of his faculties?"

"Yes, sir; he was quite reasonable-like to the last. And I asked him if he had not any thing on his mind, and he said, 'I have.' And I said, 'Your little girl, sir?' And he answered, 'Yes, ma'am;' and laying his head on his pillow, he wept very quietly. I could not say more myself, for it set me off to see him cry so meekly; but my husband is harder nor I, and he said, 'Cheer up, Mr. Digby; had not you better write to your friends?'"

"'Friends!' said the gentleman, in such a voice! 'Friends I have but one, and I am going to Him! I cannot take her there!' Then he seemed suddenly to recollect hisself, and called for his clothes, and rummaged in the pockets as if looking for some address, and could not find it. He seemed a forgetful kind of gentleman, and his hands were what I call *helpless* hands, sir! And then he gasped out, 'Stop—stop! I never had the address. Write to Lord Les—,' something like Lord Lester—but we could not make out the name. Indeed he did not finish it, for there was a rush of blood to his lips; and though he seemed sensible when he recovered. (and knew us and his little girl too, till he went off smiling,) he never spoke word more."

"Poor man," said Leonard, wiping his eyes. "But his little girl surely remembers the name that he did not finish?"

"No. She says, he must have meant a gentleman whom they had met in the Park not long ago, who was very kind to her father, and was Lord something; but she don't remember the name, for she never saw him before or since, and her father talked very little about any one lately, but thought he should find some kind friends at Screwstown, and travelled down there with her from Lunnon. But she supposes he was disappointed, for he went out, came back, and merely told her to put up the things, as they must go back to Lunnon. And on his way there he—died. Hush what's that? I hope she did not overhear us. No, we were talking low. She has the next room to your'n, sir. I thought I heard her sobbing. Hush!"

"In the next room? I hear nothing. Well, with your leave, I will speak to her before I quit you. And had her father no money with him?"

"Yes, a few sovereigns, sir; they paid for his funeral, and there is a little left still, enough to take her to town; for my husband said, says he, 'Hannah, the widow *gave* her mite, and we must not *take* the orphans;' and my husband is a hard man, too, sir. Bless him!"

"Let me take your hand, ma'am. God reward you both."

"La, sir!—why, even Dr. Dosewell said, rather grumpily though, 'Never mind my bill; but don't call me up at six o'clock in the morning again, without knowing a little more about people.' And I never afore knew Dr. Dosewell go without his bill being paid. He said it was a trick o' the other Doctor to spite him."

"What other Doctor?"

"Oh, a very good gentleman, who got out with Mr. Digby when he was taken ill, and stayed till the next morning; and our Doctor says his name is Morgan, and he lives in—Lunnon, and is a homy—something." "Homicide," suggested Leonard ignorantly.

"Ah—homicide; something like that, only a deal longer and worse. But he left some of the tiniest little balls you ever see, sir, to give the child; but, bless you, they did her no good—how should they?"

"Tiny balls, oh—homœopathist—I understand. And the Doctor was kind to her; perhaps he may help her. Have you written to him?"

"But we don't know his address, and Lunnon is a vast place, sir."

"I am going to London, and will find it out."

"Ah, sir, you seem very kind; and sin' she must go to Lunnon, (for what can we do with her here?—she's too genteel for service,) I wish she was going with you."

"With me?" said Leonard startled; "with me! Well, why not?"

"I am sure she comes of good blood, sir. You would have known her father was quite the gentleman, only to see him die, sir. He went off so kind and civil like, as if he was ashamed to give so much trouble—quite a gentleman, if ever there was one. And so are you, sir, I'm sure," said the landlady, curtseying; "I know what gentlefolk be. I've been a housekeeper, in the first of families in this very shire, sir, though I can't say I've served in Lunnon; and so, as gentlefolks know each other, I've no doubt you could find out her relations. Dear—dear! Coming, coming!"

Here there were loud cries for the hostess, and she hurried away. The farmers and drovers were beginning to depart, and their bills were to be made out and paid. Leonard saw his hostess no more that night. The last hip—hip—hurrah, was heard; some toast, perhaps, to the health of the county members;—and the chamber of woe, beside Leonard's, rattled with the shout. By-and-by silence gradually succeeded the various dissonant sounds below. The carts and gigs rolled away; the clatter of hoofs on the road ceased; there was then a dumb dull sound as of locking-up, and low humming voices below and footsteps mounting the stairs to bed, with now and then a drunken hiccup or maudlin laugh, as some conquered votary of Bacchus was fairly carried up to his domicile.

All, then, at last was silent, just as the clock from the church sounded the stroke of eleven.

Leonard, meanwhile, had been looking over his MSS. There was first a project for an improvement on the steam-engine—a project that had long lain in his mind, begun with the first knowledge of mechanics that he had gleaned from his purchases of the Tinker. He put that aside now—it required too great an effort of the reasoning faculty to re-examine. He glanced less hastily over a collection of essays on various subjects, some that he thought indifferent, some that he thought good. He then lingered over a collection of verses, written in his best hand with loving care—verses first inspired by his perusal of Nora's melancholy memorials. These verses were as a diary of his heart and his fancy—those deep unwitnessed struggles which the boyhood of all more thoughtful natures has passed in its bright yet murky storm of the cloud and the lightning flash; though but few boys pause to record the crisis from which slowly emerges Man. And these first, desultory grapplings with the fugitive airy images that flit through the dim chambers of the brain, had become with each effort more sustained and vigorous, till the phantoms were spelled, the flying ones arrested, the immaterial seized, and clothed with Form. Gazing on his last effort, Leonard felt that there at length spoke forth a Poet. It was a work which, though as yet but half completed, came from a strong hand; not that shadow trembling on unsteady waters, which is but the pale reflex and imitation of some bright mind, sphered out of reach and afar; but an original substance—a life—a thing of the *Creative* Faculty—breathing back already the breath it had received. This work had paused during Leonard's residence with Mr. Avenel, or had only now and then, in stealth, and at night, received a rare touch. Now, as with a fresh eye, he re-perused it; and with that strange, innocent admiration, not of self—(for a man's work is not, alas! himself—it is the beatified and idealized essence, extracted he knows not how from his own human elements of clay)—admiration known but to poets—their purest delight, often their sole reward. And then, with a warmer and more earthly beat of his full heart, he rushed in fancy to the Great City, where all rivers of Fame meet, but not to be merged and lost—sallying forth again, individualized and separate, to flow through that one vast thought of God which we call The World.

He put up his papers; and opened his window, as was his ordinary custom, before he retired to rest—for he had many odd habits; and he loved to look out into the night when he prayed. His soul seemed to escape from the body—to mount on the air—to gain more rapid access to the far Throne in the Infinite—when his breath went forth among the winds, and his eyes rested fixed on the stars, of Heaven.

So the boy prayed silently; and after his prayer he was about lingeringly to close the lattice, when he heard distinctly sobs close at hand. He paused, and held his breath; then gently looked out; the casement next his own was also open. Some one was also at watch by that casement—perhaps also praying. He listened yet more attentively, and caught, soft and low, the words. "Father—father—do you hear me *now*?"

CHAPTER VI.

LEONARD opened his door and stole towards that of the room adjoining; for his first natural impulse had been to enter and console. But when his touch was on the handle, he drew back. Child, though the mourner was, her sorrows were rendered yet more sacred from intrusion by her sex. Something, he knew not what, in his young ignorance, withheld him from the threshold. To have crossed it then would have seemed to him profanation. So he returned, and for hours yet he occasionally heard the sobs, till they died away, and childhood wept itself to sleep.

But the next morning, when he heard his neighbor astir, he knocked gently at her door: there was no answer. He entered softly, and saw her seated very listlessly in the centre of the room—as if it had no familiar nook or corner as the rooms of home have—her hands drooping on her lap, and her eyes gazing desolately on the floor. Then he approached and spoke to her.

Helen was very subdued, and very silent. Her tears seemed dried up; and it was long before she gave sign or token that she heeded him. At length, however, he gradually succeeded in rousing her interest; and the first symptom of his success was in the quiver of her lip, and the overflow of the downcast eyes.

By little and little he wormed himself into her confidence; and she told him, in broken whispers, her simple story. But what moved him the most was, that, beyond her sense of loneliness, she did not seem to feel her own unprotected state. She mourned the object she had nursed, and heeded, and cherished; for she had been rather the protectress than the protected to the helpless dead. He could not gain from her any more satisfactory information than the landlady had already imparted, as to her friends and prospects; but she permitted him passively to look among the effects her father had left—save only that if his hand touched something that seemed to her associations especially holy, she waved him back, or drew it quickly away. There were many bills receipted in the name of Captain Digby—old yellow faded music-scores for the flute—extracts of Parts from Prompt Books—gay parts of lively comedies, in which heroes have so noble a contempt for money—fit heroes for a Sheridan and a Farquhar; close by these were several pawnbroker's tickets; and, not arrayed smoothly, but crumpled up, as if with an indignant nervous clutch of the old helpless hands, some two or three letters. He asked Helen's permission to glance at these, for they might give a clue to friends. Helen gave the permission by a silent bend of the head. The letters, however, were but short and freezing answers from what appeared to be distant connections or former friends, or persons to whom the deceased had applied for some situation. They were all very disheartening in their tone. Leonard next endeavored to refresh Helen's memory as to the name of the nobleman which had been last on her father's lips, but there he failed wholly. For it may be remembered that Lord L'Estrange, when he pressed his loan on Mr. Digby, and subsequently told that gentleman to address him at Mr. Egerton's, had, from a natural delicacy, sent the child on, that she might not hear the charity bestowed on the father; and Helen said truly, that Mr. Digby had sunk into a habitual silence on all his affairs latterly. She might have heard her father mention the name, but she had not treasured it up; all she could say was, that she should know the stranger again if she met him, and his dog too. Seeing that the child had grown calm, Leonard was then going to leave the room, in order to confer with the hostess, when she rose suddenly, though noiselessly, and put her little hand in his, as if to detain him. She did not say a word—the action said all—said "Do not desert me." And Leonard's heart rushed to his lips, and he answered to the action as he bent down and kissed her cheek, "Orphan, will you go with me? We have one Father yet to both of us, and He will guide us on earth. I am fatherless like you." She raised her eyes to his—looked at him long—and then leant her head confidingly on his strong young shoulder.

CHAPTER VII.

AT noon that same day, the young man and the child were on their road to London. The host had at first a little demurred at trusting Helen to so young a companion, but Leonard, in his happy ignorance, had talked so sanguinely of finding out this lord, or some adequate protection for the child, and in so grand a strain, though with all sincerity, had spoken of his own great prospects in the metropolis (he did not say what they were!) that had it been the craftiest imposter, he could not have more taken in the rustic host.

And while the landlady still cherished the illusive fancy that all gentlefolks must know each other in London, as they did in a county, the landlord believed, at least, that a young man, so respectably dressed, although but a foot-traveller—who talked in so confident a tone, and who was so willing to undertake what might be rather a burdensome charge, unless he saw how to rid himself of it—would be sure to have friends, older and wiser than himself, who could judge what could best be done for the orphan.

And what was the host to do with her? Better this volunteered escort, at least, than vaguely passing her on from parish to parish, and leaving her friendless at last in the streets of London. Helen, too, smiled for the first time on being asked her wishes, and again put her hand in Leonard's. In short, so it was settled.

The little girl made up a bundle of the things she most prized or needed. Leonard did not feel the additional load, as he slung it to his knapsack. The rest of the luggage was to be sent to London as soon as Leonard wrote, (which he promised to do soon,) and gave an address.

Helen paid her last visit to the churchyard; and she joined her companion as he stood on the road, without the solemn precincts. And now they had gone on some hours, and when he asked if she was tired, she still answered "No." But Leonard was merciful, and made their day's journey short; and it took them some days to reach London. By the long lonely way, they grew so intimate, at the end of the second day they called each other brother and sister; and Leonard, to his delight, found that as her grief, with the bodily movement and the change of scene, subsided from its first intenseness and its insensibility to other impressions, she developed a quickness of comprehension far beyond her years. Poor child! *that* had been forced upon her by Necessity. And she understood him in his spiritual consolations,—half poetical, half religious; and she listened to his own tale, and the story of his self-education and solitary struggles—those, too, she understood. But when he burst out with his enthusiasm, his glorious hopes, his confidence in the fate before them, then she would shake her head very quietly and very sadly. Did she comprehend *them?* Alas! perhaps too well. She knew more as to real life than he did. Leonard was at first their joint treasurer, but before the second day was over, Helen seemed to discover that he was too lavish; and she told him so, with a prudent grave look, putting her hand on his arm, as he was about to enter an inn to dine; and the gravity would have been comic, but that the eyes through their moisture were so meek and grateful. She felt he was about to incur that ruinous extravagance on her account. Somehow or other, the purse found its way into her keeping, and then she looked proud, and in her natural element.

Ah! what happy meals under her care were provided: so much more enjoyable than in dull, sanded inn parlors, swarming with flies, and reeking with stale tobacco. She would leave him at the entrance of a village, bound forward, and cater, and return with a little basket and a pretty blue jug—which she had bought on the road—the last filled with new milk, the first with new bread and some special dainty in radishes or water-cresses. And she had such a talent for finding out the prettiest spot whereon to halt and dine: sometimes in the heart of a wood—so still, it was like a forest in fairy tales, the hare stealing through the alleys, or the squirrel peeping at them from the boughs; sometimes by a little brawling stream, with the fishes seen under the clear wave, and shooting round the crumbs thrown to them. They made an Arcadia of the dull road up to their dread Thermopylæ—the war against the million that waited them on the other side of their pass through Tempe.

"Shall we be as happy when we are *great?*" said Leonard, in his grand simplicity.

Helen sighed, and the wise little head was shaken.

CHAPTER VIII.

At last they came within easy reach of London; but Leonard had resolved not to enter the metropolis fatigued and exhausted, as a wanderer needing refuge, but fresh and elate, as a conqueror coming in triumph to take possession of the capital. Therefore they halted early in the evening of the day preceding this imperial entry, about six miles from the metropolis, in the neighborhood of Ealing, (for by that route lay their way.) They were not tired on arriving at their inn. The weather was singularly lovely, with that combination of softness and brilliancy which is only known to the rare true summer days of England: all below so green, above so blue—days of which we have about six in the year, and recall vaguely when we read of Robin Hood and maid Marian, of Damsel and Knight, in Spenser's golden Summer Song, or of Jacques, dropped under the oak tree, watching the deer amidst the dells of Ardennes. So, after a little pause in their inn, they strolled forth, not for travel, but pleasure, towards the cool of sunset, passing by the grounds that once belonged to the Duke of Kent, and catching a glimpse of the shrubs and lawns of that beautiful domain through the lodge-gates; then they crossed into some fields, and came to a little rivulet called the Brent. Helen had been more sad that day than on any during their journey. Perhaps, because, on approaching London, the memory of her father became more vivid; perhaps from her precocious

knowledge of life, and her foreboding of what was to befall them, children that they both were. But Leonard was selfish that day; he could not be influenced by his companion's sorrow, he was so full of his own sense of being, and he already caught from the atmosphere the fever that belongs to anxious capitals.

"Sit here, sister," said he imperiously, throwing himself under the shade of a pollard tree that overhung the winding brook, "sit here and talk."

He flung off his hat, tossed back his rich curls, and sprinkled his brow from the stream that eddied round the roots of the tree that bulged out, bald and gnarled, from the bank, and delved into the waves below. Helen quietly obeyed him, and nestled close to his side.

"And so this London is very vast?—VERY?" he repeated inquisitively.

"Very," answered Helen, as abstractedly she plucked the cowslips near her, and let them fall into the running waters. "See how the flowers are carried down the stream! They are lost now. London is to us what the river is to the flowers—very vast—very strong;" and she added, after a pause, "very cruel!"

"Cruel! Ah, it *has* been so to you; but *now!*—now I will take care of you!" he smiled triumphantly; and his smile was beautiful both in its pride and its kindness. It is astonishing how Leonard had altered since he had left his uncle's. He was both younger and older; for the sense of genius, when it snaps its shackles, makes us both older and wiser as to the world it soars to—younger and blinder as to the world it springs from.

"And it is not a very handsome city either, you say?"

"Very ugly, indeed," said Helen, with some fervor; "at least all I have seen of it."

"But there must be parts that are prettier than others? You say there are parks; why should not we lodge near them, and look upon the green trees?"

"That would be nice," said Helen, almost joyously; "but—" and here the head was shaken—"there are no lodgings for us except in courts and alleys."

"Why?"

"Why?" echoed Helen, with a smile, and she held up the purse.

"Pooh! always that horrid purse; as if, too, we were not going to fill it. Did I not tell you the story of Fortunio? Well, at all events, we will go first to the neighborhood where you last lived, and learn there all we can; and then the day after to-morrow, I will see this Dr. Morgan, and find out the Lord—"

The tears startled to Helen's soft eyes. "You want to get rid of me soon, brother."

"I! ah, I feel so happy to have you with me, it seems to me as if I had pined for you all my life, and you had come at last; for I never had brother, nor sister, nor any one to love, that was not older than myself, except—"

"Except the young lady you told me of," said Helen, turning away her face; for children are very jealous.

"Yes, I loved her, love her still. But that was different," said Leonard, with a heightened color. "I could never have talked to her as to you, to you I open my whole heart; you are my little Muse, Helen, I confess to you my wild whims and fancies as frankly as if I were writing poetry." As he said this, a step was heard, and a shadow fell over the stream. A belated angler appeared on the margin, drawing his line impatiently across the water, as if to worry some dozing fish into a bite before it finally settled itself for the night. Absorbed in his occupation, the angler did not observe the young persons on the sward under the tree, and he halted there, close upon them.

"Curse that perch!" said he aloud.

"Take care, sir," cried Leonard; for the man, in stepping back, nearly trod upon Helen.

The angler turned. "What's the matter? Hist! you have frightened my perch. Keep still, can't you?"

Helen drew herself out of the way, and Leonard remained motionless. He remembered Jackeymo, and felt a sympathy for the angler.

"It is the most extraordinary perch, that!" muttered the stranger, soliloquizing. "It has the devil's own luck. It must have been born with a silver spoon in its mouth, that damned perch! I shall never catch it—never! Ha!—no—only a weed. I give it up." With this, he indignantly jerked his rod from the water, and began to disjoint it. While leisurely engaged in this occupation, he turned to Leonard.

"Humph! are you intimately acquainted with this stream, sir?"

"No," answered Leonard. "I never saw it before."

Angler, (solemnly.)—"Then, young man, take my advice, and do not give way to its fascinations. Sir, I am a martyr to this stream; it has been the Dalilah of my existence."

Leonard, (interested, the last sentence seemed to him poetical.)—"The Dalilah! sir, the Dalilah!"

Angler.—"The Dalilah. Young man, listen, and be warned by example. When I was about your age, I first came to this stream to fish. Sir, on that fatal day, about 3 P.M., I hooked up a fish—such a big one, it must have weighed a pound and a half. Sir, it was that length;" and the angler put finger to wrist. "And just when I had got it nearly ashore, by the very place where you are sitting, on that shelving bank, young

man, the line broke, and the perch twisted himself among those roots, and—cace demon that he was—ran off, hook and all. Well, that fish haunted me; never before had I seen such a fish. Minnows I had caught in the Thames and elsewhere, also gudgeons, and occasionally a dace. But a fish like that—a PERCH—all his fins up like the sails of a man-of-war—a monster perch—a whale of a perch!—No, never till then had I known what leviathans lie hid within the deeps. I could not sleep till I had returned; and again, sir,—I caught that perch. And this time I pulled him fairly out of the water. He escaped; and how did he escape? Sir, he left his eye behind him on the hook. Years, long years, have passed since then; but never shall I forget the agony of that moment."

Leonard.—"To the perch, sir?"

Angler.—"Perch! agony to him! He enjoyed it:—agony to me. I gazed on that eye, and the eye looked as sly and as wicked as if it was laughing in my face. Well, sir, I had heard that there is no better bait for a perch than a perch's eye. I adjusted that eye on the hook, and dropped in the line gently. The water was unusually clear; in two minutes I saw that perch return. He approached the hook; he recognized his eye—frisked his tail—made a plunge—and, as I live, carried off the eye, safe and sound; and I saw him digesting it by the side of that water-lily. The mocking fiend! Seven times since that day, in the course of a varied and eventful life, have I caught that perch, and seven times has that perch escaped."

Leonard, (astonished.)—"It can't be the same perch; perches are very tender fish—a hook inside of it, and an eye hooked out of it—no perch could withstand such havoc in its constitution."

Angler, (with an appearance of awe.)—"It does seem supernatural. But it *is* that perch; for harkye, sir, there is ONLY ONE perch in the whole brook! All the years I have fished here, I have never caught another perch here; and this solitary inmate of the watery element I know by sight better than I know my own lost father. For each time that I have raised it out of the water, its profile has been turned to me, and I have seen, with a shudder, that it has had only—One Eye! It is a most mysterious and a most diabolical phenomenon that perch! It has been the ruin of my prospects in life. I was offered a situation in Jamaica; I could not go, with that perch left here in triumph. I might afterwards have had an appointment in India, but I could not put the ocean between myself and that perch: thus have I frittled away my existence in the fatal metropolis of my native land. And once a-week, from February to December, I come hither—Good Heavens! if I should catch the perch at last, the occupation of my existence will be gone."

Leonard gazed curiously at the angler, as the last thus mournfully concluded. The ornate turn of his periods did not suit with his costume. He looked woefully threadbare and shabby—a genteel sort of shabbiness too—shabbiness in black. There was humor in the corners of his lip; and his hands, though they did not seem very clean—indeed his occupation was not friendly to such niceties—were those of a man who had not known manual labor. His face was pale and puffed, but the tip of his nose was red. He did not seem as if the watery element was as familiar to himself as to his Dalilah—the perch.

"Such is life!" recommenced the angler in a moralizing tone, as he slid his rod into its canvas case. "If a man knew what it was to fish all one's life in a stream that has only one perch!—to catch that one perch nine times in all, and nine times to see it fall back into the water, plump;—if man knew what it was—why, then"— Here the angler looked over his shoulder full at Leonard—"why, then, young sir, he would know what human life is to vain ambition. Good evening."

Away he went, treading over the daisies and king cups. Helen's eyes followed him wistfully.

"What a strange person!" said Leonard, laughing.

"I think he is a very wise one," murmured Helen; and she came close up to Leonard, and took his hand in both hers, as if she felt already that he was in need of the Comforter—the line broke, and the perch lost!

CHAPTER IX.

AT noon the next day, London stole upon them, through a gloomy, thick, oppressive atmosphere. For where is it that we can say London *bursts* on the sight? It stole on them through one of its fairest and most gracious avenues of approach—by the stately gardens of Kensington—along the side of Hyde Park, and so on towards Cumberland Gate.

Leonard was not the least struck. And yet, with a little money, and a very little taste, it would be easy to render this entrance to London as grand and imposing as that to Paris from the *Champs Elysées*. As they came near the Edgeware Road, Helen took her new brother by the hand and guided him. For she knew all that neighborhood, and she was acquainted with a lodging near that occupied by her father (to *that* lodging itself she could not have gone for the world), where they might be housed cheaply.

But just then the sky, so dull and overcast since morning, seemed one mass of black cloud. There suddenly came on a violent storm of rain. The boy and girl took refuge in a covered mews, in a street running out of the Edgeware Road. The shelter soon became crowded; the two young pilgrims crept close to the wall, apart from the rest;

Leonard's arm round Helen's waist, sheltering her from the rain that the strong wind contending with it beat in through the passage. Presently a young gentleman, of better mien and dress than the other refugees, entered, not hastily, but rather with a slow and proud step, as if, though he deigned to take shelter, he scorned to run to it. He glanced somewhat haughtily at the assembled group—passed on through the midst of it—came near Leonard—took off his hat, and shook the rain from its brim. His head thus uncovered, left all his features exposed; and the village youth recognized, at the first glance, his old victorious assailant on the green at Hazeldean.

Yet Randal Leslie was altered. His dark cheek was as thin as in boyhood, and even yet more wasted by intense study and night vigils; but the expression of his face was at once more refined and manly, and there was a steady concentrated light in his large eye, like that of one who has been in the habit of bringing all his thoughts to one point. He looked older than he was. He was dressed simply in black, a color which became him; and altogether his aspect and figure were not showy indeed, but distinguished. He looked, to the common eye, a gentleman; and to the more observant, a scholar.

Helter-skelter!—pell-mell! the group in the passage—now pressed each on each—now scattered on all sides—making way—rushing down the mews—against the walls—as a fiery horse darted under shelter; the rider, a young man, with a very handsome face, and dressed with that peculiar care which we commonly call dandyism, cried out, good humoredly,—"Don't be afraid; the horse shan't hurt any of you—a thousand pardons—so ho! so ho!" He patted the horse, and it stood as still as a statue, filling up the centre of the passage. The groups resettled—Randal approached the rider.

"Frank Hazeldean!"

"Ah—is it indeed Randal Leslie!"

Frank was off his horse in a moment, and the bridle was consigned to the care of a slim 'prentice-boy holding a bundle.

"My dear fellow, how glad I am to see you. How lucky it was that I should turn in here. Not like me either, for I don't much care for a ducking. Staying in town, Randal?"

"Yes, at your uncle's, Mr. Egerton. I have left Oxford."

"For good?"

"For good."

"But you have not taken your degree, I think? We Etonians all considered you booked for a double first. Oh! we have been so proud of you—you carried off all the prizes."

"Not all; but some, certainly. Mr. Egerton offered me my choice—to stay for my degree, or to enter at once into the Foreign Office. I preferred the ends to the means. For, after all, what good are academical honors but as the entrance to life? To enter now is to save a step in a long way, Frank."

"Ah! you were always ambitious, and you will make a great figure, I am sure."

"Perhaps so—if I work for it. Knowledge is power."

Leonard started.

"And you," resumed Randal, looking with some curious attention at his old schoolfellow. "You never came to Oxford. I did hear you were going into the army."

"I am in the Guards," said Frank, trying hard not to look too conceited as he made that acknowledgment. "The Governor pished a little, and would rather I had come to live with him in the old hall, and take to farming. Time enough for that—eh? By Jove, Randall, how pleasant a thing is life in London? Do you go to Almack's to-night?"

"No; Wednesday is a holiday in the House! There is a great parliamentary dinner at Mr. Egerton's. He is in the Cabinet now, you know; but you don't see much of your uncle, I think."

"Our sets are different," said the young gentleman, in a tone of voice worthy of Brummell. "All those parliamentary fellows are devilish dull. The rain's over. I don't know whether the Governor would like me to call at Grosvenor Square; but, pray come and see me; here's my card to remind you; you must dine at our mess. Such nice fellows. What day will you fix?"

"I will call and let you know. Don't you find it rather expensive in the Guards? I remember that you thought the Governor, as you call him, used to chafe a little when you wrote for more pocket-money; and the only time I ever remember to have seen you with tears in your eyes, was when Mr. Hazeldean, in sending you £5, reminded you that his estates were not entailed—were at his own disposal, and they should never go to an extravagant spendthrift. It was not a pleasant threat, that, Frank."

"Oh!" cried the young man, coloring deeply, "it was not the threat that pained me, it was that my father could think so meanly of me as to fancy that—well—well, but those were schoolboy days. And my father was always more generous than I deserved. We must see a good deal of each other, Randal. How good-natured you were at Eton, making my longs and shorts for me; I shall never forget it. Do call soon."

Frank swung himself into his saddle, and rewarded the slim youth with half-a-crown; a largess four times more ample than his father would have deemed sufficient. A jerk of the reins and a touch of the heel—off bounded the fiery horse and the gay young rider. Randal mused; and as the rain had now ceased, the passengers under shelter dispersed and went their way. Only Randal, Leonard, and Helen remained behind. Then, as Randal, still musing, lifted his eyes, they fell full upon Leonard's face. He started, pass-

ed his hand quickly over his brow—looked again, hard and piercingly; and the change in his pale cheek to a shade still paler—a quick compression and nervous gnawing of his lip—showed that he too had recognized an old foe. Then his glance ran over Leonard's dress, which was somewhat dust-stained, but far above the class amongst which the peasant was born. Randal raised his brows in surprise, and with a smile slightly supercilious—the smile stung Leonard; and with a slow step Randal left the passage, and took his way towards Grosvenor Square. The Entrance of Ambition was clear to *him*.

Then the little girl once more took Leonard by the hand, and led him through rows of humble, obscure, dreary streets. It seemed almost like an allegory personified, as the sad, silent child led on the penniless and low-born adventurer of genius by the squalid shops, and through the winding lanes, which grew meaner and meaner, till both their forms vanished from the view.

CHAPTER X.

"But do come; change your dress, return and dine with me; you will have just time, Harley. You will meet the most eminent men of our party; surely they are worth your study, philosopher that you affect to be."

Thus said Audley Egerton to Lord L'Estrange, with whom he had been riding (after the toils of his office.) The two gentlemen were in Audley's library. Mr. Egerton, as usual, buttoned up, seated in his chair, in the erect posture of a man who scorns "inglorious ease." Harley, as usual, thrown at length on a sofa, his long hair in careless curls, his neckcloth loose, his habiliments flowing—*simplex munditiis*, indeed—his grace all his own; seemingly negligent, never slovenly; at ease every where and with every one, even with Mr. Audley Egerton, who chilled or awed the ease out of most people.

"Nay, my dear Audley, forgive me. But your eminent men are all men of one idea, and that not a diverting one—politics! politics! politics! The storm in the saucer."

"But what is your life, Harley?—the saucer without the storm?"

"Do you know, that's very well said, Audley? I did not think you had so much liveliness of repartee. Life—life! it is insipid, it is shallow. No launching Argosies in the saucer. Audley, I have the oddest fancy—"

"*That* of course," said Audley drily; "you never have any other. What is the new one?"

Harley, (with great gravity.)—"Do you believe in Mesmerism?"

Audley.—"Certainly not."

Harley.—"If it were in the power of an animal magnetizer to get me out of my own skin into somebody else's! *That's* my fancy! I am so tired of myself—so tired! I have run through all my ideas—know every one of them by heart; when some pretentious imposter of an idea perks itself up and says, 'Look at me, I'm a new acquaintance'—I just give it a nod, and say, 'Not at all, you have only got a new coat on; you are the same old wretch that has bored me these last twenty years; get away.' But if one could be in a new skin! if I could be for half an hour your tall porter, or one of your eminent matter-of-fact men, I should then really travel into a new world.* Every man's brain must be a world in itself, eh? If I could but make a parochial settlement even in yours, Audley—run over all your thoughts and sensations. Upon my life, I'll go and talk to that French mesmerizer about it."

Audley, (who does not seem to like the notion of having his thoughts and sensations rummaged even by his friend, and even in fancy.)—"Pooh, pooh, pooh! Do talk like a man of sense."

Harley.—"Man of sense! Where shall I find a model! I don't know a man of sense!—never met such a creature. Don't believe it ever existed. At one time I thought Socrates must have been a man of sense;—a delusion; he would stand gazing into the air, and talking to his Genius from sunrise to sunset. Is that like a man of sense? Poor Audley, how puzzled he looks! Well, I'll try and talk sense to oblige you. And first, (here Harley raised himself on his elbow)—first, is it true, as I have heard vaguely, that you are paying court to the sister of that infamous Italian traitor?"

"Madame di Negra? No; I am not paying *court* to her," answered Audley with a cold smile. "But she is very handsome; she is very clever; she is useful to me—I need not say how or why; that belongs to my *métier* as politician. But, I think, if you will take my advice, or get your friend to take it, I could obtain from her brother, through my influence with her, some liberal concessions to your exile. She is very anxious to know where he is."

"You have not told her?"

"No; I promised you I would keep that secret."

"Be sure you do; it is only for some mischief, some snare, that she could desire such information. Concessions! pooh! This is no question of concessions, but of rights."

"I think you should leave your friend to judge of that."

"Well, I will write to him. Meanwhile, beware of this woman. I have heard much of her abroad, and she has the character of her brother for duplicity and—"

"Beauty," interrupted Audley, turning the

* If, at the date in which Lord L'Estrange held this conversation with Mr. Egerton, Alfred de Musset had written his comedies, we should suspect that his lordship had plagiarized from one of them the whimsical idea that he here vents upon Audley. In repeating it, the author at least cannot escape from the charge of obligation to a writer whose humor, at least, is sufficiently opulent to justify the loan.

conversation with practised adroitness. "I am told that the Count is one of the handsomest men in Europe, much handsomer than his sister still, though nearly twice her age. Tut—tut—Harley! fear not for me. I am proof against all feminine attractions. This heart is dead."

"Nay, nay; it is not for you to speak thus—leave that to me. But even *I* will not say it. The heart never dies. And you; what have you lost?—a wife; true: an excellent noble-hearted woman. But was it love that you felt for her? Enviable man, have you ever loved?"

"Perhaps not, Harley," said Audley, with a sombre aspect, and in dejected accents; "very few men ever have loved, at least as you mean by the word. But there are other passions than love that kill the heart, and reduce us to mechanism."

While Egerton spoke, Harley turned aside, and his breast heaved. There was a short silence. Audley was the first to break it.

"Speaking of my lost wife, I am sorry that you do not approve what I have done for her young kinsman, Randal Leslie."

Harley, (recovering himself with an effort.)—"Is it true kindness to bid him exchange manly independence for the protection of an official patron?"

Audley.—"I did not bid him. I gave him his choice. At his age I should have chosen as he has done."

Harley.—"I trust not; I think better of you. But answer me one question frankly, and then I will ask another. Do you mean to make this young man your heir?"

Audley, (with a slight embarrassment.)—"Heir, pooh! I am young still. I may live as long as he—time enough to think of that."

Harley.—"Then now to my second question. Have you told this youth plainly that he may look to you for influence, but not for wealth?"

Audley, (firmly.)—"I think I have; but I shall repeat it more emphatically."

Harley.—"Then I am satisfied as to your conduct, but not as to his. For he has too acute an intellect not to know what it is to forfeit independence; and, depend upon it, he has made his calculations, and would throw you into the bargain in any balance that he could strike in his favor. You go by your experience in judging men—I by my instincts. Nature warns us as it does the inferior animals—only we are too conceited, we bipeds, to heed her. My instincts of soldier and gentleman recoil from that old young man. He has the soul of the Jesuit. I see it in his eye—I hear it in the tread of his foot; *volto sciolto*, he has not; *i pensieri stretti* he has. Hist! I hear now his step in the hall. I should know it from a thousand. That's his very touch on the handle of the door."

Randal Leslie entered. Harley—who, despite his disregard for forms and his dislike to Randal, was too high-bred not to be polite to his junior in age or inferior in rank—rose and bowed. But his bright piercing eyes did not soften as they caught and bore down the deeper and more latent fire in Randal's. Harley then did not resume his seat, but moved to the mantel-piece, and leant against it.

Randal.—"I have fulfilled your commissions, Mr. Egerton. I went first to Maida Hill, and saw Mr. Burley. I gave him the check, but he said it was too much, and he should return half to the banker; he will write the article as you suggested. I then—"

Audley.—"Enough, Randal. We will not fatigue Lord L'Estrange with these little details of a life that displeases him—the life political."

Harley.—"But *these* details do not displease me—they reconcile me to my own life. Go on, pray, Mr. Leslie."

Randal had too much tact to need the cautioning glance of Mr. Egerton. He did not continue, but said, with a soft voice, "Do you think, Lord L'Estrange, that the contemplation of the mode of life pursued by others *can* reconcile a man to his own, if he had before thought it needed a reconciler?"

Harley looked pleased, for the question was ironical; and, if there was a thing in the world he abhorred, it was flattery.

"Recollect your Lucretius, Mr. Leslie, *Suave mare*, &c., 'pleasant from the cliff to see the mariners tossed on the ocean.' Faith, I think that sight reconciles one to the cliff—though, before, one might have been teased by the splash from the spray, and deafened by the scream of the sea-gulls. But I leave you, Audley. Strange that I have heard no more of my soldier. Remember I have your promise when I come to claim it. Good-bye, Mr. Leslie, I hope that Mr. Burley's article will be worth the—check."

Lord L'Estrange mounted his horse, which was still at the door, and rode through the Park. But he was no longer now unknown by sight. Bows and nods saluted him on every side.

"Alas, I am found out, then," said he to himself. "That terrible Duchess of Knaresborough, too—I must fly my country." He pushed his horse into a canter, and was soon out of the Park. As he dismounted at his father's sequestered house, you would have hardly supposed him the same whimsical, fantastic, but deep and subtle humorist that delighted in perplexing the material Audley. For his expressive face was unutterably serious. But the moment he came into the presence of his parents, the countenance was again lighted and cheerful. It brightened the whole room like sunshine.

CHAPTER XI.

"Mr. Leslie," said Egerton, when Harley had left the library, "you did not act with

your usual discretion in touching upon matters connected with politics in the presence of a third party."

"I feel that already, sir. My excuse is, that I held Lord L'Estrange to be your most intimate friend."

"A public man, Mr. Leslie, would ill serve his country if he were not especially reserved towards his private friends,—when they do not belong to his party."

"But, pardon me my ignorance; Lord Lansmere is so well known to be one of your supporters that I fancied his son must share his sentiments, and be in your confidence."

Egerton's brows slightly contracted, and gave a stern expression to a countenance always firm and decided. He however answered in a mild tone.

"At the entrance into political life, Mr. Leslie, there is nothing in which a young man of your talents should be more on his guard than thinking for himself. He will nearly always think wrong. And I believe that is one reason why young men of talent disappoint their friends, and—remain so long out of office."

A haughty flush passed over Randal's brow, and faded away quickly. He bowed in silence.

Egerton resumed, as if in explanation, and even in kindly apology—

"Look at Lord L'Estrange himself. What young man could come into life with brighter auspices? Rank, wealth, high animal spirits, (a great advantage those same spirits, Mr. Leslie,) courage, self-possession, scholarship as brilliant perhaps as your own; and now see how his life is wasted! Why? He always thought fit to think for himself. He could never be broken into harness, and never will be. The state coach, Mr. Leslie, requires that all the horses should pull together."

"With submission, sir," answered Randal, "I should think that there were other reasons why Lord L'Estrange, whatever be his talents—and indeed of these you must be an adequate judge—would never do any thing in public life."

"Ay, and what?" said Egerton, quickly.

"First," said Randal, shrewdly, "private life has done too much for him. What could public life give to one who needs nothing? Born at the top of the social ladder, why should he put himself voluntarily at the last step, for the sake of climbing up again? And secondly, Lord L'Estrange seems to me a man in whose organization *sentiment* usurps too large a share for practical existence."

"You have a keen eye," said Audley, with some admiration; "keen for one so young. Poor Harley!"

Mr. Egerton's last words were said to himself. He resumed quickly—

"There is something on my mind, my young friend. Let us be frank with each other. I placed before you fairly the advantages and disadvantages of the choice I gave you. To take your degree with such honors as no doubt you would have won, to obtain your fellowship, to go to the bar, with those credentials in favor of your talents—this was one career. To come at once into public life, to profit by my experience, avail yourself of my interest, to take the chances of rise or fall with a party—this was another. You chose the last. But, in so doing, there was a consideration which might weigh with you; and on which, in stating your reasons for your option, you were silent."

"What's that, sir?"

"You might have counted on my fortune should the chances of party fail you;—speak—and without shame if so; it would be natural in a young man, who comes from the elder branch of the house whose heiress was my wife."

"You wound me, Mr. Egerton," said Randal, turning away.

Mr. Egerton's cold glance followed Randal's movement; the face was hid from the glance—it rested on the figure, which is often as self-betraying as the countenance itself. Randal baffled Mr. Egerton's penetration—the young man's emotion might be honest pride, and pained and generous feeling; or it might be something else. Egerton continued slowly.

"Once for all then, distinctly and emphatically, I say—never count upon that; count upon all else that I can do for you, and forgive me, when I advise harshly or censure coldly; ascribe this to my interest in your career. Moreover, before decision becomes irrevocable, I wish you to know practically all that is disagreeable or even humiliating in the first subordinate steps of him who, without wealth or station, would rise in public life. I will not consider your choice settled, till the end of a year at least—your name will be kept on the college books till then; if, on experience, you should prefer to return to Oxford, and pursue the slower but surer path to independence and distinction, you can. And now give me your hand, Mr. Leslie, in sign that you forgive my bluntness;—it is time to dress."

Randal, with his face still averted, extended his hand. Mr. Egerton held it a moment, then dropping it, left the room. Randal turned as the door closed. And there was in his dark face a power of sinister passion, that justified all Harley's warnings. His lips moved, but not audibly; then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he followed Egerton into the Hall.

"Sir," said he, "I forgot to say that on returning from Maida Hill, I took shelter from the rain under a covered passage, and there I met unexpectedly with your nephew, Frank Hazeldean."

"Ah!" said Egerton indifferently, "a fine young man; in the Guards. It is a pity that

my brother has such antiquated political notions; he should put his son into parliament, and under my guidance; I could push him. Well, and what said Frank?"

"He invited me to call on him. I remember that you once rather cautioned me against too intimate an acquaintance with those who have not got their fortune to make."

"Because they are idle, and idleness is contagious. Right—better not be intimate with a young Guardsman."

"Then you would not have me call on him, sir? We were rather friends at Eton; and if I wholly reject his overtures, might he not think that you—"

"I!" interrupted Egerton. "Ah, true; my brother might think I bore him a grudge; absurd. Call then, and ask the young man here. Yet still, I do not advise intimacy.

Egerton turned into his dressing-room. "Sir," said his valet, who was in waiting, "Mr. Levy is here—he says, by appointment; and Mr. Grinders is also just come from the country."

"Tell Mr. Grinders to come in first," said Egerton, seating himself. "You need not wait; I can dress without you. Tell Mr. Levy I will see him in five minutes."

Mr. Grinders was steward to Audley Egerton.

Mr. Levy was a handsome man, who wore a camelia in his button-hole—drove, in his cabriolet, a high stepping horse that had cost £200: was well known to young men of fashion, and considered by their fathers a very dangerous acquaintance.

CHAPTER XII.

As the company assembled in the drawing-rooms, Mr. Egerton introduced Randal Leslie to his eminent friends in a way that greatly contrasted the distant and admonitory manner which he had exhibited to him in private. The presentation was made with that cordiality, and that gracious respect by which those who are in station command notice for those who have their station yet to win.

"My dear Lord, let me introduce to you a kinsman of my late wife's (in a whisper)—the heir to the elder branch of her family. Stranmore, this is Mr. Leslie, of whom I spoke to you. You, who were so distinguished at Oxford, will not like him the worse for the prizes he gained there. Duke, let me present to you, Mr. Leslie. The duchess is angry with me for deserting her balls; I shall hope to make my peace, by providing myself with a younger and livelier substitute. Ah, Mr. Howard, here is a young gentleman just fresh from Oxford, who will tell us all about the new sect springing up there. He has not wasted his time on billiards and horses."

Leslie was received with all that charming courtesy which is the *To Kalon* of an aristocracy.

After dinner, conversation settled on politics. Randal listened with attention and in silence, till Egerton drew him gently out; just enough, and no more—just enough to make his intelligence evident, without subjecting him to the charge of laying down the law. Egerton knew how to draw out young men—a difficult art. It was one reason why he was so peculiarly popular with the more rising members of his party.

The party broke up early.

"We are in time for Almack's," said Egerton, glancing at the clock, "and I have a voucher for you; come."

Randal followed his patron into the carriage. By the way, Egerton thus addressed him—

"I shall introduce you to the principal leaders of society; know them and study them; I do not advise you to attempt to do more—that is, to attempt to become the fashion. It is a very expensive ambition; some men it helps, most men it ruins. On the whole, you have better cards in your hands. Dance or not, as it pleases you—don't flirt. If you flirt, people will inquire into your fortune—an inquiry that will do you little good; and flirting entangles a young man into marrying. That would never do. Here we are."

In two minutes more they were in the great ball-room, and Randal's eyes were dazzled with the lights, the diamonds, the blaze of beauty. Audley presented him in quick succession to some dozen ladies, and then disappeared amidst the crowd. Randal was not at a loss; he was without shyness; or if he had that disabling infirmity, he concealed it. He answered the languid questions put to him, with a certain spirit that kept up talk, and left a favorable impression of his agreeable qualities. But the lady with whom he got on the best, was one who had no daughters out, a handsome and witty woman of the world—Lady Frederick Coniers.

"It is your first ball at Almack's, then, Mr. Leslie?"

"My first."

"And you have not secured a partner? Shall I find you one? What do you think of that pretty girl in pink?"

"I see her—but I cannot *think* of her."

"You are rather, perhaps, like a diplomatist in a new court, and your first object is to know who is who."

"I confess that on beginning to study the history of my own day, I should like to distinguish the portraits that illustrate the memoir."

"Give me your arm, then, and we will come into the next room. We shall see the different *notabilités* enter one by one, and observe without being observed. This is the least I can do for a friend of Mr. Egerton's."

"Mr. Egerton, then," said Randal,—(as they threaded their way through the space

without the rope that protected the dancers) —"Mr. Egerton has had the good fortune to win your esteem, even for his friends, however obscure!"

"Why, to say truth, I think no one whom Mr. Egerton calls his friend need long remain obscure, if he has the ambition to be otherwise. For Mr. Egerton holds it a maxim never to forget a friend, nor a service."

"Ah, indeed!" said Randal, surprised.

"And, therefore," continued Lady Frederick, "as he passes through life, friends gather round him. He will rise even higher yet. Gratitude, Mr. Leslie, is a very good policy."

"Hem," muttered Mr. Leslie.

They had now gained the room where tea and bread and butter were the homely refreshments to the *habitués* of what at that day was the most exclusive assembly in London. They ensconced themselves in a corner by a window, and Lady Frederick performed her task of cicerone with lively ease, accompanying each notice of the various persons who passed panoramically before them with sketch and anecdote, sometimes good-natured, generally satirical, always graphic and amusing.

By-and-by Frank Hazeldean, having on his arm a young lady of haughty air, and with high though delicate features, came to the tea-table.

"The last new Guardsman," said Lady Frederick; "very handsome, and not yet quite spoiled. But he has got into a dangerous set."

Randal.—"The young lady with him is handsome enough to be dangerous."

Lady Frederick, (laughing.)—"No danger for him there,—as yet at least. Lady Mary (the duke of Knaresborough's daughter) is only in her second. The first year, nothing under an earl; the second, nothing under a baron. It will be full four years before she comes down to a commoner. Mr. Hazeldean's danger is of another kind. He lives much with men who are not exactly *mauvais ton*, but certainly not of the best taste. Yet he is very young; he may extricate himself —leaving half his fortune behind him. What, he nods to you! You know him?"

"Very well; he is nephew to Mr. Egerton."

"Indeed! I did not know that. Hazeldean is a new name in London. I heard his father was a plain country gentleman, of good fortune, but not that he was related to Mr. Egerton.

"Half-brother."

"Will Mr. Egerton pay the young gentleman's debts? He has no sons himself."

Randal.—"Mr. Egerton's fortune comes from his wife, from my family—from a Leslie, not from a Hazeldean."

Lady Frederick turned sharply, looked at Randal's countenance with more attention than she had yet vouchsafed to it, and tried to talk of the Leslies. Randal was very short there.

An hour afterwards, Randal, who had not danced, was still in the refreshment room, but Lady Frederick had long quitted him. He was talking with some old Etonians who had recognized him, when there entered a lady of very remarkable appearance, and a murmur passed through the room as she appeared.

She might be three or four and twenty. She was dressed in black velvet, which contrasted with the alabaster whiteness of her throat and the clear paleness of her complexion, while it set off the diamonds with which she was profusely covered. Her hair was of the deepest jet, and worn simply braided. Her eyes, too, were dark and brilliant, her features regular and striking; but their expression, when in repose, was not prepossessing to such as love modesty and softness in the looks of woman. But when she spoke and smiled, there was so much spirit and vivacity in the countenance, so much fascination in the smile, that all which might before have marred the effect of her beauty, strangely and suddenly disappeared.

"Who is that very handsome woman?" asked Randal.

"An Italian—a Marchesa something," said one of the Etonians.

"Di Negra," suggested another, who had been abroad; "she is a widow; her husband was of the great Genoese family of Negra —a younger branch of it."

Several men now gathered thickly around the fair Italian. A few ladies of the highest rank spoke to her, but with a more distant courtesy than ladies of high rank usually show to foreigners of such quality as Madame di Negra. Ladies of a rank less elevated seemed rather shy of her;—that might be from jealousy. As Randall gazed at the Marchesa with more admiration than any woman, perhaps, had before excited in him, he heard a voice near him say—

"Oh, Madame di Negra is resolved to settle amongst us, and marry an Englishman."

"If she can find one sufficiently courageous," returned a female voice.

"Well, she is trying hard for Egerton, and he has courage enough for any thing."

The female voice replied with a laugh, "Mr. Egerton knows the world too well, and has resisted too many temptations, to be—"

"Hush!—there he is."

Egerton came into the room with his usual firm step and erect mien. Randal observed that a quick glance was exchanged between him and the Marchesa; but the Minister passed her by with a bow.

Still Randal watched, and, ten minutes afterwards, Egerton and the Marchesa were seated apart in the very same convenient nook that Randal and Lady Frederick had occupied an hour or so before.

"Is this the reason why Mr. Egerton so insultingly warns me against counting on his fortune?" muttered Randal. "Does he mean to marry again?"

Unjust suspicion!—for, at that moment these were the words that Audley Egerton was dropping forth from his lips of bronze—

"Nay, dear Madam, do not ascribe to my frank admiration more gallantry that it merits. Your conversation charms me, your beauty delights me; your society is as a holiday that I look forward to in the fatigues of my life. But I have done with love, and I shall never marry again."

"You almost pique me into trying to win, in order to reject you," said the Italian, with a flash from her bright eyes.

"I defy even you," answered Audley, with his cold hard smile. "But to return to the point: You have more influence at least over this subtle Ambassador; and the secret we speak of I rely on you to obtain me. Ah, Madam, let us rest friends. You see I have conquered the unjust prejudice against you; you are received and *feted* every where, as becomes your birth and your attractions. Rely on me ever, as I on you. But I shall excite too much envy if I stay here longer, and am vain enough to think that I may injure you if I provoke the gossip of the ill-natured. As the avowed friend, I can serve you—as the supposed lover, No—" Audley rose, as he said this, and, standing by the chair, added carelessly, "Apropos, the sum you do me the honor to borrow will be paid to your bankers to-morrow."

"A thousand thanks!—my brother will hasten to repay you."

Audley bowed. "Your brother, I hope, will repay me in person, not before. When does he come?"

"Oh, he has again postponed his visit *to* London; he is so much needed in Vienna. But while we are talking of him, allow me to ask if Lord L'Estrange is indeed still so bitter against that poor brother of mine?"

"Still the same!"

"It is shameful," cried the Italian with warmth; "what has my brother ever done to him, that he should intrigue against the Count in his own court?"

"Intrigue! I think you wrong Lord L'Estrange; he but represented what he believed to be the truth, in defence of a ruined exile."

"And you will not tell me where that exile is, or if his daughter still lives?"

"My dear Marchesa, I have called you friend, therefore, I will not aid L'Estrange to injure you or yours. But I call L'Estrange a friend also; and I cannot violate the trust that—" Audley stopped short, and bit his lip. "You understand me," he resumed, with a genial smile, and took his leave.

The Italian's brows met as her eye followed him; then, as she too rose, that eye encountered Randal's. Each surveyed the other—each felt a certain strange fascination—a sympathy—not of affection, but of intellect.

"That young man has the eye of an Italian," said the Marchesa to herself; and as she passed by him into the ball-room, she turned and smiled.

From the London Examiner.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION AT WARSAW.

NICHOLAS AND NESSELRODE.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

NICHOLAS.—God fights for us visibly. You look grave, Nesselrode! is it not so? Speak, and plainly.

Nesselrode.—Sire, in my humble opinion, God never fights at all.

Nicholas.—Surely he fought for Israel, when he was invoked by prayer.

Nesselrode.—Sire, I am no theologian; and I fancy I must be a bad geographer, since I never knew of a nation which was not Israel when it had a mind to shed blood and to pray. To fight is an exertion, is violence; the Deity in His omnipotence needs none. He has devils and men always in readiness for fighting; and they are the instruments of their own punishment for their past misdeeds.

Nicholas.—The chariots of God are numbered by thousands in the volumes of the Psalmist.

Nesselrode.—No psalmist, or engineer, or commissary, or arithmetician, could enumerate the beasts that are harnessed to them, or the fiends that urge them on.

Nicholas.—Nesselrode! you grow more and more serious.

Nesselrode.—Age, sire, even without wisdom, makes men serious whether they are inclined or not. I could hardly have been so long conversant in the affairs of mankind (all which in all quarters your majesty superintends and directs) without much cause for seriousness.

Nicholas.—I feel the consciousness of Supreme Power, but I also feel the necessity of subordinate help.

Nesselrode.—Your majesty is the first monarch, since the earlier Cæsars of Imperial Rome, who could control, directly or indirectly, every country in our hemisphere, and thereby in both.

Nicholas.—There are some who do not see this.

Nesselrode.—There were some, and they indeed the most acute and politic of mankind, who could not see the power of the Macedonian king until he showed his full height upon the towers of Cheronœa. There are some at this moment in England who disregard the admonitions of the most wary and experienced general of modern times, and listen in preference to babblers holding forth on economy and peace from slippery sacks of cotton and wool.

Nicholas.—Hush! hush! these are our men; what should we do without them? A single one of them in the parliament or town-hall is worth to me a regiment of cuirassiers. These are the true bullets with conical heads which carry far and sure. Hush! hush!

Nesselrode.—They do not hear us: they

do not hear Wellington: they would not hear Nelson were he living.

Nicholas.—No other man that ever lived, having the same power in his hands, would have endured with the same equanimity as Wellington, the indignities he suffered in Portugal; superseded in the hour of victory by two generals, one upon another, like marsh frogs; people of no experience, no ability. He might have become king of Portugal by compromise, and have added Gallicia and Biscay.

Nesselrode.—The English, out of parliament, are delicate and fastidious. He would have thought it dishonorable to profit by the indignation of his army in the field, and of his countrymen at home. Certainty that Bonaparte would attempt to violate any engagement with him might never enter into the computation; for Bonaparte could less easily drive him again out of Portugal than he could drive the usurper out of Spain. We ourselves should have assisted him actively; so would the Americans; for every naval power would be prompt at diminishing the preponderance of the English. Practicability was here with Wellington; but, endowed with a keener and a longer foresight than any of his contemporaries, he held in prospective the glory that awaited him, and felt conscious that to be the greatest man in England is somewhat more than to be the greatest in Portugal. He is universally called *the* duke; to the extinction or absorption of that dignity over all the surface of the earth: in Portugal he could only be called king of Portugal.

Nicholas.—Faith! that is little: it was not overmuch even before the last accession. I admire his judgment and moderation. The English are abstinent: they rein in their horses where the French make them fret and curvett. It displeases me to think it possible that a subject should ever become a sovran. We were angry with the Duke of Sudermania for raising a Frenchman to that dignity in Sweden, although we were willing that Gustavus, for offences and affronts to our family, should be chastized, and even expelled. Here was a bad precedent. Fortunately the boldest soldiers dismount from their chargers at some distance from the throne. What withholds them?

Nesselrode.—Spells are made of words. The word *service* among the military has great latent negative power. All modern nations, even the free, employ it.

Nicholas.—An excellent word indeed! It shows the superiority of modern languages over ancient; christian ideas over pagan; living similitudes of God over bronze and marble. What an escape had England from her folly, perversity, and injustice! Her admirals had the same wrongs to avenge: her fleets would have anchored in Ferrol and Coruna; thousands of volunteers from every part of both islands would have assembled round the same standard; and both Indies would have bowed before the conqueror. Who knows but that Spain herself might have turned to the same quarter, from the idiocy of Ferdinand, the immorality of Joseph, and the perfidy of Napoleon!

Nesselrode.—England seems to invite and incite, not only her colonies, but her commanders, to insurrection. Nelson was treated even more ignominiously than Wellington. A man equal in abilities and in energy to either met with every affront from the East India Company. After two such victories in succession as the Duke himself declared before the Lords that he had never known or read of, he was removed from the command of his army, and a general by whose rashness it was decimated was raised to the peerage. If Wellington could with safety have seized the supreme power in Portugal, Napier could with greater have accomplished it in India. The distance from home was farther; the army more confident; the allies more numerous, more unanimous. One avenger of *their* wrongs would have found a million avengers of *his*. Affghanistan, Cabul, and Scinde, would have united their acclamations on the Ganges: songs of triumph, succeeded by songs of peace, would have been chanted at Delhi, and have re-echoed at Samarcand.

Nicholas.—I am desirous that Persia and India should pour their treasures into my dominions. The English are so credulous as to believe that I intend, or could accomplish, the conquest of Hindostan. I want only the commerce; and I hope to share it with the Americans; not I indeed, but my successors. The possession of California has opened the Pacific and the Indian seas to the Americans, who must, within the lifetime of some now born, predominate in both. Supposing that emigrants to the amount of only a quarter of a million settle in the United States every year, within a century from the present day, their population must exceed three hundred millions. It will not extend from pole to pole, only because there will be room enough without it.

Nesselrode.—Religious wars, the most sanguinary of any, are stifled in the fields of agriculture; creeds are thrown overboard by commerce.

Nicholas.—Theological questions come at last to be decided by the broadsword; and the best artillery brings forward the best arguments. Montecuculi and Wallenstein were irrefragable doctors. Saint Peter was commanded to put up his sword; but the ear was cut off first.

Nesselrode.—The blessed saint's escape from capital punishment, after this violence, is among the greatest of miracles. Perhaps there may be a perplexity in the text. Had he committed so great a crime against a person so highly protected as one in the high-priest's household, he never would have lived long enough to be crucified at Rome, but would have carried his cross up to Calvary three

days after the offence. The laws of no country would tolerate it.

Nicholas.—How did he ever get to Rome at all? He must have been conveyed by an angel, or have slipt on a sudden into a railroad train, purposely and for the nonce provided. There is a controversy at the present hour about his delegated authority, and it appears to be next to certain that he never was in the capital of the west. It is my interest to find it decided in the negative. Successors to the emperors of the east, who sanctioned and appointed the earliest popes, as the bishops of Rome are denominated, I may again at my own good time claim the privilege and prerogative. The cardinals and their subordinates are extending their claws in all directions: we must throw these crabs upon their backs again.

Nesselrode.—Some among the Italians, and chiefly among the Romans, are venturing to express an opinion that there would be less of false religion, and more of true, if no priest of any description were left upon earth.

Nicholas.—Horrible! unless are exempted those of the venerable Greek church. All others worship graven images: we stick to pictures.

Nesselrode.—One scholar mentioned, not without an air of derision, that a picture had descended from heaven recently on the coast of Italy.

Nicholas.—Framed? varnisht? under glass? on panel? on canvas? What like?

Nesselrode.— The Virgin Mary, whatever made of.

Nicholas.—She must be ours then. She missed her road: she never would have taken her place among stocks and stones and blind worshipers. Easterly winds must have blown her toward a pestilential city, where at every street-corner is very significantly inscribed its true name at full length, *Immondezzaio*. But I hope I am guilty of no profaneness or infidelity when I express a doubt if every picture of the Blessed Virgin is sentient; most are; perhaps not every one. If they want her in England, as they seem to do, let them have her . . . unless it is the one that rolls the eyes: in that case I must claim her: she is too precious by half for papist or tractarian. I must order immediately these matters. No reasonable doubt can be entertained that I am the visible head of Christ's church. Theologians may be consulted in regard to St. Peter, and may discover a manuscript at Novgorod, stating his martyrdom there, and proving his will and signature.

Nesselrode.—Theologians may find perhaps in the *Revelations* some Beast foreshadowing your Majesty.

Nicholas.—How? sir! how?

Nesselrode.—Emperors and kings, we are taught, are designated as great beasts in the Holy Scriptures. . . (*Aside*) . . and elsewhere.

SECOND CONVERSATION.

Nicholas.—We have disposed of our brother, his Prussian Majesty, who appeared to be impress by the apprehension that a portion of his dominions was in jeopardy.

Nesselrode.—Possibly the scales of Europe are yet to be adjusted.

Nicholas.—When the winds blow high they must waver. Against the danger of contingencies, and in readiness to place my finger on the edge of one or other, it is my intention to spend in future a good part of my time at Warsaw, that city being so nearly central in my dominions. Good Nesselrode! there should have been a poet near you to celebrate the arching of your eyebrows. They suddenly dropt down again under the horizontal line of your Emperor's. Nobody ever stared in my presence; but I really do think you were upon the verge of it when I inadvertently said *dominions* instead of *dependencies*. Well, well: dependencies are dominions; and of all dominions they require the least trouble.

Nesselrode.—Your Majesty has found no difficulty with any, excepting the Circassians.

Nicholas.—The Circassians are the Normans of Asia; equally brave, more generous, more chivalrous. I am no admirer of military trinkets; but I have been surprised at the beauty of their chain-armor, the temper of their swords, the richness of hilt, and the gracefulness of baldric.

Nesselrode.—It is a pity they are not Christians and subjects of your Majesty.

Nicholas.—If they would become my subjects, I would let them, as I have let other Mahometans, become Christians at their leisure. We must brigade them before baptism.

Nesselrode.—It is singular that this necessity never struck those religious men who are holding peace conferences in various parts of Europe.

Nicholas.—One of them, I remember, tried to persuade the people of England that if the bankers of London would negotiate no loan with me I could carry on no war.

Nesselrode.—Wonderful! how ignorant are monied men of money matters. Your Majesty was graciously pleased to listen to my advice when hostilities seemed inevitable. I was desirous of raising the largest loan possible, that none should be forthcoming to the urgency of others. At that very moment your Majesty had in your coffers more than sufficient for the additional expenditure of three campaigns. Well may your Majesty smile at this computation, and at the blindness that suggested it. For never will your Majesty send an army into any part of Europe which shall not maintain itself there by its own prowess. Your cavalry will seize all the provisions that are not stored up within the fortresses; and in every army those are to be found who for a few thousand roubles are ready to blow up their ammunition-wagons. We know by name almost every discontented man in Europe.

Nicholas.—To obtain this information, my

yearly expenses do not exceed the revenues of half a dozen English bishops. Every *table-d'hôte* on the continent, you tell me, has one daily guest sent by me. Ladies in the higher circles have taken my presents and compliments, part in diamonds and part in smiles. An emperor's smiles are as valuable to them as theirs are to a cornet of dragoons. Spare nothing in the boudoir and you spare much in the field.

Nesselrode.—Such appears to have been the invariable policy of the Empress Catharine, now with God.

Nicholas.—My father of glorious memory was less observant of it. He had prejudices and dislikes; he expected to find every body a gentleman, even kings and ministers. If they were so, how could he have hoped to sway them? and how to turn them from the strait road into his?

Nesselrode.—Your Majesty is far above the influence of antipathies; but I have often heard your Majesty express your hatred, and sometimes your contempt, of Bonaparte.

Nicholas.—I hated him for his insolence, and I despised him alike for his cowardice and falsehood. Shame is the surest criterion of humanity. When one is wanting, the other is. The beasts never indicate shame in a state of nature; in society some of them acquire it; Bonaparte not. He neither blushed at repudiating a modest woman, nor at supplanting her by an immodest one. Holding a pistol to the father's ear, he ordered him to dismount from his carriage; to deliver up his ring, his watch, his chain, his seal, his knee-buckle; stripping off galloon from trouser, and presently trouser too: caught, pinioned, sentenced, he fell on both knees in the mud, and implored this poor creature's intercession to save him from the hangman. He neither blushed at the robbery of a crown nor at the fabrication of twenty. He was equally ungrateful in public life and in private. He banished Barras, who promoted and protected him: he calumniated the French admiral, whose fleet for his own safety he detained on the shores of Egypt, and the English admiral who defeated him in Syria with a tenth of his force. Baffled as he often was, and at last fatally, and admirably as in many circumstances he knew how to be a general, never in any did he know how to be a gentleman. He was fond of displaying the picklock keys whereby he found entrance into our cabinets, and of twitching the ears of his accomplices.

Nesselrode.—Certainly he was less as an emperor than as a soldier.

Nicholas.—Great generals may commit grievous and disastrous mistakes, but never utterly ruinous. Charles V., Gustavus Adolphus, Peter the Great, Frederic of Prussia, Prince Eugene, Marlborough, William, Wellington, kept their winnings, and never hazarded the last crown-piece. Bonaparte, when he had swept the tables, cried *double or quits.*

Nesselrode.—The wheel of Fortune is apt to make men giddier, the higher it rises and the quicklier it turns: sometimes it drops them on a barren rock, and sometimes on a treadmill. The nephew is more prudent than the uncle.

Nicholas.—You were extremely wise, my dear Nesselrode, in suggesting our idea to the French President, and in persuading him to acknowledge in the face of the world that he had been justly imprisoned by Louis Philippe for attempting to subvert the existing powers. Frenchmen are taught by this declaration what they may expect for a similar crime against his own pretensions. We will show our impartiality by an equal countenance and favor toward all parties. In different directions all are working out the design of God, and producing unity of empire "on earth as it is in heaven." Until this consummation there can never be universal or indeed any lasting peace.

Nesselrode.—This, lying far remote, I await your Majesty's commands for what is now before us. Your Majesty was graciously pleased to express your satisfaction at the manner in which I executed them in regard to the President of the French Republic.

Nicholas.—Republic indeed! I have ordered it to be a crime in France to utter this odious name. President forsooth! we have directed him hitherto; let him now keep his way. Our object was to stifle the spirit of freedom: we tossed the handkerchief to him, and he found the chloroform. Every thing is going on in Europe exactly as I desire; we must throw nothing in the way to shake the machine off the rail. It is running at full speed where no whistle can stop it. Every prince is exasperating his subjects, and exhausting his treasury in order to keep them under due control. What nation on the continent, mine excepted, can maintain for two years longer its present war establishment? And without this engine of coercion what prince can be the master of his people? England is tranquil at home; can she continue so when a foreigner would place a tiara over her crown, telling her who shall teach and what shall be taught. Principally, that where masses are not said for departed souls, better it would be that there were no souls at all, since they certainly must be damned. The school which doubts it is denounced as godless.

Nesselrode.—England, sire, is indeed tranquil at home; but that home is a narrow one, and extends not across the Irish channel. Every colony is dissatisfied and disturbed. No faith has been kept with any of them by the secretary now in office. At the Cape of Good Hope, innumerable nations, warlike and well-armed, have risen up simultaneously against her; and, to say nothing of the massacres in Ceylon, your Majesty well knows what atrocities her Commissioner has long exercised in the Seven Isles. England looks

on and applauds, taking a hearty draught of Lethe at every sound of the scourge.

Nicholas.—Nesselrode! You seem indignant. I see only the cheerful sparks of a fire at which our dinner is to be dressed; we shall soon sit down to it; Greece must not call me away until I rise from the dessert; I will then take my coffee at Constantinople. The crescent ere long will become the full harvest-moon. Our reapers have already the sickles in their hands.

Nesselrode.—England may grumble.

Nicholas.—So she will. She is as ready now to grumble as she formerly was to fight. She grumbles too early; she fights too late. Extraordinary men are the English. They raise the hustings higher than the throne; and, to make amends, being resolved to build a new palace, they push it under an old bridge. The Cardinal, in his way to the Abbey, may in part disrobe at it. Noble vestry-room! where many habiliments are changed. Capacious dovecote! where carrier-pigeons and fantails and croppers, intermingled with the more ordinary, bill and coo, ruffle and smoothen their feathers, and bend their versicolor necks to the same corn.

From Bentley's Miscellany for July.

LONDON, PARIS, AND NEW-YORK.

STANDING in the City Hall, New-York, and drawing from that point a circle whose radius shall be three miles, we embrace a population of three-quarters of a million. We say this at the outset, by way of securing respect for our theme.

New-York is a mere Jonah's gourd or Jack the Giant-killer's beanstalk compared with London. London was London when St. Paul was a prisoner in Rome, ten years before the destruction of Jerusalem. Sixteen hundred years afterwards, when New-York was but just named, London lost some seventy thousand inhabitants by the plague, and more than thirteen thousand houses by the Great Fire, and hardly missed them.

Before this period, however, the little Dutch town of Niew Amsterdam, called by the aborigines Manahatta, or Manhattan, had commenced a dozing existence, under the government of Walter the Doubter and Peter the Headstrong, celebrated by that great chronicler, Diedrich Knickerbocker. Some consider this a mythic period, and class the legends of Wilhelmus Van Kieft's wisdom, and Peter Stuyvesant's valor, with the stories of Romulus and Remus, and the Horatii and Curiatii. But to cast any doubt upon a historian like Knickerbocker—the Grote of colonial history—at once minute and philosophical, just and enthusiastic—is surely unwise. His picture of the portly burghers of Niew Amsterdam, their habits and manners, pursuits, politics, and laws, is verified by the impress left on their descendants. All the foreign floods that have swept over the city have not been able to wash out the footsteps of the original settlers; and Walter the Doubter and Peter the Headstrong still figure, it is said, in the Assembly of the City Fathers, though the voluminous nether habiliments, which characterized them of old, have dwindled to the modern pantaloon.

Casting our eyes backward for a moment, let us imagine the condition of things before English innovation had interfered with the quiet current of Dutch ideas in the metropolis of the West. "The modern spectator," says our historian, "who wanders through the streets of this populous city, can scarcely form an idea of their appearance in the primitive days of the Doubter. The grass grew quietly in the highways; bleating sheep and frolicksome calves sported about that verdant ridge where now the Broadway loungers take their morning stroll. The cunning fox and ravenous wolf skulked in the woods where now are to be seen the dens of the righteous fraternity of money-brokers. The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced the street. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors, and small windows on every floor; the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front, and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce weathercock, to let the family know which way the wind blew. The front door was never opened, except on marriages, funerals, New Year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion * * *. A passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms, and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of that day were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water; insomuch, that many of them grew to have webbed fingers like a duck. In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Fashionable parties were confined to the higher class, or *noblesse;* that is to say, such as kept their own cows or drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six; unless it was winter-time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. At these tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting or coquetting; no gambling of old ladies, nor chattering and romping of young ones; no self-satisfied strutting of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets," &c.

Speaking further of the ladies, Mr. Knickerbocker says: "Their hair, untortured by the abominations of art, was scrupulously pomatumed back from their foreheads with a candle, and covered with a little cap of quilt-

ed calico. Their petticoats of linsey-woolsey, were striped with a variety of gorgeous dyes, and all of their own manufacture. These were the honest days, in which every woman stayed at home, read the Bible, and wore pockets, and that too of a goodly size, fashioned with patch-work of many curious devices, and ostentatiously worn on the outside. Every good housewife made the clothes of her husband and family," &c.

Such and so homely was the germ of the present goodly town that sits, like a queen, throned between two mighty streams, with a magnificent bay at her feet. Marks of her Dutch origin were numerous a few years since, and are still to be found, though sparely. Of the national customs enumerated and described by the veracious Diedrich, we find at the present day but few. The last of the gable-fronted houses, with curious steps in the brickwork on the sides of the peak, disappeared some years since. Calves never frisk in Broadway now, though they sometimes pass through it tied in carts, in defiance of humanity and decency. The year of building is no longer written in iron on the fronts of the houses, for

"Panting Time toils after us in vain,"

and chronology is out of date. Large doors have now large windows to keep them company, and weather-cocks are rendered unnecessary by the arrival of vessels from some part of the earth with every wind that blows. The front door is now opened to every body but the master of the house, who goes out of it in the morning not to see it again till evening. The practice of daily inundation is now nearly limited to the street, since Kidderminster, Brussels, and Wilton, conspire to cover every inch of floor; but the annual house-cleaning is still in full vogue, and no amount of slop, discomfort, destruction, and self-sacrifice, is considered too great in the accomplishment of this civic festival. As to rising with the dawn, the citizen of to-day considers breakfast-time daybreak; and the dinner-hour is as various as the fluctuations of business and pleasure. "Fashionable society" has, at present, no very decided limits, as few of the inhabitants keep a cow, and many of the highest pretenders to *bon ton* do not drive their own wagons—getting home before dark! New-York ladies make a point of getting home before light; and if they assemble at three o'clock it is for a *déjeûner*, or a *matinée dansante*. As for Mr. Knickerbocker's further characterization of the genteel manners of the olden time, it would be unhandsome in us to pursue our counter-picture; but this we will say, in mere justice, and all joking aside, that there are no gambling ladies in New-York, either young or old.

Thinking of New-York in her early life, we were about to say that from 1614 to 1674 she was a mere shuttlecock between the Dutch and English; but the recollection that neither of the contending parties ever tossed her towards the other, spoiled our figure, and we find her more like the unfortunate baby whom it took all Solomon's wisdom to save from utter destruction between rival mothers. The Dutch certainly had the prior claim; but that circumstance, though something in a case of maternity, seems far from conclusive in the matter of adoption. The little Dutch city had accumulated a thousand inhabitants, and wrenched from the home government leave to govern itself, by the aid of a schout, burgomasters, and schepens, when King Charles II., of pious memory, coolly gave a grant of the entire province to his brother James, Duke of York, who forthwith proved his right (that of the strongest), and put an English governor in place of Peter Stuyvesant, called by Knickerbocker, "a tough, valiant, sturdy, weather-beaten, mettlesome, obstinate, leathern-sided, lion-hearted, generous-spirited old governor," who nearly burst with rage when obliged to sign the capitulation, and who finished by dying of sheer mortification on hearing that the combined English and French fleets had beaten the Dutch under De Ruyter. Nine years after, the tables were turned, and Dutch rule once more brought in sour-krout and oly-koeks; but, in 1674, New-York became English by treaty, and so remained until November, 1783.

Since that epoch, although growth and prosperity have been the general rule, yet the island city has had her ups and downs, by means of fire, pestilence, war, embargo, mobs, &c., quite enough to stimulate the energy of her sons and ripen the wisdom of her councils. In 1825, the completion of the Erie Canal, which united the Atlantic with the great lakes, gave a prodigious impulse to trade. In 1832 came the cholera, threatening utter desolation; and in 1835 a fire, which consumed property worth twenty millions of dollars. Yet, in 1842, the Great Aqueduct was finished, at a cost of thirteen million dollars. Thus much premised, let us look at New-York of to-day.

"She has no time
To looken backe, her eyne be fixed before."

In describing American towns, if we would make our picture a likeness, we must

"Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of the minute."

The New-York of 1851 resembles her of fifty years ago scarcely more than the West End of London resembles Birmingham or Bristol. In 1800, one might easily believe the old story, that the streets were originally laid out by the cows, as they went out to pasture and returned at evening. Streets running in all sorts of curves crossed each other at all conceivable angles, making a maze without a plan, through which strangers needed to drop beans, like the children in the fairy-tale, to avoid being wholly lost. Fortunately, the city is not very wide, so that Broadway, which always ran length-

wise through the centre, has served as a tolerable clue from the beginning. Great sacrifices have been made for the sake of regularity, and there is now a tolerable degree of it, even in the old, or south part of the city, cross streets running from Broadway to either river with an approach to parallelism. In the early time, the town presented no bad resemblance in shape to the phenomenon called a "mackerel sky," Broadway representing the spine, and the streets running to either river the ribs, while northward and southward was a tapering off; on the south, where the Battery juts into the bay, and on the north, where the uppermost houses gradually narrowed till Broadway came to an end, with few buildings on either side of it. But in these later days, when Knickerbocker limits no longer confine the heterogeneous thousands that have pushed the old race from their stools, sixteen great avenues, each a hundred feet wide, run parallel with Broadway and the rivers, cut at right angles by wide streets, lined with costly dwellings, churches, schools, and other edifices. As is usual in great commercial towns, the lowest portion of the population haunt the neighborhood of the wharfs; and, in New-York, the eastern side of the city in particular attracts this class. But, perhaps, no city of the size has fewer streets of squalid poverty, although the encouragement given to immigration is such that there must necessarily be great numbers of wretched immigrants who have neither the will nor the power to live by honest industry. It is in truth for this class of persons that hospitals and penitentiaries are here built, foreigners supplying at least nine-tenths of the inmates of those institutions in New-York.

As to clean and healthy streets, the upper and newer part of the city has, of course, the advantage. It is laid out with special attention to drainage, for which the ridged shape of the ground affords great facility; the island on which New-York is built being highest in the middle, and sloping off, east and west, towards the Hudson and East Rivers.

Manhattan island is about fourteen miles long, with an average breadth of one mile and a half, the greatest width being two and a half miles. At the southerly point of the island, where the Hudson unites with the strait called the East River, lies one of the finest harbors in the world, affording anchorage for ships of the largest size, and surrounded by cultivated land and elegant residences. Several fortified islands diversify this bay, and numerous forts occupy the points and headlands on either side. The general appearance of the bay is that of great beauty, of the milder sort. The shores are rather low, but finely wooded, and the approach to the city from the ocean very striking. The battery, a promenade covered with fine old trees, offers a rural front, but the forests of masts stretching far up either river attract the stranger's attention much more forcibly. The *coup d'œil* is here magnificent. Brooklyn, on Long Island, a large city, whose white columned streets gleam along the heights, giving a palatial grandeur to the view, is just opposite New-York, on the south-east, and divided from it by so narrow a strait that it appears more truly to be a part of it than the Surrey side of the Thames to belong to London, although the rush of commerce forbids bridges. On the west side, the banks of the Hudson are lined with towns, an outcrop of the central metropolis.

Entering the city from any quarter, we are sure to find ourselves in Broadway, long the pride of the inhabitants, though its glories are rather traditional than actual, as compared with the greatest thoroughfares of commerce in older cities. It extends, eighty feet in width, two miles and a half in a straight line, northward from the Battery; and then, making a slight deflection at Union Park, runs on, *ad infinitum*, though it is at present but sparely built after another mile or so. Nearly all the best shops in the retail trade are in this street, some of them comparable to the richest of London and Paris, and the whole affording means for every device of elegant decoration and boundless expenditure. Residences here are comparatively few, especially in the lower part, the din of business and the ceaseless thunder of omnibuses having driven far away every family that has the liberty of choice. Many churches still exist in Broadway, which, on Sunday, is as quiet as any other street. Other architectural decorations there are few. The City Hall, a costly building of white marble, too long and low to make a dignified appearance, but standing in a well-wooded park, of some eleven or twelve acres in extent, has a certain beauty, especially when seen gleaming through the spray of a fountain, which sends up a tall jet at some distance in front of the building. Farther on is a hospital, of rather ancient date for this western world—built in 1775, and now surrounded by venerable trees, and clothed in the richest ivy. After this, scarcely a break in the line of dazzling shops, until we reach the vicinity of Union Square, a pretty oval park, with a noble fountain in the midst, and lofty and handsome houses all round, situated on perhaps the highest ground on this part of the island. Half a mile beyond is Madison Square, a green expanse, about which wealthy citizens are now building elegant residences of brown freestone, with some attempt at architectural display. Near this, still northward, is the lower or distributing reservoir of the Croton Aqueduct, standing on high ground, and looking something like a fortress—no great ornament, perhaps, but an object of much interest.

Fifth Avenue, on the west of Broadway, stretching north from Washington Square—an inclosure of about ten acres, well planted

with elms and maples—it is the Belgravia of New-York—in the estimation of those who inhabit it; a paradise of marble, upholstery and cabinet work, at least; not much dignified, as yet, by works of high art, though the region boasts a few specimens, ancient and modern; but in luxury and extravagance emulating the repudiated aristocracy of the old world. This is, and is to be, a street of palaces and churches throughout its whole extent, always provided that the changeful current of Fashion do not set in some other direction too soon, carrying with it all the *millionaires* that are yet to arise within the century. In that event, the costly mansions of Fifth Avenue will inevitably become hotels and boarding-houses,—a reverse which so many grandly intended houses of older New-York have already experienced.

The distinction of East and West is as marked in New-York as in London, though for different reasons. In London, the prevalence of westerly winds drives the surge waves of coal-smoke eastward, blackening every thing; in New-York the western part of the town is cleaner, because newer and built on a better plan. Broadway is the dividing line; and it is a violent strain upon one's standing in fashionable life to live eastward of it, below Union Square, even in the most expensive style. But the eastward world has its own great thoroughfare, wider than Broadway, though not as long, running nearly parallel with the main artery of the grander world. The Bowery—so called when it was the high road leading through the public farms or *Bouweries*—is a sort of exaggerated Bishopsgate-street and Shoreditch united; more trades and callings, more articles offered for sale in the open air, more noise, more people, and at least as much natural, undisguised, vulgar life. A railway for horse-carriages passes through it, and hundreds of omnibuses and stage coaches, not to speak of carts and country wagons without number. A "rowdy" theatre or two, a hay-market, great clothing-shops, and livery-stables, a riding-school, an anatomical museum—such are its ornaments. Not a church countenances its entire length, nor any other public building aiming at elegance or dignity. The goods displayed in the windows are of a secondary quality, at best; and the people who throng the pavements are people who want second-rate articles. Yet the Bowery is worth walking through by a stranger, little as it is known or valued by the native citizen, whose lot has been cast in choicer neighborhood. The common pulse of humanity beats audibly and visibly there, wrapped in no cloak of convention or pseudo-refinement. The fundamental business of life is carried on there as being confessedly the main business; not, as in Broadway, as if it were a thing to be huddled into a corner to make way for the carved-work and gilding, the drapery and color of the great panorama. There is another reason why the Bowery has a claim on our attention. Strange as it may seem, it is from the people who haunt the Bowery that the United States take their character abroad. Foreigners insist upon considering the "Bowery b'hoys,"—a class at once an enigma and a terror to the greater portion of their fellow-citizens,—as distinctive specimens of Americanism, much to the horror of their more fastidious countrymen. This we think a great mistake, though truly there are worse people in the world than the "Bowery b'hoys," who are noted for a sort of *bonhommie*, in the midst of all their coarseness.

As to parks and public promenades, New-York is lamentably deficient—the whole space thus appropriated being hardly more than eighty acres, for the refreshment of a population which will soon cease to be counted by hundreds of thousands. "Eight million dollars worth of land," say the city fathers, "is as much as we can afford!" The penurious estimate which has resulted in this miserable deficiency has been long and ably combated by patriotic and clear-headed citizens, but their influence has as yet proved wholly unavailing. Public meetings have been now and then held, with a view of exciting a general interest in this important matter, but they invariably end in fruitless resolutions. The island still affords good sites for public gardens, but there is scarce a gleam of hope that any of them will be reserved. The few breathing spaces that now exist, are thronged, and by the very people who most need them—children and laboring people. The vicinity of the fountains is full of loiterers, quietly watching the play of the bright water, and growing, we may hope, milder and better by the gentle influence. At certain hours of the day whole troops of merry children, with their attendants, make the walks alive and resounding. The hoop, the ball, the velocipede, the skipping-rope, rejoice the grass and sunshine, and the eyes of the thoughtful spectator, who sees health in every bounding motion, and hears joy in every tiny shout. It is strange that the citizens do not, one and all, cry aloud for the easy and happy open-air extension of their too often crowded homes. London is the world's example in this thing.

A park suited to riding and driving is especially needed because of the wretched pavement which still disgraces the greater portion of New-York. The first thing that strikes an American returning from Europe is the inferiority of the pavements of the Atlantic cities; and New-York, in particular, is, in this respect, hardly a whit before the far-famed corduroy roads of the wild West. In 1846 a great improvement was begun, called, after the inventor, the Russ pavement, and thus far seeming to meet all the difficulties of the case, including the severe frosts and

sudden changes of the climate. The plan is, however, so expensive that it will probably be long before it is fully adopted. It requires square blocks of stone, about ten inches in depth, laid diagonally with the wheel-track, and resting on a substructure of concrete, which again rests upon a foundation of granite chips, the whole forming a consolidated mass, eighteen inches thick, so arranged as to be lifted in sections to afford access to the gas and water pipes. This has been largely tried in Broadway, and has stood the test for six years.

Foreigners are apt to complain, not only, as they justly may, of the bad pavements of New-York, but, somewhat unreasonably, of the obstructions in the street, caused by incessant building, laying pipes, &c. They say, "Will the city never be finished?" Not very soon, we think. It is difficult to do in fifty years the work of five hundred, without a good deal of bustle and inconvenience. Rapid growth in population and wealth necessitates continual improvement in accommodation. We may, indeed, be allowed to fret a little, when the street is for weeks or months encumbered by the building materials of a merchant, who sees fit to pull down a very good house in order to erect one that shall cost a quarter of a million, merely because his neighbor has contrived to outshine him in that particular. But when sewers and gas, and Croton water, are in question, we must not grumble. These great public blessings are spreading into every quarter, carrying health and decency with them. The great sewers are arched canals of hard brick, from three to nine feet in diameter, and laid in mortar in the most durable manner. Above them are the gas-pipes, an immense net-work; and nearly on a level with these last are the huge veins and arteries, by means of which the Croton supplies life and health to the inhabitants, once half-poisoned by water which shared every salt that enters into the subsoil of a great city. Analysis shows the Croton water to be of great purity —holding in solution the salts of lime and magnesia in proportions hardly appreciable, only about two and eight-tenths of a grain to the gallon. The river springs from granitic hills, and flows through a clear upland region, free from marsh, and covered with grazing farms.

When the Aqueduct was undertaken, New-York numbered but two hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants, so that the supply provided was a magnificent gift to the future. The work was completed within five years, years of great commercial difficulty; and what is more remarkable, the whole cost came *within* the estimate of the chief engineer. The abundance of water may be guessed from the fact that two of the city fountains throw away more water than would suffice for the consumption of a large city. The solidity of the structure is such that none but slight repair can be needed for centuries to come.*

This great work was opened, with appropriate ceremonies, and a splendid civic festival, on the 14th of October, 1842. The British consul, in accepting the invitation of the Common Council, to assist at this festival, justly remarked, "Tyrants have left monuments which call for admiration, but no similar work of a free people, for magnitude and utility, equals this great enterprise." Public feeling was very warm on this occasion. Of the procession of the trades, &c., which was three hours passing a given point, an enthusiastic citizen declared in print, that he "watched and scrutinized it closely, and could discover neither a drunkard nor a fool from first to last." It might be a difficult matter to decide on the moral and intellectual condition of the individuals composing such a procession, but we may concede that drunkards and fools are not the persons most likely to join in rejoicing for the introduction of pure water without stint or measure.

The great Aqueduct is forty-one miles in length, commencing with a dam across the Croton river, six miles above its mouth. This raises the water one hundred and sixty-six feet above tide level, forming a lake or reservoir of four hundred acres in extent, containing five hundred million gallons, above the level that would allow the Aqueduct to discharge thirty-five million gallons per day. From the Croton Dam to Harlem River, something less than thirty-three miles, the Aqueduct is an uninterrupted conduit of hydraulic masonry, of stone and brick; the greatest interior width, seven feet five inches; the greatest height, eight feet five inches; the floor an inverted arch. The commissioners and chief engineers passed through its whole length on foot, as soon as it was completed; and, when the water was admitted, traversed it again in a boat built for the purpose. It crosses the Harlem River by a bridge of stone, fourteen hundred and fifty feet long, and one hundred and fourteen feet above high-water mark. At the Receiving Reservoir forty miles from the Dam, the masonry gives place to iron pipes, through which the water is conveyed two miles further, to the distributing reservoir, from which point it runs, by means of several hundred miles of pipes, to every corner of the city. On the line of the Aqueduct are one hundred and fourteen culverts, and sixteen tunnels, and ventilators occur at the distance of one mile apart throughout the route. The Receiving Reservoir covers thirty-five acres, and contains one hundred and fifty million imperial gallons. The Distributing Reservoir has walls forty-nine feet in height, and contains twenty million gallons. The supply to each citizen is at present almost unlimited, and

* Among the causes of decay in the Roman aqueducts, was the strong concretion formed on the bottom and sides by matter deposited by the water. No such deposit is made by the water of the Croton.

afforded at a very moderate annual rate. The managers complain to the Common Council of the enormous waste during the summer, when "sixty imperial gallons each twenty-four hours to every inhabitant," are delivered. But even at this enormous rate the quantity is ample, and it can be increased at will by new reservoirs. No decent house is now constructed without a bath, an advantage to the health and comfort of the city, hardly to be overrated. Fountains adorn almost all the public places of any importance, and although in few instances as yet dignified by sculpture, these tastes and glimpses of Nature are in themselves invaluable, offering to the people at large a continual reminder of beauty, tranquillity, and innocent pleasure in the open air. There remains yet to be added those public vats for the use of poor women in washing, that may be found in so many European towns.

The facilities afforded by this abundance of water for the extinguishment of fires, are such as can hardly be over-rated. We have no space for details on this point, nor does it need. It will easily appear that with an unlimited supply of water, and plenty of fire-plugs, a few moments suffice to bring into action whatever is needed in case of conflagration—a glorious contrast to the tardy succor of former days, when water was laboriously pumped from the rivers on either side the city, and conveyed by means of hose to the scene of danger. The perfection of the London Fire Brigade is yet to be accomplished for New-York; but promptness, or rather zeal of service, distinguishes the corps of firemen, who make their business a passion, and the perfection of their instruments their pride and glory. They receive no remuneration except exemption from military and jury duty.

After these few words on the supply of pure and life-preserving water, we may turn, by no very violent transition, to the facilities extended by New-York to her children in the matter of education,—a point on which she is naturally and justly somewhat vain-glorious. The number of public, and absolutely free schools, is one hundred and ninety-nine; embracing fifteen schools for the instruction of colored children. More than one hundred thousand scholars attend in the course of the year; though the average for each day is something less than forty thousand. All is gratuitous at these schools—instruction, books, stationery, washing-apparatus, fuel, &c. Besides these, there are fifteen evening schools, for those who cannot avail themselves of the other public schools, and whose only leisure time is after the close of the labors of the day. The ages of the scholars in these schools vary from twelve to forty-five years.

This magnificent offer of instruction by the city to her children is confined to no class, country, sect, nor fortune. Every child, without exception, is received, taught, and furnished with all the requisites for a good school education. Not content with this, a free academy for the classics, modern languages, natural sciences, and drawing, was established in 1848, with fourteen professors, and proper appliances, including a handsome and commodious building. This academy receives male pupils from the common schools, after due examination; and retains them for a four years' course, or longer, if desirable. It is contemplated to establish a free high school for females, on a corresponding plan.

It is not to be supposed that the benefit of the public school system is shared only by the necessitous. The children of respectable citizens, of the plainer sort, make up a large part of the attendance. It is computed that only about twenty thousand children of both sexes are found in private schools. There are many free schools of private charity, some of which receive by law a certain share of public money, as the school of the House of Refuge, various orphan asylums, &c., including, in all, about three thousand five hundred children. The Roman Catholics have some free schools of their own, but most Roman Catholic children are educated at the public schools. The prodigious amount of immigration (on the day on which we write, we happen to know that the number of steerage passengers arrived in the city is seventeen hundred and seventy-nine, and, on another, within a week, three thousand)—makes this provision for education doubly important; since a large portion of the hordes thus emptied on these hospitable shores are entirely unable to pay any thing for the instruction of their children.

This fact gives added lustre to the no less munificent provision by the city for the gratuitous care of the sick and indigent—a care almost monopolized by foreigners, because comparatively few Americans are in a condition to need it. All accidental cases are provided for at the New-York Hospital; the attendant physicians and surgeons of which, selected from the most eminent of the profession, give their services without pecuniary remuneration. A branch of this institution is the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane. The New-York Dispensary provides some thirty thousand patients annually with advice, medicines, and vaccination, gratis. The Almshouse Department maintains five establishments, which, together, support about seven thousand persons, and afford weekly aid to some three thousand others. The Nursery Branch of this department maintains and instructs more than a thousand children of paupers and convicts. The Institution for the care of deaf mutes has about two hundred and fifty pupils, of whom one hundred and sixty are supported at the expense of the State. The Asylum for the Blind, originally established by a few members of the Society of Friends, has about one hundred and fifty

pupils. Besides these, private charity has opened refuges for almost every form of human misery and destitution, so that it may safely be said that no one of any age, sex, nation, or character *need* suffer, in New York, for lack of Christian kindness in its ordinary manifestations. Among these beneficent offers of relief and aid, we may mention one in particular, whose worth is not as fully appreciated by the public as that of some others, though none is more needed. The Prison Association takes care of the interests of accused persons, whose poverty and ignorance make them the easy prey of the designing and heartless; attends to them while in prison, and after their release, holds out the helping hand, and provides relief, occupation, and countenance for all those who are willing to reform. A house with matrons is provided for discharged female convicts, who are instructed and initiated into various modes of employment until they have had time to prove themselves fit to be recommended to places. The success of this most benign and difficult charity has been very encouraging.

It would be vain to attempt, in this desultory sketch, any account of the means of morals and religion in New-York. In these respects she differs but little from English commercial towns. The number of places of worship is something under three hundred, and each form of religious benevolence has its appropriate society, as elsewhere. Sabbath Schools are very popular, and attended by the children of the first citizens. An immense number of persons are associated as Sons and Daughters of Temperance, who present a strong front against that vice which turns the wise man into a fool. But as there is nothing distinctive in these and similar associations, we pass them by. A puritan tone of manners prevails; that is to say, with the mass of the well-to-do citizens, puritan manners are the beau-ideal of propriety and safety. Yet New-York is fast assuming a cosmopolitan tone which will make it difficult, before very long, to speak of any particular style of manners as prevailing. Representatives of every nation, and tongue, and kindred, and people, meeting on a footing of perfect equality of political advantages, must in time produce a social state, differing in some important particulars from any that the world has yet seen. The population of New-York will, at the past rate of increase, be in ten years greater than that of Paris, and in thirty equal to that of London. How can one speculate on a social state formed under such circumstances? The present aspect of what claims to be New-York society is certainly rather anomalous.

An exceptional American—John Quincy Adams—in some patriotic speech, mentioned, among other occasions of thankfulness to Heaven, that excellent gift, "a heritable habitation;" but there is nothing which the prosperous citizen of New-York so much despises. If he read Ruskin, he thinks the man benighted when he utters such sentiments as these: "There must be a strange dissolution of natural affection; a strange unthankfulness for all that homes have given and parents taught; a strange consciousness that we have been unfaithful to our father's honor, or that our lives are not such as would make our dwellings sacred to our children, when each man would fain build to himself, and build for the little revolution of his own life only * * * *. Our God is a household god, as well as a heavenly one. He has an altar in every man's dwelling; let men look to it when they rend it lightly, and pour out its ashes!"

If ever there were any substantial tenements of stone and brick on which might well be written the motto "Passing away!" it is those of the great commercial metropolis of the western world. The material substance is enduring enough to last many generations; their soul is a thing of the moment. After it has inhabited its proud apartments, and looked out of its beautiful windows for a few years, it departs, to return no more for ever, and its deserted home becomes at once the receptacle of a soul of lower grade, and its destiny is to pass down, and down, and down, in the scale, as time wears on, and "improvement" sanctifies new regions. One might suppose the pleasure and pride of building would be quite killed by the idea that as soon as one's head is laid in the dust, all the achievements of taste, all the devices of ingenious affection, all the personality, in short, of one's dwelling would be turned out to the gaze and comment of the curious world now so carefully shut out; exposed, depreciated, contemned, and sold to the highest bidder, under circumstances of inevitable degradation. But the ruling spirit of the New World progress seems to reconcile even the reflective to these things. They shrug their shoulders, and say it cannot be helped! Truly, these seem the days "when every man's aim is to be in some more elevated sphere than his natural one, and every man's past life is his habitual scorn; when men build in the hope of leaving the places they have built, and live in the hope of forgetting the years they have lived; when the comfort, the peace, and the religion of home have ceased to be felt." In these particulars, however, the severity of the New World is in a state of transition. Under circumstances so novel, it is not to be wondered at that no leisure has yet been found for the complete harmonization of the social theory in all its parts.

Whether the universal and incessant subdivision of estates will ever be found to allow the addition of the charm of poetic associations to the possession of wealth is a question not yet determined. When all passes under the hammer, what becomes of heir-looms,

and whatever else in which family life and interest are bound up? And why should splendor prepare for perpetuity when that which supports it is to be shared among half a dozen or a dozen descendants? Will a rich man be likely to collect works of art under the consciousness that, when "cutting up" time comes, not one of his children will probably be rich enough to retain possession of these treasures that bring no tangible income? Truly, republicans ought to be philosophers, caring only for things of highest moment, and capable of saying to all others—"Get ye behind me!"

But the denizens of New-York Belgravia are not philosophers, at least not philosophers of this stamp. Content with the good things of to-day, they leave the morrow to take care of itself; and many of them live in a style which, even to those who have seen European splendor, seems no less than superb. Their dwellings are unsurpassed in convenience of arrangement and luxury of appliance; their entertainments are of regal magnificence, so far as regal magnificence is purchasable; and for dress and equipage they pour out money like water. In cultivation and accomplishments, they are of course very unequal; for, in a country where the great field of competition has a thousand gates, all opened wide to all comers, and moneyed magnates come from every class in society, and bring with them, to the new sphere, just what of a strictly personal kind they possessed in the old. He that was refined is refined still, and he that was sordid is sordid still. If the gentleman enjoys the power of indulging his tastes, and choosing his pursuits, so does the vulgarian; and, unhappily, no Belgravia, English or American, has yet been found capable of inspiring its inmates with dignified tastes or elevated aims. There is no permanent nucleus of elegant society in New-York; no reservoir of indisputable social grace, from which succeeding sets and advancing circles can draw rules and imbibe tastes. There is not, even at any one time, an acknowledged first circle, to whose standard others are willing to refer. This being so, the most incongruous manners often encounter in the social arena; and it is only in very limited association that any appreciable degree of congeniality is expected. Wealth always fraternizes with wealth to a certain extent. The maxim announced here on a certain public occasion, that "the possession of wealth is always to be received as evidence of the possession of merit of some kind," is conscientiously acted upon; but beyond this, social affinity is very limited as yet. Conversation has no recognized place among accomplishments, and of course only a doubtful one among pleasures. Coteries are unknown, and the continual shifting of circles precludes the pleasure of long-ripened intellectual intercourse. Many there are who regret this state of things in a society in which there is in reality so great a share of general good feeling; but they are found not among the rich, who possess some of the means of remedying the evil, but among those who, removed from the temptations which riches, suddenly acquired, array against intellectual pleasures, lack, on the other hand, the means of uniting with those pleasures, the *agrémens* which are at the command of easy fortune. In Paris, intellect and cultivation can draw together those who value them, even though the place of meeting be a shabby house in the suburbs; in New-York it is not yet so, nor could it be expected. No social *posé* has yet been attained; and each is too much absorbed in making good his general claims to consideration, to have leisure for the calmer enjoyments that might be snatched during the contest. Ostentation is, as yet, too prominent in the entertainments of the rich; and the not rich, with republican pride, will rather renounce the pleasures and advantages of society than receive company in an inexpensive way. Even public amusements are not fashionable. Large numbers, it is true, attend them, but not of the fashionable classes. The Opera, alone, has a sort of popularity with these, but it is as an elegant lounger, and a chance of distinction from the vulgar. A low-priced opera, like those of the Continent, with music as the main object, and magnificent costume put out of the question by twilight houses, is yet to be tried in New-York. In the opinion of some, this is one day to be the touchstone of American musical taste. A passion for popular music the Americans certainly have. The Negro Melodists, numerous as they are, draw throngs every night; and their music, whether gay or sad, has all the charm that could be desired for the popular heart. But the people of any pretensions enjoy this kind of music, as it were by stealth, not considering that the pleasure it gives is in fact a test of its excellence. Many of the negro airs are worthy of symphonies and accompaniments by Beethoven or Schubert, but until they have been endorsed by science the New-Yorker would rather not be caught enjoying them.

If we should venture to suggest what it is that New-York society most lacks, we should say Courage—courage to enjoy and make the most of individual tastes and feelings. The spirit of imitation robs social life of all that is picturesque and poetical. Living for the eyes of our neighbors is stupefying and belittling. It gives an air of hollowness and tinsel to our homes, stealing even from the heartiness of affection, and sapping the disinterestedness of friendship. It tends to the general impoverishment of home-life, the privacy of which is the soil of originality and the nursery of accomplishments. It is hardly consistent with the pursuit of literature or art for its own sake, since a desire to do what others do, and avoid what others contemn, excludes private and independent

choice, except where the natural bias is irresistibly strong. There is, in truth, very little relish for home accomplishments in New-York. Music is too much a thing of exhibition, and drawing is scarcely practised at all. Two or three of the modern languages are taught at every fashionable school; but the use of these is seldom kept up in after life, even by reading. No people are so poorly furnished with foreign tongues as the Americans, and New-York forms no exception to the general remark.

We shall not venture to touch that most sensitive of all topics, native art, on which no opinion can be expressed with safety. Suffice it to say, that New-York has a National Academy of Design; the nucleus of a free gallery; an Art-Union, largely patronised; an Artists' Association, with a gallery of its own; and various exhibitions of European pictures. Lessing's Martyrdom of Huss has been for some time exhibiting in a collection of paintings of the Düsseldorf school. Statuary is as yet comparatively rare; for, although American art has sprung at once to high excellence in this direction, the sculptors generally reside abroad, for the sake of superior advantages for execution. The present year sees the *début* of a young sculptor of New-York, named Palmer, who has just finished a work of great promise, for this spring's exhibition of the National Academy, an exhibition most cheering to the friends of American art, from its marked superiority in many respects to any that have gone before it. A Home-Book of Beauty is in progress, for which a young English artist, son of the celebrated Martin, is making the portraits. This promises to be very popular, since the reputation of American female beauty is world-wide.

These slight notices of New-York as she is, are intended rather to give foreign visitors a hint what *not* to expect, than to serve as any thing deserving the name of a description of one of the commercial centres of the world. It is quite possible to come to New-York with such letters of introduction as shall open to the stranger society as intelligent and well-bred as any in Europe; but as this is composed of people who never run after notabilities as such, it is often unknown and unsuspected by the visitor from abroad, who, consequently, returns home with such broad views as we have been attempting, quite satisfied that there is nothing more worth seeking. It is noticeable that the most favorable accounts of American manners have been given by the best-bred and highest-born foreign travellers; while disparagement and abuse have been the retaliation of those who have, to their surprise, found the Americans quite capable of distinguishing between snobs and gentlemen. The intelligent traveller must know how to take New-York for what she is, and he will not undervalue her for not being what she is not. She is a magnificent city—a city of unexampled growth and energy; of the noblest public works, of unbounded charity, of a most intelligent providence in the instruction of her children, of fearless liberality in the reception and treatment of foreigners, and of a growing interest in all the arts which adorn and harmonize society. Those who visit her prepared to find these traits will not be disappointed; those who will accept nothing in an American city of yesterday but the tranquil and delicate tone of an assured civilization, should not come westward. Yet in real, essential civilization, that city cannot be far behindhand, in which the duties of a street police are almost nominal, and where every ill that can afflict humanity is cared for gratuitously, and in the most humane spirit. Justly proud of these proofs of her preparation for the outward gloss of manners which is all in all to the superficial observer, New-York can well afford to invite the scrutiny of the intelligent citizen of the world.

As we began our little sketch with some Knickerbocker reminiscences, so we feel bound, before we close, to say a word or two of the traces that still remain of the honored origin of much of the wealth and respectability of New-York. Whatever we may allow for our English superstructure, we cannot forget that the Dutch foundation was most excellent. "The Batavians," says Tacitus, "are distinguished among the neighboring nations for their valor;" and in the seventeenth century the countrymen of Van Tromp and De Ruyter had not degenerated from their Batavian ancestors; and in the gentler qualities of peace, industry, perseverance, energy, honesty, and enterprise, the States-General were surpassed by no European community. For their notions of law, we may consult Grotius; for their taste for art, the exquisite works which constitute a school of their own. The Dutch masters of New-York were people of high tone and character, and to this day there lingers a flavor of nobility and dignity about the very names of Van Rensselaer, Van Cortlandt, Van Zandt, Brinkerhoff, Stuyvesant, Rutgers, Schermerhorn, &c., represented by families who still retain much of their ancient wealth, and a great deal of their ancient aristocratic feeling. Many jokes have been founded upon the unwillingness of these lords of the soil to be disturbed; one of the best of which is Washington Irving's story of Wolfert Webber, who thought he must inevitably die in the almshouse, because the Corporation ruined his cabbage-garden by running a street through it. But they make excellent citizens, and their aversion to change has been but a much needed balance to the wild go-ahead restlessness of the full-blooded Yankee, who sees nothing but the future. The Dutch have customs, and, of course, manners; while the tendency of modern New-

York life is adverse to both. The citizen of to-day cannot help looking on the Dutch spirit as "slow," but he has an instinctive respect for it, notwithstanding.

One single Dutch custom still maintains its ground triumphantly, in spite of the hurry of business, the selfishness of the commercial spirit, and the efforts of a few paltry fashionists, who would fain put down every thing in which a suspicion of heartiness can be detected. It is the custom of making New Year visits on the first day of January, when every lady is at home, and every gentleman goes the rounds of his entire acquaintance; flying in and flying out, it is true, but still with an expression of good-will and friendly feeling that is invaluable in a community where daily life is so much under the control of that cabalistic word—business. Ladies are in high party-trim, and refreshments of various kinds are offered; but the main point and recognized meaning of the whole is the interchange of friendly greetings.

No one, not to the manor born, can estimate the glow of feeling that characterizes these flying visits. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend." The mere looking into each other's faces is good for human creatures; and when the sincere even though transient light of kindly feeling beams from the eyes that thus encounter, something is done against egotism, haughty disregard and blank oblivion. Many a coolness dies on New Year's Day, under a battery of smiles; many a hard thought is shamed away by the good wishes of the season. Old friends, who are inevitably separated most of the time, thus meet at least once a year, for the enthusiasm of the hour is potent enough to make the valetudinarian forsake his easy chair, and the cripple his crutches. Visiting hours are extended so as to include all the hours from ten in the morning until ten at night, and, in order to make the most of these, the gentlemen take carriages and scour the streets at the true American pace, so as to lose as little time as possible on the way. If a storm occur, it is considered quite a public misfortune, since it lessens, though it never altogether prevents the fulfilment of the annual ceremony. It is true that both ladies and gentlemen are death-weary when bed-time comes, but that for once a year is no great evil. It is true that some young men will take more whisky-punch, or champagne, than is becoming; but for one who does this, there are many who decline "all that can intoxicate," except smiles and kind words. In some houses the blinds are closed, the gas lighted, and a band of music in attendance; and each batch of visitors inveigled into polkas, or kedowas, for which the lady of the house has taken care to provide partners. But this is considered a degeneracy, and voted *mauvais ton* by those who understand the thing. To "throw a perfume o'er the violet," bespeaks the French *coiffeur* or the *parvenu*; the simplicity of the ancient Dutch custom of New Year visits is its dignity and glory. Long may it live unspotted by vulgar fashion! Well were it for the island city if she had kept a loving hold on many another quaint festivity of her ancestors on the other side of the water. Her prosperity would be none the worse of a respectful reference to the good things of the past.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A JUNGLE RECOLLECTION.

BY CAPTAIN HARDBARGAIN.

THE hot season of 1849 was peculiarly oppressive, and the irksome garrison duty at Cherootabad, in the south of India, had for many months been unusually severe. The colonel of my regiment, the brigadier, and the general, having successively acceded to my application for three weeks' leave, and that welcome fact having been duly notified in orders, it was not long before I found myself on the Coimbatore road, snugly packed guns and all, in a country bullock-cart, lying at full length on a matress, with a thick layer of straw spread under it.

All my preparations had been made beforehand; relays of bullocks were posted for me at convenient intervals, and I arrived at Goodaloor, a distance of a hundred and ten miles, in rather more than forty-eight hours.

Goodaloor is a quiet little village, about eleven miles from Coimbatore;—but don't suppose I was going to spend my precious three weeks there.

After breakfasting at the traveller's bungalow, we started off again. The bungalow is on the right hand side of the road; and when we had proceeded about two hundred yards, the bullock-cart turned into the fields to the left, and got along how it could across country, towards some low rocky hills, which ran parallel, and at about three miles distance from the Coimbatore road.

After about two miles of this work, sometimes over fallow ground, sometimes through fields of growing grain, (taking awful liberties with the loose hedges of cut brambles, which, however, we had the conscience to build up again as we passed them,) sometimes over broken stony ground, and once or twice lumbering heavily through a rocky water-course, we at last found ourselves on the grassy margin of a pretty little stream. Fifty yards beyond it, under the shade of a fine mango-tree, my little tent was already pitched; in five minutes I lay stretched on my bed, listening with ravished ears to the glorious accounts of my old Shikaree, who had just come in, hot and tired, from the jungle. He had much to tell,—how since he had been out, three days, he had tracked the tiger every morning up and down a certain nullah; how the brindled monster had been seen by different shepherds; and what was still more satisfactory, how he had but yesterday killed

a cow near the spot where the hut had been built. It was now midday;—how to spend the long hours till sunset?

After making the tired man draw innumerable sketch-maps in the sand, with reiterated descriptions of the hut, &c., I allowed the poor wretch to go to his dinner; and in anticipation of a weary night's watch, I squeezed my eyes together and tried to sleep.

The sun begins to acquire his evening slant, and I joyfully leave my bed to prepare for my nocturnal expedition. The cook is boiling fowl and potatoes; they are ready; and now he pours his clear strong coffee into the three soda-water bottles by his side; every thing is ready, in the little basket, not forgetting a bottle of good beer. Now then commences the pleasing task of carefully loading our battery.

Come, big "Sam Nock," king of two-ounces, what is to be the fate of these two great plumbs that you are now to swallow? Am I to cut them out of the tiger's ribs to-morrow?—or are they idly to be fired away into the trunk of a tree, or drawn again?

All loaded, and pony saddled, let us start: the two white cows and their calves; the matress and blanket rolled up and carried on a Cooly's head; Shikaree, horsekeeper, and a village man with the three guns, while I myself bring up the rear. Over a few ploughed fields, and past that large banian-tree, the jungle begins.

What is this black thing? and what are those people doing? That hideous black image is the jungle god, and to him the villagers look for protection for their flocks.

How they stare at the man dressed in his mud-colored clothes, who has come so far, and sacrifices sleep and comfort, to sit and watch at night for the evil genius of their jungles. Children are held up to look at him—at the English jungle-wallah, who drinks brandy as they drink milk, and who is on his way to the deepest fastnesses of the wooded waste, to watch for the tiger alone—a man who laughs at gods and devils—a devil himself. The Shikaree, who had been earnestly engaged in conversation with the oldest looking man of the group, now ran up and informed me that the Gooroo had given him to understand that the Sahib would certainly kill the tiger this night, and that it was expected that he would subscribe fifteen rupees to the god, in the event of the prediction proving true. Come, we have no time for talking. Hurry on, cows and guns, hurry on! through the silent jungle, along the narrow path. How much farther yet. Not more than a quarter of a mile; we are close to it. And now the people who know the whereabouts stop and look smilingly on one another, and then at the Sahib, whose practised eye has but just discovered the well-built ambush.

In a small clump of low jungle, on the sloping bank of a broad, sandy watercourse, the casual passer-by would not have perceived a snug and tolerably strong little hut,—the white ends of the small branches that were laid over it, and the mixture of foliage, alone revealing the fact to the observant eye of a practised woodman. No praise could be too strong to bestow on the faithful Shikaree; had I chosen the spot myself, after a week's survey of the country, it could not have been more happily selected. The watercourse wound its way through the thickest and most *tigerish* section of the jungle, and had its origin at the very foot of the hills, where tigers were continually seen by the wood-cutters and shepherds. There was little or no water within many miles, except the few gallons in a basin of rock, which I could almost reach from my little bower; and, to crown all, there were the broad, deep *puggs* of a tiger, up and down the nullah, in the dry sand, near the water's edge, of all ages, from the week, perhaps, up to the unmistakable fresh puggs of last night.

Let us get off the pony, and have a look at the hut. Pulling a few dry branches on one side, the small hurdle-door at the back is exposed to view, hardly big enough to admit a large dog; down on your knees and crawl in. Five feet long, four feet wide, and four feet high in the centre, is the extent of the little palace; a platform, a foot from the ground, occupies the whole extent to within a foot of the front end facing the bed of the watercourse. On this platform the matress is laid, and some big coats and the blankets make a very comfortable pillow. Remove that little screen of leaves, and you look through a window, ten inches square, that commands a view fifty paces up and down the sandy nullah. Sitting on the end of the bed-place, just behind the window, with your feet on the ground, nothing can be more comfortable; and when tired, you only have to draw up your legs, and curl yourself on the matress to enjoy a short nap, if your prudence cannot conquer sleep. Into this hut which I have endeavored to describe, did I now crawl; the matress was arranged, the handsome and carefully loaded battery was next handed in, and each gun placed ready for action; the cold fowl and bottle of Bass were in the mean while disposed of, and the soda-water bottles of cold coffee were stowed away in cunning corners.

The sun is resting on the hill-tops, and will soon disappear behind them; the pea-fowl and jungle-cock are noisily challenging amongst themselves, and the latest party of woodcutters have just passed by, showing, by their brisk pace and loud talking, that they consider it high time for prudent men to quit the jungle.

To the deeply-rooted stump of a young tree on the opposite bank, one of the white cows has been made fast by a double cord passed twice round her horns. Nothing

remains to be done; the little door is fastened behind me, the prickly acacia boughs are piled up against it on the outside, and my people are anxious to be off. The old Shikaree makes his appearance in the nullah, and wishing me success through the window, asks if "all is right?" "Every thing; get home as fast as you can: if you should hear three shots in succession before dark, come back for me,—otherwise, bring the pony at six to-morrow morning,—and a cup of hot coffee, tell the cook."

They are gone; I still hear them every now and then, as they shout to one another, and as the pony is scrambling through some loose stones in the bed of a ravine through which the road lies.

The poor cow, too, listens with dismay to the retreating footsteps of the party, and has already made some furious plunges to free herself and rejoin the rest of the kine, who have been driven off, nothing loth, towards home. Watch her: how intently she stares along the path by which the people have deserted her. Were it not for the occasional stamp of her fore leg, or the impatient side-toss of the head, to keep off the swarming flies, she might be carved out of marble. And now a fearful and anxious gaze up the bed of the nullah, and into the thick fringe of Mimoso, one ear pricked and the other back alternately, show that *instinct* has already whispered the warning of impending danger. Another plunge to get loose, and a searching gaze up the path; see her sides heave. Now comes what we want—that deep low! it echoes again among the hills: another, and another. Poor wretch! you are hastening your doom; far or near the tiger hears you—under rock or thicket, where he has lain since morning sheltered from the scorching sun, his ears flutter as if they were tickled every time he hears that music: his huge green eyes, heretofore half-closed, are now wide open, and, alas! poor cow, gaze truly enough in thy direction; but he has not stirred yet, and nobody can say in which direction giant death will yet stalk forth.

Which ever of my readers who has never had to wait in solitude, in a strange room of a strange house, has not indulged in that idle speculative curiosity peculiar to such a situation, gazing on the pictures, and counting perhaps tables and chairs with an absurd earnestness of purpose,—will not understand how I spent the first half hour of my solitude; how I idly counted the stakes that formed the framework of the hut, or watched with interest the artful tactics of another Shikaree, in the shape of a slippery-looking green lizard, who was cautiously "stalking" the insects among the rafters.

The cow, tired with struggling and plunging, appears to have become tolerably resigned to her situation, and has lain down, her ears, however, in continual motion, and the jaw sometimes suddenly arrested, while in the act of chewing the cud, to listen, as some slight noise in the thicket attracts her attention. Gracious! what is that down the nullah to the left? A peacock only. How my heart beat at first! what a splendid train the fellow has. Here he comes, evidently for the water; and now his seraglio,—one, two, four, five, buff-breasted, modest-looking little quakeresses. What a contrast to his splendid blue and gold! All to the water—dive in your bills and toss back your heads with blinking eyes, as you quaff the delicious fluid; little do you dream that there is a gun within five paces, although you are quite safe. But stop! here are antics. The old boy is happy, and up goes his tail, to the admiration of his hens, and the extreme wonderment of the cow, who with open eyes is staring with all her might at the glories of the expanded fan; and now slowly goes he round and round, like a solemn Jack o' the Green, his spindle shanks looking disreputably thin in the waning light.

They quit the water-side, and disappear; and I can hear their heavy wings as they one after another mount a tall tree for the night.

The moon is up—all nature still; the cow, again on her legs, is restless, and evidently frightened. Oh! reader, even if you have the soul of a Shikaree, I despair of being able to convey in words a tithe of the sensations of that solitary vigil: a night like that is to be enjoyed but seldom—a red-letter day in one's existence.

Where is the man who has never experienced the poetic influence of a moonlit scene! Fancy, then, such a one as here described; a crescent of low hills—craggy, steep, and thickly wooded—around you on three sides, and above them, again, at twenty miles' distance, the clear blue outline of the Neilgherry Hills; in your front the silver-sand bed of the dry watercourse divides the thick and sombre jungle with a stream of light, till you lose it in the deep shadows at the foot of the hills,—all quiet, all still, all bathed in the light of the moon, yourself the only man for miles to come; a solitary watcher, your only companion the poor cow, who, full of fears and suspicions at every leaf-fall, reminds you that a terrible struggle is about to take place within a few feet of your bed, and that there will be noise and confusion, when you must be cool and collected. Your little kennel would not be strong enough to resist a determined charge, and you are alone, if three good guns are not true friends.

Let me, good reader, give way to the pleasures of memory,—let me fancy myself back again, seated in my dear little hut, full of hope and expectation, now drinking the ice-cold coffee from one of the soda-water bottles, re-corking it, and placing it slowly and noiselessly in its corner. Hark to the single ring of a silver bell, and its echo among the hills! a spotted deer—why does she call? has she

seen any thing? Again, and again, and answered from a long distance! 'Tis very odd, that when one should be most wakeful, there should be always an inclination to sleep. A raw nip of aqua-vitæ, and a little of the same rubbed round the eyes, nostrils and behind the ears, make us wakeful again.

Oh! that I could express sounds on paper as music is written in notes. No, reader, you must do as I have done—you must be placed in a similar situation, to hear and enjoy the terrible roar of a hungry tiger—not from afar off and listened for, but close at hand and unexpected. It was like an electric shock;—a moment ago, I was dozing off, and the cow, long since lain down, appeared asleep; that one roar had not died away among the hills when she had scrambled on her legs, and stood with elevated head, stiffened limbs, tail raised, and breath suspended, staring full of terror in the direction of the sound. As for the biped, with less noise and even more alacrity, he had grasped his "Sam Nock," whose polished barrels just rested on the lower ledge of the little peep-hole; perhaps his eyes were as round as saucers, and heart beating fast and strong.

Now for the struggle;—pray heaven that I am cool and calm, and do not fire in a hurry, for one shot will either lose or secure my well-earned prize.

There he is again! evidently in that rugged, stony watercourse which runs parallel, and about two hundred yards behind the hut. But what is that? Yes, lightning: two flashes in quick succession, and a cold stream of air is rustling through the half-withered leaves of my ambush. Taking a look to the rear through an accidental opening among the leaves, it was plain that a storm, or, as it would be called at sea, a squall, was brewing. An arch of black cloud was approaching from the westward, and the rain descending, gave it the appearance of a huge black comb, the teeth reaching to the earth. The moon, half obscured, showed a white mist as far as the rain had reached. Then was heard in the puffs of air the hissing of the distant but approaching down-pour: more lightning—then some large heavy drops plashed on the roof, and it was raining cats and dogs.

How the scene was changed! Half-an-hour ago, solemn, and still, and wild, as nature rested, unpolluted, undefaced, unmarked by man—sleeping in the light of the moon, all was tranquillity; the civilized man lost his idiosyncrasy in its contemplation—forgot nation, pursuits, creed,—he felt that he was Nature's child, and adored the God of Nature.

But the beautiful was now exchanged for the sublime, when that scene appeared lit up suddenly and awfully by lightning, which now momentarily exchanged a sheet of intensely dazzling blue light, with a darkness horrible to endure—a light which showed the many streams of water, which now appeared like ribbons over the smooth slabs of rock that lay on the slope of the hills, and gave a microscopic accuracy of outline to every object,—exchanged as suddenly for a darkness which for the moment might be supposed the darkness of extinction—of utter annihilation,—while the crash of thunder overhead rolled over the echoes of the hills, "I am the Lord thy God."

The hut, made in a hurry, was not thatched (as it might have been), and the half-dried foliage which covered it collected drops only to pour down continuous streams from the stem of every twig.

So much for sitting up for tigers! will most of my readers exclaim, and laugh at the monomaniac who would subject himself to such misery; but the thoroughbred Shikaree is game and stanch to the backbone, and will not be stopped by a night's wetting. For myself, I can only say in extenuation, that I was born on the 12th of August.

A heavy and continuous down-pour soon showed its effects, and although I had lots of big coats, and was not altogether unprepared for such an emergency, an hour had not elapsed before I was obliged to confess myself tolerably wet through. The matress just collected the water and made a good hip-bath, for there was no other seat. The nullah, heretofore as I have described, was now a turbid stream of red water, which falling over a slab of rock into the small basin before mentioned, kept up an unceasing din. Tired and disgusted, I rolled a doubled blanket, although saturated with water, tight round me, and was soon warm and asleep. About two o'clock in the morning the clouds broke and the rain ceased; the boiling stream ran down to half its size, and a concert of thousands of frogs, bass, tenor, and treble, kept up a monotonous croaking enough to wake the dead.

The moon appeared again, and I attacked both cold coffee and brandy, and made myself as comfortable as possible under existing circumstances—to wit, wringing the water out of my jacket and cap, and putting them on again warm and comparatively dry. The cow even shook herself, and appeared glad of the change of weather, and I had no doubt that she would go back with me to the tent in the morning to gladden the eyes of her young calf and all good Hindoos. The nullah had run dry again, and even the infernal frogs, as if despairing of more rain, had ceased their din: damp and sleepy, with arms folded and eyes sometimes open, but often shut, I kept an indifferent watch, when the cow struggling on her legs and a choking groan brought me to my senses! There they were! No dream! A huge tiger holding her just behind the ears, shaking her like a fighting dog! By the doubtful light of a watery moon did I calmly and noiselessly run out the muzzle of my single J. Lang rifle.

I saw him, without quitting his grip of the cow's neck, leap over her back more than once—she sank to the earth, and he lifted her up again: at the first opportunity I pulled trigger—snick! The rifle was withdrawn, and big Sam Nock felt grateful to the touch. Left barrel—snick! Right barrel—snick, bang!

Whether hanging fire is an excuse or not, the tiger relinquished his hold, and in one bound was out of sight. The cow staggered for two or three seconds, fell with a heavy groan, and ceased to move. Tiger gone!—cow dead!—was it a dream? Killed the cow within five paces and gone away scathless.

For a long time I felt benumbed; I had missed many near shots, even many at tigers, and some like this at night, but never before under such favorable circumstances. Why, I almost dreaded the morning, when my Shikaree and people would come and find the cow killed, and I should have in fairness to account for the rest. The first streak of daylight did shortly appear, and every familiar sound of awaking nature succeeded each other, from the receding hooting of the huge horned owl, to the noisy crowing of the jungle cock and the call of the peafowl. The sun got up, and soon I heard, first doubtfully and then distinctively, the approach of my people. A sudden start, and stop, when they came in full view of the slaughtered cow; and then a look up and down the nullah, as if they had not seen all. The reader must spare me the recollection of a scene that vexes me even at this distance of time, as if it had occurred but yesterday. The next half-hour was spent sitting on the carcass of the cow, staring at the enormous and deeply indented prints of the tiger's feet, and looking with sorrow and vexation and some compunction at the poor little calf which had been driven back to its mother, neither to see her alive nor her death avenged.

It was quite evident that the tiger had not been hit, for there was neither hair nor blood to be seen, and one or two small branches in the jungle beyond the cow showed, either by being cut down or barked, that the ball had passed over the mark. So on the pony and back to the tent to sleep or sulk out the next twelve hours.

Somehow or other that pony, generally so clever and pleasant, was inclined to kick his toes against every stone, and be perverse all the way home; at any rate I fancied so, and am ashamed to say that I gave him the spur, or jerked the curb rein on the slightest pretence. My people, like all Indians, read the case thoroughly, and trudged along without hazarding a remark on any subject. We passed under the identical banian-tree and by the disgusting little black image described in the commencement of the story, and never did I feel more indignant against all idolatry, or more inclined to smash a Hindoo god. We also had to pass a small jungle village, and, as if on purpose, it appeared that every man, woman, and child were posted to have a good look. Several of them who knew some of my party, asked a hurried question, and I could hear, though I would not look, that the answer was given—"Had a shot, but missed." "Yes," said I to myself, "quite true—why should I be angry?" "Here goes the man that missed an animal as big as a bullock at ten paces,—more power to his elbow!"

The tent gained, I was soon lying on my back on the bed kicking out my heels, calling for breakfast, and appearing to be very hungry, or very sleepy, or very any thing but what I was—mortified and disgusted. Breakfast over, my good old Shikaree was sent for, and the whole affair gone over again. The rain, the unexpected time of night, and above all, the two first shots *snicking*, and the third hanging fire being considered, we two being judge and jury, it was decided that not the slightest blame attached to the defendant, who was too well known as a very fine shot to regard a mistake of this kind; and, moreover, that as it was certain that the tiger was not hurt, but only frightened, there was strong reason for hoping that he would return at nightfall to the carcass. Men were therefore sent out to watch that the place should not in any way be disturbed, or the dead cow touched or moved, and I resigned myself to a pleasant sleep. I awoke about three in the afternoon; the guns had, thanks to a good Shikaree, been washed, dried, and slightly oiled, and were all laid on the table, looking as if a month of rain would not make them miss fire. A bath, clean clothes, guns loaded, pony saddled—and once more off to try my luck.

The pony was active and cheerful, and even the beastly image under the banian-tree did not look so grim. On our arrival at the ground, the half-wild fellows who had watched all day, dropped down from their trees, and reported that nothing had happened during the day, and that the place had been undisturbed. A few vultures appeared about midday and settled on the carcass, but had been driven off; further they had nothing to say.

They were referred to the tent for payment for their day's work, and, in due course, took their departure with my people.

Once more left alone!—this time quite alone, for my poor companion of last night lay stiff and stark in the position I saw her fall, when the tiger relinquished his hold.

Alarmed by the already slightly smelling carrion, or finding water elsewhere, left by the down-pour of last night, no peaceful or other living thing paid me a visit, if I except some few crows, who with heavy wings swept past, or perched on neighboring trees, cawing, and winking their eyes, and peering cautiously and inquisitively at the dead

cow. Only one among the crew hovered and lighted on the dead beast's head; but although he made several picks at the lips and eyes, opening and shutting his wings the while on his strong, sleek, wiry-looking body, and cawing lustily, nobody heeded him; so, appearing to be alarmed at being solus in the scene, he took his departure.

Night succeeded day, and the moon, in unclouded beauty, made the dark jungle a fairy scene. There was but one drawback; the cow lay dead, the tiger had been fired at, and experience whispered, 'the opportunity has gone by.'

By-and-by a jackal passed, like a shadow among the bushes, so small-looking, so much the color of all around, that it remained a doubt; more of these passed to and fro, and then a bolder ventured on the plain sand, and up to the rump of the dead beast, took two or three hard tugging bites, and was gone. As the night grew later, they became less fearful, and half-a-dozen of them together were tugging and tearing, till breaking the entrails, the gas escaped in a loud rumbling, which dispersed my friends among the bushes in a moment; but they were almost immediately back, and the confidence with which they went to work, convinced me that my hope was hopeless.

It must have been eleven o'clock when my ears caught the echo among the rocks, and then the distant roar—nearer—nearer—nearer; and—oh, joy!—answered. Tiger and tigress!—above all hope!—coming to recompense me for hundreds of night-watchings—to balance a long account of weary nights in the silent jungle, in platforms on trees, in huts of leaf and bramble, and in damp pits on the water's edge—all bootless;—coming—coming—nearer, and nearer.

Music nor words, dear reader, can stand me in any stead to convey the sound to you; the first note like the trumpet of a peacock, and the rest the deepest toned thunder. Stones and gravel rattled just behind the hut on the path by which we came and went, and a heavy step passed and descended the slope into the nullah. I heard the sand crunching under his weight before I dared look. A little peep. Oh, heavens! looming in the moonlight, there he stood, long, sleek as satin, and lashing his tail—he stood stationary, smelling the slaughtered cow. No longer the cautious, creeping tiger, I felt how awful a brute he was to offend. I remembered how he had worried a strong cow in half a minute, and that with his weight alone my poor rickety little citadel would fall to pieces. As if the excitement of the moment was insufficient, the monster, gazing down the dry watercourse, caught sight of his companion, who, advancing up the bed of the nullah, stood irresolutely about twenty yards off. A terrific growl from him, answered not loud but deeply, and I was the strange and unsuspected witness to a catawauling which defies description—a monstrous burlesque on those concerts of tigers in miniature which are occasionally got up, on a cold, clear night, in some of the squares in London, when all the cats for half a mile around get by some queer accident into one area.

Whether it is an axiom among tigers that possession is nine points of the law, or the other monster was the weaker vessel, I know not, but I soon perceived that as *my* friend made more noise, the other became more subdued, and finally left the field, and retired growling among the bushes. The bully, who was evidently the male, after smelling at the head, came round the carcass, making a sort of complacent purring—"humming a kind of animal song," and to it he went tooth and nail. As he stood with his two fore feet on the haunch, while he tugged and tore out a beef-steak, I once more grasped old "Sam Nock," and ran the muzzle out of the little port. The white linen band marked a line behind his shoulders, and rather low, but, from the continued motion of his body, it was some moments before eye and finger agreed to pull trigger—bang! A shower of sand rattled on the dry leaves, and a roar of rage and pain satisfied me, even before the white smoke which hung in the still air had cleared away, to show the huge monster writhing and plunging where he had fallen. Either directed by the fire, or by some slight noise made in the agitation of the moment, he saw me, and with a hideous yell, scrambled up: the roaring thunder of his voice filled the valley, and the echoes among the hills answered it, with the hootings of tribes of monkeys, who, scared out of sleep, sought the highest branches, at the sound of the well-known voice of the tyrant of the jungle. I immediately perceived, to my great joy, that his hind-quarters were paralyzed and useless, and that all danger was out of the question. He sank down again on his elbows, and as he rested his now powerless limbs, I saw the blood welling out of a wound in the loins, as it shone in the moonlight, and trickled off his sleek-painted hide, like globules of quicksilver. As I looked into his countenance, I saw all the devil alive there. The will remained—the power only had gone. It was a sight never to be forgotten. With head raised to the full stretch of his neck, he glared at me with an expression of such malignity, that it almost made one quail. I thought of the native superstition of singing off the whiskers of the newly-killed tiger to lay his spirit, and no longer wondered at it. With ears back, and mouth bleeding, he growled and roared in fitful uncertainty, as if he were trying, but unable, to measure the extent of the force that had laid him low.

Motionless myself, provocation ceased, and without further attempt to get on his legs, he continued to gaze on me; when I slowly lowered my head to the sight, and again pulled trigger. This time, true to the mark, the

ball entered just above the breast-bone, and the smoke cleared off with his death groan. There he lay, foot to foot with his victim of last night, motionless—dead. My first impulse was to tear down the door behind, and get a thorough view of his proportions; but remembering that his companion, the tigress, had only vanished a short time ago close to the scene of action, I thought it as well to remain where I was; so, enlarging the windows with my hands, I took a long look, and then jovially attacked the coffee and brandy bottles, without reference to noise, and fell back on the mattress to sleep, or to think the night's work over. "At last, I have got him: his skin will be pegged out to-morrow, drying before the tent door." When my people came in the morning, they found me seated on the dead tiger. Coolies were sent for to carry the beast, and I gave the pony his reins all the way back to the tent.

After breakfast, the sound of tomtoms and barbarous music greeted our ears; for the Gooroo and half the little village had turned out, and were bringing in the tiger like an Irish funeral. I had a chair brought out, and under the shade of a fine tree superintended the skinning of the tiger; and as I had had no sleep for the last two nights, I determined to make holiday. Dined at half-past six, and had a bottle of *Frederick Giesler*, and the fumes of his glorious champagne inspired me: "The first rainy day, I will put last night's adventure on paper, and send it home to my old friend Regina."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A VISIT TO THE "MAID OF ATHENS."

BY MRS. BUXTON WHALLEY.

"BUON *giorno, signora! Vi è veramente una bella città! Mà, dov' è la Fenice?*" Such was the morning salutation of the Venetian captain in command of the Austrian Loyd steamer which had conveyed us up the Gulf of Corinth, as he pointed derisively to a collection of huts about a stone's throw from the shore, and wondered what could induce any one, voluntarily, to abandon his "sea Cybele" for such as these! So few were they in number, and so small in size, that they had hitherto eluded our notice; nevertheless, they constituted, insignificant as they appeared, the town of Lutraki. The captain's interruption, awakening us from a dream of "Gods and god-like men," was as disagreeable as all such interruptions must be, alike indicating ignorance, and that want of sympathy, which is its natural result. But to the English traveller, who now scarcely dares to hope to find a spot left on Europe where he may look on Nature, unscared by cockneyfied sights and sounds, it ought not to form a very serious subject for complaint. To such an one, sick of Italian cities, where his countrymen assemble but to parade their *ennui* and their vices, as of German steamboats, on the decks of which they listlessly throng, dividing their glances pretty equally between castles and cutlets—a rock and a *ragout*—how invigorating is the first sight of Greece, in all its primitive and majestically tranquil simplicity! And what a strangely felicitous epithet does that seem of "voiceless" bestowed by Byron on those shores where nothing is heard, save occasionally the plaintive cry of a sea-gull, and the very gentlest murmur from the waves. There, may be observed in perfection the truth of Chateaubriand's remark, that, "*le paysage n'est créé que par le soleil; c' est la lumière qui fait le paysage.*"

However, our present purpose is to narrate a short episode in modern Athenian life, rather than to dwell on scenes with which genius even can but imperfectly familiarize the world, either by pen or pencil.

Near the solitary palm-tree, which grows in the middle of the highway affecting to communicate* between Athens and the Piræus, a polygonal structure has been built, which is entered through a dark, narrow passage leading from the road in front to a yard at its rear. A ladder fixed against the wall forms the usual mode of ingress to a very small room, which on a certain carnival night, not long ago, was crowded by hats, cloaks, and Greeks, both male and female; the former busily occupied in smoking, the latter in concocting some indescribable liquid intended as a light refreshment to wearied dancers. For the Maid of Athens—the quondam Mariana Macri—the actual Mrs. Black, was about to give a ball. From the before-mentioned small entrance-room the guests passed into the principal saloon, exactly coinciding in its strange shape with the exterior of the house. At the upper end an open door revealed a bed, on which shortly afterwards the orchestra, consisting of two fiddlers, took up their position, with knees protruding into the ball-room.

Every thing was of the rudest, the most unadorned, and Robinson Crusoe-like, description. At the first glance it became evident that the "geraniums and Grecian balms," which an enthusiastic traveller once endeavored to magnify into "waving aromatic plants," had long ago withered from the hostess's possession, never to be replaced. But she, the fairest flower of all, with her two sisters, still retain no inconsiderable remnants of beauty; which is the more remarkable in a country where good looks vanish, and age arrives, so speedily. Indeed, good looks at all are rare among the continental Greek women; the celebrated beauties being usually islanders, and chiefly Hydriotes. Mrs. Black was attired in her coquettish native costume, consisting of a red fez, profusely ornamented with gold embroidery, placed on

* At the period of which I write, this road, although the principal approach to the capital, was impassable, and passengers pursued, instead, a devious and uncertain track through corn-fields, ditches, and the rocky bed of the Cyphissus.

one side of the head; a long flowing silk petticoat, and a close-fitting, dark velvet jacket. A similar dress was worn by her sister, Madame Pittakis, the wife of the celebrated antiquary, and *guardian of the Acropolis*; in virtue of which magnificent title he receives two drachmæ (about 1*s.* 7*d.*) per head for admission to the Parthenon. The third Grace, being a widow, was dressed entirely in black. The company comprised a motley assemblage in Frank, and the varying provincial Greek costumes, diversified here and there by personages in King Otho's uniform. But the dancers of the *beau sexe* were extremely few, and, to say the least of them, very indifferent performers. However, what they needed in skill and energy, was amply made up by the vivacity of their graceful and vainglorious lords; who, despite the clouds of dust from the dirty floor, and equally dirty shoes, continued an almost ceaseless round of their national dance, the Romaïka, only pausing at intervals to recruit their strength with glasses of burning rakee, the beverage most in demand. Those bowls of Samian wine which figure so charmingly in poetry, form, alas! but sorry items in prosaic matter-of-fact repasts; and one feels, indeed, disposed to dash them any where *but* down one's throat. Of the dancers, one of the most active was Mrs. Black's son, a handsome youth, apparently about eighteen years of age; together with her husband, who, from being a Norfolk farmer, is now elevated to the somewhat anomalous position of English Professor at the Athenian University. The fair Mariana herself is quiet and retiring; and seemingly little anxious to profit by the factitious interest with which Byron's transient admiration continues to invest her; for, in reply that night to a blundering Englishman's point blank queries concerning the poet, she answered, "*Non mi ricordo più di lui.*"

Soon after midnight the guests departed, at the imminent hazard of breaking their necks, either down Mrs. Black's ladder, or in the numerous holes that intervened between her residence and their respective abodes. But we could not help thinking, that, uncouth as had been the entertainment, it was more in accordance with the social position of a people whose Ministers are not always competent to read or write, and whose legislators occasionally enforce their political arguments by flinging their shoes in the faces of the opposition, than the exotic civilization of the gaudy little court, presided over by that loveliest of royal ladies, Queen Amalia.

From the French of Eugene de Mirecourt.

THE HISTORY OF A ROSE.

THE gallery parallel to the course of the Seine, and which joins the Palace of the Tuileries to the Louvre, was designed by Philibert de l'Orme, and finished towards the end of 1668. On the 15th of January, 1664, Louis the Fourteenth descended into the vast greenhouses, where his gardener, Le Nôtre, had collected from all parts of the world the rarest and most beautiful plants and flowers.

The air was soft and balmy as that of spring-time in the south. At the right of the great monarch stood Colbert, silently revolving gigantic projects of state; at the left was Lauzun, that ambitious courtier, who, not possessing sufficient tact to discern royal hatred under the mask of court favor, was afterwards destined to expiate, at Pignerol, the crime of being more amiable and handsomer than the king.

"Messieurs," said Louis, showing to his companions a long and richly-laden avenue of orange trees, "are not these a noble present from our ancient enemy, Philip the Fourth, now our father-in-law? He has rifled his own gardens to deck the Tuileries; and the Infanta, we hope, when walking beneath these trees, will cease to regret the shade of the Escurial."

"Sire," said Colbert gravely, "the Queen mourns a much greater loss—that of your majesty's affections."

"*Parbleu!*" exclaimed Lauzun, gayly; "in order to lose any thing, one must first have possessed it. Now, if I don't mistake,—"

"Silence! M. le Duc. M. de Colbert, my marriage was the work of Mazarin—quite sufficient to guarantee that the *heart* was not consulted."

The minister bowed, without replying.

"As to you, M. de Lauzun," continued the king, "beware, henceforward, how you forget that Maria Theresa is Queen of France, and that the nature of our feelings towards her is not to be made a subject of discussion."

"Sire, forgive my—"

"Enough!" interrupted Louis, approaching a man, who, unmindful of the king's presence, had taken off his coat, in order the more easily to prune a tall flowering shrub.

This was the celebrated gardener, Le Nôtre. Absorbed in some unpleasant train of thought, he had not heeded the approach of visitors, and continued to mutter and grumble to himself, while diligently using the pruning-knife.

"What! out of humor?" asked Louis.

Without resuming his coat, the gardener cried eagerly—"Sire, justice! This morning, the Queen Dowager's maids of honor came hither, and, in spite of my remonstrances, did an infinity of mischief. See this American magnolia, the only one your Majesty possesses. Well, Sire, they cut off its finest blossoms: neither oranges nor roses could escape them. Happily I succeeded in hiding from them my favorite child—my beautiful rose-tree, which I have nursed with so much care, and which will live for fifty years, provided care be taken not to allow it to produce more than one rose in the season." Then pointing to the plant of which he spoke, Le Nôtre continued: "'Tis the hundred-leaved rose, Sire! Hitherto I

have saved it from pillage; but I protest, if such conduct can be renewed

"Come, come!" interposed the monarch, "we must not be too hard on young girls. They are like butterflies, and love flowers."

"*Morbleu!* Sire, butterflies don't break boughs, and eat oranges!"

Louis deigned to smile at this repartee. "Tell us," he said, "who were the culprits?"

"All the ladies, Sire! Yet, no. I am wrong. There was one young creature, as fresh and lovely as this very rose, who did not imitate her companions. The poor child even tried to comfort me, while the others were tearing my flowers: they called her Louise."

"It was Mademoiselle de la Vallière," said Lauzun, "the young person whom your Majesty remarked yesterday in attendance on Madame Henriette."

"She shall have her reward," said Louis. "Let Mademoiselle de la Vallière be the only maid of honor invited to the ball to be given here to-night."

"A ball! Ah, my poor flowers!" cried Le Nôtre, clasping his hands in despair.

Colbert ventured to remind his Majesty that he had promised to give an audience that evening to two architects, Claude Perrault and Liberal Bruant; of whom, the first was to bring designs for the Observatory; the second, a plan for the Hôtel des Invalides.

"Receive these gentlemen yourself," replied the king; "while we are dancing, M. de Colbert will labor for our glory; posterity will never be the wiser! Only, in order to decorate these bare walls, have the goodness to send to the manufactory of the Gobelins, which you have just established, for some of the beautiful tapestry you praise so highly."

Accordingly, to the utter despair of Le Nôtre, the ball took place in the greenhouses, metamorphosed, as if by magic, into a vast gallery, illumined by a thousand lustres, sparkling amid flowers and precious stones. Each fragrant orange-tree bore wax-lights amid its branches, and many lovely faces gleamed amongst the flowery thickets; while bright eyes watched the footsteps of the mighty master of the revel. The cutting north-east wind blew outside; poor wretches shivered on the pavement; but what did that matter while the court danced and laughed amid trees and flowers, and breathed the soft sweet summer air!

Maria Theresa did not mingle in the scene. Timid and retiring, the young Queen fled from the noisy gayety of the court, and usually remained with her aunt, the Queen Mother. On this occasion, therefore, the ball was presided over by Madame Henriette, and by Olympia Mancini, Countess of Soissons. The gentle La Vallière kept, modestly, in the back-ground, until espied by the King, beneath the magnolia, which her companions had so recklessly despoiled of its flowers, and which had cost them exclusion from the *fête*.

The next moment the hand of Louise trembled in that of her sovereign; for Louis the Fourteenth had chosen the maid of honor for his partner in the dance. At the close of the evening, Le Nôtre, who had received private orders, brought forward his favorite rose-tree, transplanted into a richly-gilded vase. The poor man looked like a criminal approaching the place of execution. He laid the flower on a raised step near the throne; and on the front of its vase every one read the words which had formerly set Olympus in a flame—"To the most beautiful!"

Many rival belles grew pale when they heard the Duc de Lauzun ordered by Louis to convey the precious rose-tree into the apartment of Mademoiselle de la Vallière. But Le Nôtre rejoiced, for the fair one gave him leave to come each day and attend to the welfare of his beloved flower.

The rose-tree soon became to the favorite a mysterious talisman by which she estimated the constancy of Louis the Fourteenth. She watched with anxiety all its changes of vegetation, trembling at the fall of a leaf, and weeping whenever a new bud failed to replace a withered blossom. Louise had yielded her erring heart to the dreams of love, not to the visions of ambition. "Tender, and ashamed of being so," as Madame de Sevigné has described her, the young girl mourned for her fault at the foot of the altar. Remorse punished her for her happiness; and more than once has the priest, who read first mass at the chapel of Versailles, turned at the sound of stifled sobs proceeding from the royal recess, and seen there a closely-veiled kneeling figure.

The fallen angel still remembered heaven.

Thus passed ten years. At their end, the rose-tree might be seen placed on a magnificent stand in the Palace of St. Germain; but despite of Le Nôtre's constant care, the flower bent sadly on its blighted stem. Near it the Duchess de la Vallière (for so she had just been created) was weeping bitterly. Her most intimate friend, Françoise Athenais de Montemar, Comtesse de Montespan, entered, and exclaimed, "What, weeping, Louise! Has not the King just given you the *tabouret* as a fresh proof of his love?"

Without replying, La Vallière pointed to her rose.

"What an absurd superstition!" cried Madame de Montespan, seating herself near her friend. "'Tis really childish to fancy that the affections of a Monarch should follow the destiny of a flower. Come, child," she continued, playfully slapping the fair mourner's hands with her fan, "you know you are always adorable, and why should you not be always adored!"

"Because another has had the art to supplant me."

Athenais bit her lip. Louise had at length discovered that her pretended friend was seeking to undermine her. On the previous

evening the King had conversed for a long time with Madame de Montespan in the Queen's apartments. He had greatly enjoyed her clever mimicry of certain court personages; and when La Vallière had ventured to reproach him tenderly, he had replied—

"Louise, you are silly; your rose-tree speaks untruly when it calumniates me."

None but Athenais, to whom alone it had been confided, could have betrayed the secret. And now, at the entrance of her rival, la Vallière hastened to dry up her tears, but not so speedily as to prevent the other from perceiving them. Her feigned caresses, and ill-disguised tone of triumph, provoked Louise to let her see that she discerned her treachery. But Athenais pretended not to feel the shaft.

"Supplant you, dear Louise!" she said in a tone of surprise; "it would be difficult to do that, I should think, when the King is wholly devoted to you!"

Rising with a careless air, she approached the rose-tree, drew from her glove an almost invisible phial, and, with a rapid gesture, poured on its footstalk the corrosive liquid which the tiny flask contained.

This was the third time that Madame de Montespan had practised this unworthy manœuvre, unknown to the sorrowful favorite, who, as her insidious rival well knew, would believe the infidelity of the King, only on the testimony of his precious gift.

Next morning, Le Nôtre found the rose-tree quite dead. The poor old man loved it as if it had been his child, and his eyes were filled with tears as he carried it to its mistress.

Then Louise felt, indeed, that no hope remained. Pale and trembling, she took a pair of scissors, cut off the withered blossom, and placed it under a crystal vase. Afterwards she prayed to Heaven for strength to fulfil the resolution she had made.

The age of Louis the Fourteenth passed away, with its glory and with its crimes. France had now reached that disastrous epoch, when famine and pestilence mowed down the peaceful inhabitants, and Marlborough and Prince Eugene cut the royal army to pieces on the frontiers.

One day, the death-bell tolled from a convent tower in the Rue St. Jacques, and two long files of female Carmelites bore, to her last dwelling, one of the sisters of their strict and silent order. When the last offices were finished, and all the nuns had retired to their cells, an old man came and knelt beside the quiet grave. His trembling hand raised a crystal vase which had been placed on the stone; he took from beneath it a withered rose, which he pressed to his lips, and murmured, in a voice broken by sobs:—

"Poor heart! Poor flower!"

The old man was Le Nôtre; and the Carmelite nun, buried that morning, was *Sister Louise de la Misiricorde*, formerly Duchesse de la Vallière.

From the London Times.

THE STORY OF STUART OF DUNLEATH.*

THE story is truthful, plaintive, and full of beauty. At a very early age Eleanor Raymond loses her father, who has held a high appointment in India, and news of his death is brought while she is still a child to her mother's house in England. The bearer of the sad intelligence is David Stuart, of Dunleath, the penniless representative of a ruined Scottish house. David had been secretary to Sir John Raymond, whose eyes he had closed, and he comes to the widow recommended to her sisterly love, and the appointed guardian of her youthful daughter. Lady Raymond, it must be added, had been previously married, and is the mother of a burly sailor, promoted by Sir John's interest, and at sea at the time of his stepfather's death. We need not stay to dwell upon the feeble helplessness, physical and mental, of her Ladyship, or to contrast it with the overbearing disposition of her son, whose strong attachment to his mother is the redeeming feature of his character. The young ex-secretary and present guardian proceeds to the fulfilment of his duty, as it seems, with a conscientious mind. His ward is an heiress, and will be surrounded with trials of many kinds. She is fair to behold, ingenuous, trustful, is neglected by her surviving parent,—less from want of affection than from lack of interest—who, then, so suited for monitor and instructor both, as the highly-disciplined and well-informed Stuart himself? David has been a great traveller, has read much, and observed more. His intellect is commanding, and he is noble in form. He notes the quickness of his ward, is captivated by her girlish enthusiasm and untiring zeal. He will engage no masters when he can teach so accurately himself. She requires no instructors but the master from whom she learns so willingly and so well. Perilous devotion of a teacher (it may be of twenty) with so fond a pupil, though her years number but ten! What man of twenty-eight ever thought himself old in the presence of a maiden of eighteen? What girl of eighteen ever deemed herself too young to be wooed and won by a man of twenty-eight? For eight years guardian and ward live under one roof, partaking of the same influences, the same pleasures, the same daily occupations, and divided from all around them by the superiority of their own minds and the congeniality of their pursuits. Pity the poor country girl in constant presence of that cultivated intellect, fine understanding, and beaming countenance, never weary of smiling on her life. What wonder that as the flower expands in beauty it gradually unfolds to blissful consciousness? Eleanor secretly loves her guardian, and glories in the passion. He is poor, but she is rich beyond her wishes, did her

* *Stuart of Dunleath*: by Mrs. Norton. New-York, Harpers, 1851.

wishes comprehend aught else but the desire to make him happy. Dunleath has passed from David Stuart's family. Eleanor has listened a thousand times to her guardian's fond regrets for his lost inheritance, and to the descriptions of that once happy home, the memory of which Stuart carries about with him to darken his best and brightest hours. What privilege to restore the coveted possession to its natural owner, and to enrich herself by parting with the gift! What happiness for the wife of David Stuart to bring back the smile to his cheek, and to purchase a joy for him for ever! Sweet dreamer! She dreams on, until reality begins. Her education ends. She goes at the instance of her mother and half-brother to London. She takes up her abode with a friend of her guardian's, the Lady Margaret Fordyce, and enters upon London life. Lady Margaret is a widow, young, benevolent, and beautiful. The fame of Eleanor's wealth is soon known to fortune-hunters, and suitors crowd about her. One, Sir Stephen Penryhn, a coarse, sensual, and brutal personage, captivated by her beauty, and sufficiently wealthy himself, proposes in proper form. Godfrey, the half-brother, explains to David Stuart that Eleanor's family approve the match, and require his formal consent to the union. Stuart sends for Eleanor. He points out to her the advantages of the marriage and the wishes of her friends. The child trembles. She cannot marry, she hurriedly says, a man whom she does not love, and moreover she has seen another whom she prefers. Stuart has only one question to ask. "Is that other rich?" "He has no more," replies Eleanor, "than my father bequeathed to you." Stuart's heart beats guiltily as she speaks of her father's bounty, and, with a meaning which the girl fails to interpret, he anxiously bids her mention the favored man's name. The effort is too intense—her heart is nigh to bursting—she faints, and her mother enters her apartment to find her senseless in the arms of her tutor. The last object Eleanor beholds from her window that night, is David Stuart, looking up, with folded arms, to her room.

She rises the next morning to find that Stuart has suddenly quitted the house, having left a sealed letter for her perusal. She reads it. The whole brilliant fabric of her girlhood tumbles down to earth long before she reaches its close. David Stuart loves her not. He is ignorant of her strong affection. He has dissipated her whole vast fortune. With the hope of realizing a sum sufficient to win back Dunleath, he has been tempted to speculations which have beggared his confiding ward. He recommends marriage with Sir Stephen Penrhyn, and takes leave of her for ever, for he has resolved upon self-murder. He asks her to approach the adjacent river on some day of peace and sunshine hereafter—the river which they have so often visited together in sunshine before—to breathe out forgiveness for him there, if she will, and then to forget him. A search is made near the spot indicated. A torn handkerchief hangs on one of the leafless branches; the river is dragged, but the body is not found. Eleanor knows David Stuart is dead, and the knowledge gives color and shape to her remaining days.

Ruin has overtaken the family of Eleanor Raymond, but Sir Stephen Penrhyn is still content with his bargain. He proposed for the person, not for the fortune of Eleanor, and he will take her, beggared as she is. Eleanor's mother needs a home. To give her a sanctuary, Eleanor consents to become Lady Penrhyn. What blessing can attend the union? She gives birth to twins, one a sickly boy, the other ruddy, strong, and full of health. They grow up to become the mother's last and best consolation, and then she loses both by a violent death at one and the same moment. Sir Stephen has a remedy for parental sorrow, which but increases the great woe of Eleanor. What need to refer to it? Eleanor passes the lodge gate on her estate one day to be made aware of her husband's gross infidelity, and to behold living evidences of his guilt. Is her cup of sorrow full? Not yet. She utters no complaint, but bears her yoke of suffering meekly and resignedly, waiting patiently and beseechingly, rather than with murmurs, for the hour of dismissal. Light, however, is to gleam upon the checkered path before the journey closes. Another eight years may have elapsed since David Stuart took his last leave of Eleanor, and a stranger presents himself with unexpected news. Sir Stephen is from home, and a traveller has arrived at his house, with a letter from a distant country. Wondrous disclosure! Stuart lives! Mercifully saved on the night on which he attempted suicide, he proceeded to America, where by dint of years of steady exertion and co-operation with the authors of his former great calamity he contrived to re-establish the affairs of the bankrupt house with which he had connected himself, and to recover the whole of Eleanor's sacrificed patrimony. The bearer of the letter, Mr. Stuart's confidential agent, is authorized to restore her fortune, and to communicate all particulars respecting his past history. Oh, to see the man who had lately seen him living and safe in far off America! She hurries to meet him, and grasps the hand of—David Stuart. When Sir Stephen comes home, at Mr. Stuart's earnest request and against the wish of Eleanor, the guardian is introduced as Mr. Lindsay. "Nothing," he says, "is to be gained by self-betrayal," the more especially as he intends shortly to return to his adopted home. But before Stuart can make up his mind to departure, he is made aware, first of a circumstance which it is much to be wondered has never occurred to him before, viz: the former perfect uncalculating devotion of his ward;

and then of the more poignant fact that misery, suffering, insult, and cruelty had attended her whole married life. Intolerable injury reaches its height! Sir Stephen brings his bastards into his house, and commands his wife to show them respect. Wild with sorrow and indignation, she is advised by Stuart of Dunleath to leave her home, to go to London, to seek a lawyer of eminence, and to sue for a divorce. That obtained, *then* will come, after much delay, that "happier future," of which the counsellor dares not trust himself to speak. The resolve is taken, the journey is made. But time brings reflection, and reflection, reason. It is not her husband's sin that took her from his roof, but the visionary sin of her own love; it was "the desire to swear at the altar of God to be true to David Stuart till death, that prompted her to plan her breaking of her first vow." She will not make that vow to indulge her own undying love. Still urged by David Stuart to the act, she resists the great temptation, and retires meekly into solitude, to pay the full penalty of her submission to the call of virtue. To return to the pollution of her husband's house is not to be thought of. To partake of sin with David Stuart is a suggestion not more to be tolerated in her pure and agitated soul.

One other drop, and the cup is full indeed. We have spoken of Lady Margaret Fordyce, but we have thought it unnecessary to mingle the history of that admirable person with the main current of our narrative. Lady Margaret, as we have said, is an old friend of Mr. David Stuart. She has taken a sisterly interest in the career of Eleanor, but has never ascertained from her the secret of her early and pure affection for her guardian. Inheriting a goodly fortune, the first care of Lady Margaret is to purchase the estate of Dunleath. She is not long mistress of it before the recovered property is in the hands of the man who, in his youth, became a criminal in order to possess it. David Stuart marries Lady Margaret Fordyce. Eleanor receives the intelligence while she is languishing abroad under the care of her foster-brother and his wife. The news goes silently to her heart as a lancet might travel thither, giving no external indication of the mortal wound inflicted. But the blood flows unseen within, and life stops, as it needs must, from the cruel laceration. Eleanor dies—still without a murmur. She had borne daily outrage from her husband, and confined the knowledge of her wrongs to her own bosom. She owed her sufferings to the first great fault of her guardian, yet she would never listen to one unkind word against his memory when she deemed him lost, and her love for him suffered no tarnish at any time for his offence. Shall she complain now that he is happy, and is master of Dunleath? She dies indeed broken-hearted, but good, gentle, uncomplaining, and forgiving, to the last.

The characters that move in the various scenes that make up this melancholy play are sketched out with a skilful and well disciplined hand, and are creditable to the authoress's creative powers. Great knowledge of human nature is indicated throughout the work. There is nothing overdrawn; the plot is natural, and the style fluent and poetical.

A word or two are necessary before we close, with reference to one remarkable phenomenon in connection with a leading personage in the drama. By a singular coincidence, not only Mrs. Norton, but every person in the book, is in perfect ignorance of a fact that is present to our mind almost from the first page to the last. David Stuart, of Dunleath, we grieve to say, is not only a very selfish gentleman, but a most accomplished rascal, yet not a human creature, but the reader and ourselves, has the least idea of it. Just look at him! Appointed the guardian of a helpless girl, he makes away with her fortune in a fruitless endeavor to enrich himself. He hears from the maiden's own lips that her heart is irrevocably bestowed upon a man whom she adores, yet he coolly recommends her to form an alliance with a brute for whom she cares nothing at all, in order that she may recover the wealth of which he, the adviser, has deliberately robbed her. Returning to England, and taking up his residence with the husband of his ward, he places the poor girl in a cruelly false position, and all but blasts her reputation, by compelling her to keep a secret, the communicating which could at the worst only occasion him a very trifling inconvenience. Quitting the husband's house, and learning quite soon enough for the lady's happiness that he had been the object of Eleanor's early choice, he advises an action for divorce, promising his hand in the event of a triumphant verdict. Finding the wife more honest than himself, he smothers his affection and looks elsewhere for crumbs of comfort. He finds them at the table of Lady Margaret Fordyce, whom he condescendingly weds, because, we are compelled to suppose, she has Dunleath to throw into the bargain. That Stuart is unnaturally described we will not say; but that Mrs. Norton should be so profoundly ignorant of his faults—should take such pains to hold him up as a high-minded gentleman—that Lady Margaret should imagine him a paragon of perfection and positively adore him—that her brother, the Duke of Lanark, should be "fond of him,"—and that an incalculable amount of respect and love should be thrown away by all parties concerned upon so worthless an object is, we must confess, somewhat disgusting in an age when even the highest merit fails too often of securing its deserts. One good action alone saves David Stuart from utter detestation. He recovered and restored the fortune of Eleanor Raymond—but many a transported forger has been capable of heroism as lofty, with incitements to honesty about as pure.

Authors and Books.

The student of classic mythology, who loves with Hammer Purgstall and Kreutzer to dive into the oriental depths of ancient myths, will welcome the recent appearance of a work by Ludwig Mercklin, entitled *Die Talos-Sage, und das Sardonische Lachen.* The story of Talus, and the Sardonic Laughter—a contribution to the history of Grecian legend and art—St. Petersburg and Leipsic, 1851. In this work we learn that the Cretan Talus was beyond doubt the Phænician sun-god, and that he was identical with the Athenian of the same name. The Cretan Talus, according to the mythological account, was a brazen image, which Vulcan gave to Minos, or Jupiter to Europa. He defended the island by heating himself in the fire and embracing his enemies. More literal commentators have attempted to prove that Talus was a brazen statue or beacon, like the Colossus of Rhodes, placed by the Phœnicians on the Cretan promontory. The Athenian Talus, inventor of the compass and saw, was slain by his uncle Dædalus, who was envious of his talent. The gods changed him to a partridge. After identifying the twain, Mercklin attempts to prove that the elements of this myth are to be sought in the ancient dogmas of lustration, and that they may be still further referred to the worship of Apollo. In connection with this Talus legend, he closely scrutinizes the account of the so called Sardonic laughter, and its relation to the same religious rites. "In conclusion, he discusses those ancient works of art which illustrate this subject, namely, the medals of Phaistos and the celebrated vase of Ruvo, of which he gives a new, and on the whole certainly correct account." In connection with this work we may notice another which appeared in April, entitled *Bellerophon*, by Herman Alex. Fischer. From the subject we infer that this Fischer is identical with *Vischer* who published three years ago one of the best *Æsthetics* on philosophies of art, ever written even in Germany. We are told in a short notice, that the author attempts, by a study of the myth of Bellerophon and those works of art relating to it, including the etymological signification of the name, to establish the identity of Bellerophon with the sun-god. Φοντής is by him derived or varied from φαντής and βέλλερο, explained as identical with ἥλιος, ἄλη, σέλας, and σελήνη.

Some anonymous scribbler in Berlin has recently put forth a treatise on free trade, entitled *Tempus omnia revelat:* of which a reviewer, in conjecturing the cause of its publication, remarks, that "as it treats generally of every thing else besides free trade, it is probable that the Free Trade Union have not deemed it worth while to hear him through."

Among the more recent curiosities of German medical literature, we find that Jos. Heinrich Beisen of Quedlinburg, has written a work on homœopathy as applicable to the diseases of swine. J. Hoppe of Magdeburg, has set forth another, entitled *Linen and cotton Garments considered in a medical light*, which is highly recommended by a competent judge. C. Gerold, of Vienna, publishes for the Count (and physician—we know not which is the more honorable title)—Von Feuchtersleben, a singular book, entitled *Zur Diätetik der Seele, Valere aude!*" which is not, however, as one might infer from the title, a theory of the method whereby the health of the soul itself may be preserved; but the art of regulating our physical well being by a correct management and strengthening of our mental powers. Count Feuchtersleben had already attained a reputation as a writer, and the work referred to, though in many particulars superficial, is not without merit. Last and least, Dr. Gideon Brecher, hospital physician at Pressnitz, publishes through Asher & Co., in Berlin, an octavo on *Transcendental Magic, and the supernatural methods of curing Disease, as given in the Talmud*, in which he enters largely into Theo-Dæmon and Angelology; as well as dreams, visions, biblical seraphims, cosmic and magic influences of the soul, with a scattering fire of amulets, spells and charms. We congratulate the medical faculty on this important addition to the literature of the healing art.

No department of ancient art is more interesting, or indeed more necessary to the student, than that relating to theatres and other aids to the practical illustration of dramatic art. No characteristic of modern continental life, is so striking to the traveller as the earnestness with which the opera is discussed by all classes, and its powerful influence upon social life in nearly every relation. But even the earnest attention which is directed at the present day in Naples or Vienna to some new incarnation of the all governing spirit of amusement, is nothing when compared with the same as it existed among the ancients, to whom it was literally *life.* '*Panem et circenses*'—bread and the public games—with these the Roman citizen of the later empire, like the modern lazzarone, with his maccaroni and San Carlino, could dream away life and be happy. Mindful of the importance of this branch of ancient art in its manifold relations, Fried. Wieseler has recently set forth a book,* declared by competent authority to be the best in the world on this subject. He has chosen judiciously from the immense mass of material extant; and according to the

* Wieseler, Friedrich. Theatergebäude und Denkmäler des Buhnenwesens, beiden Griechen und Römern. Göttingen, 1851. Vandenhoëk und Ruprecht.

prescribed limits conveyed all the information possible. "The first part of the work embraces a series of well executed plans and outlines of ancient theatres, of different countries and ages, with every requisite detail, followed by engravings and descriptions of every particular pertaining to the representation of plays. This is succeeded by an admirable collection of masks, scenes, figures and costumes, illustrative not only of the ancient drama, but also of its subdivisions of comedy, tragedy, the satyr-drama and the Italian phylace, with singing and music. The illustrations are admirably accurate—more particularly the colored plates of the Cyrenæan wall paintings, and the mosaics of the Vatican, by which the rare and costly work of MILLI is rendered unnecessary." More than one eminent German authority speaks in terms of high praise, of the accuracy and unwearied erudition which characterize the accompanying text.

THE second and third parts of the *Holzschnitte Berühmter Meister*, or woodcuts of celebrated masters, have made their appearance, containing, 1st. smaller woodcuts by Hans Holbein the younger (A. D., 1498–1554), being selections from the Dance of Death, and the Peasants' and Children's Alphabets; 2d. a large engraving after Michael Wohlzemuth (1484–1519), being the Glorification of Christ, and a Madonna and child of Hans Bürkmayer's; also, from the Dutch school, after Dirk de Bray (ob. 1680), a portrait of the artist's father, and the celebrated engraving of Rembrandt's, known as the philosopher with the hour-glass. For the information of artists we mention that these copies are executed with exquisite accuracy, and that the work, though gotten up in every particular in the most elegant manner, is afforded at a very moderate price.

RECENT German poetry offers little for remark. TELLKAMPF has published a poem in hexameters in the style of Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea, founded upon an incident in the battle of Leipsic, called *Irmengard*. It has passed into a second edition. EMIL LEONHARD, a poet not unknown, has written a poem upon Bürger, whose wild life had already furnished Müller subject for a romance and Mosenthal for a drama, and which is too unpleasant to be made attractive even by the poetic talent of Leonhard. We note, however an interesting work, entitled *Prussia's Mirror of Honor*, a collection of Prussian national songs, from the earliest period to the year 1840. They have much allusion to old Fritz, and are interesting as an indication of the popular feeling, which is always expressed in such songs, toward that national hero.

AN interesting contribution to contemporary history is I. VENEDY'S *Schleswig-Holstein in* 1850. A diary.

HERMAN FRITSCHE, of Leipsig, has recently published a work by one SOEMLAND SCHURAUER, entitled *Consecrated souvenirs of the virtues of our earliest ancestors: Collected with the aid of a Philologist.* This book we are told contains (though we should never have inferred it from the title), a collection and explanation of old German proper names, both masculine and feminine. The author in his preface gives it as his opinion that since the introduction of Christianity "a dreadful thousand-year-long night has brooded over Germany, and that the best method of dissipating this darkness, would be to revive the old German proper names!" "The poet discovers the sanctity of these primitive German names in the holy star-night, and he will, the higher these rise to the ideal, find in them a full accord with holy nature." His principal sources are the verbal assertions of Dr. ALEX. VOLLMER: for example in page 1st, where he questions whether "ANNO" signifies a year, and decides that it is originally German, from *an*, *un* and *unst;* to which add a G, whence results *Gunst*, meaning good fortune, success, or favor!—a bit of ingenuity which reminds us of several scraps of Horne Tooke's comic philology, as well as the glove-maker's motto, *Kunst macht Gunst*—skill makes (or wins) success. Dr. Vollmer is an amiable and hard-working scholar of immense erudition, and possessed of a boundless enthusiasm on the subject of early German and Gothic dialects. We regret that his learning should be lent to the support of such singular vagaries.

CARL GUTZKOW, who seemed by his first literary failure, the *Wally*, in 1835, to have sunk irretrievably, but has since risen to a brilliant eminence by the publication of *Uriel Akasta*, the *Zopf und Schwert*, and other writings, has recently put forth another, noticed as the *Ritter von Geiste*. G. REIMER at Berlin, has published the first volume of a second edition of BÖCKH'S inestimable work, *Die Staatshaushaltung der Athener*—the political economy of the Athenians. Prof. ANT. GUBITZ, the celebrated wood engraver, publisher of an annual comic almanac, and in fact the father of all the popular German illustrated almanacs of the present day, has written and published three dramas, entitled *The Emperor Henry and his Sons*, *Sophonisba*, and *Johann der Ziegler*.

Macchiavelli und der Gang der Europäischen Politik (Macchiavelli, and the Course of European Policy), by THEODORE MUNDT, is the last discussion of the political system of the "Regent of the Devil." The doctrines of *The Prince* Herr Mundt supposes have influenced the late reactionary events in Germany, and he thinks that work will again be the favorite text-book of despots. His exposition of the character and doctrines of Machiavelli, and his influence on European policy, is an interesting historical study.

The German press is no less prolific of novels than that of England and America. We observe the last month *Stories and Pictures from the Bohemian Forest*, by Joseph Rank, a romance of provincial life, not without interest; *The Children of God*, by Max Ring, a story of the court of Augustus the Strong, and of the origin of the sect of the Herrnhutters. Its sketches of character are called sprightly and successful. *The Castle of Ronceau*, from an old manuscript, is an episode from the history of the Huguenot war. A piquant title is that of Madame Ida von Düngefeld's book, *A Pension* (boarding-house) *upon the Lake of Geneva, two Romances in one house*, which recalls the stories of the Countess Hahn-Hahn before she ceased writing pleasant tales for us, and began histories of religious experience. But with less talent, the present author has more knowledge of men. The book is *sent la Politique* a little too much. But German ladies who write books love to say a word in them about every thing.

A Pilgrim and his Companions is still another romance, by Lorenzo Dieffenbach, not of a religious tone, as the title suggests, but purely political. It is a story of the German "March-Days," the days of Revolution. The author is bold and large in thought, but the want of sharp outline in his characters indicates the poor or unpractised artist. *The Oath* is the appropriately melodramatic title of a romance of the Venetian Inquisition, by David. It is well written, simple and natural. Remarkable qualities with so passionate a theme.

Ludwig Bauer has published through G. Jonghaus of Darmstadt, a work which reminds us of the *Chronica Jocelini de Brakelonda*, being the *Urkundenbuch des Klosters Arnsburg in d. Wetterau*, containing as yet unprinted documents of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, relating to the history of the monastery. We are happy to observe that notwithstanding the check given to general literature by the recent political troubles in Germany, this department of mediæval antiquity is rapidly advancing. When we remember the immense amount of material as yet unavailable which is still requisite to form an accurate history of the middle ages, with *reliable* accounts of its varied literature and customs, or when we reflect on the spoil and devastation which every day brings to the ancient hoard, we should feel grateful to those untiring antiquaries, who thus rescue a few literary gems from the flood of time.

The *Manuscripts of Peter Schlemil*, naturally awakens attention, but proves to be an extravaganza of Louis Bechstein, humorous and intelligent withal. But the humor is not intelligible, and the intelligence is not humorous, says a sharp reviewer.

Prof. O. L. B. Wolff, well known to every amateur German scholar in this country and England, as the publisher of the celebrated *Poetischer und Prosaischer Hausschatz*, or Poetic and Prosaic Home Treasury, has edited and published by Otto Wigand of Leipsic, that singular romance of *Caspar von Grimmelshausen*, first printed in 1669, which is, as a picture of German social life during the period of the thirty years' war, extremely interesting. We need, however, hardly caution our lady readers against its perusal. Its title is as follows: *Der abenteuerliche Simplicius Simplicissimus*. The adventurous Simplicius Simplicissimus. That is the true, copious, and very remarkable biography of an odd, wonderful and singular man, Strentels Von Fuchsheim, how he passed his youth in Spessart, of his varied and remarkable destinies in the thirty years' war, and of the numerous sufferings, sorrows and dangers which he experienced, with his ultimate good fortune.

A German critic, who of course belongs to the conservative party, writing under date of June 16, says of Miss Helen Webre, the inventor of the hybrid costume which *Punch* satirizes as an *American* absurdity, that "except in a certain disregard of public decencies there is nothing by which to distinguish her from the mass of vulgar women of the middling classes; she is about thirty-five years of age, and appears to be willing to do or say any thing that may be required for the attraction of observation; from her writings, throw out what is stolen or compiled, and there is nothing left to evince even a mediocrity of talent." This is less favorable than an account we published in an early number of the *International* (vol. i. 468), but it may be quite as just.

When Professor Zahn sojourned in Naples, he took an active part in the excavations of Pompeii—studies which eventually led to the publication of his meritorious work on this subject. At the same time he faithfully reported the progress of these operations to old Goethe. The poet's replies to these communications on the ancient paintings of Pompeii, its theatres, and other buildings, were replete with those sparks of genius he exhibited on every occasion. This rather voluminous correspondence, long laid up at Naples, has been lately discovered, and will be published by Professor Zahn.

Geschichte der Deutschen Stadte und des Deutschen Burgerthums (History of the Cities of Germany, and of German Citizenship), by F. W. Barthold, is the first of a series of painstaking and exhausting books of German historical materiel, in course of publication by Weizel, of Leipsic. The style of treatment resembles that adopted in *The Pictorial History of England*, which will make the work easy of reference.

Dr. Cornill publishes a dissertation upon Louis Feuerbach and his position toward the religion and philosophy of the present time. The author finds in every thing the famous professor does a farther religious development. But it is very doubtful if Feurbach has advanced at all since his memorable essay in the Halle *Book of the Year*, upon the relation of philosophy to theology. Since then he has only varied this theme, and his last work, upon the transcendental thesis *Man is what he eats*, in which the worthy Professor with Teutonic energy seeks to seduce the immorality of the age from the potato disease, the German critics declare to be totally devoid of that bold and thoughtful spirit which formerly fought so well for the emancipation of the understanding from its long scholastic thraldom.

A most mystical and metaphysical treatise is that of Ernst, *A new Book of the Planets, or Mikro and Makrokosmos*. It sings with Klopstock of the souls of the stars. It speculates with Jacob Böhme, with Retif de la Bretonne, with the Rabbins, and other mighty mystics, upon the origin of thought. The essential difference in speculative science between ether and thought, the unity of matter and spirit, the eternity and evanescence of matter, the thoughts, feelings, and sensations of God, and the final explication of the trinity. All this and more. In fine, says a German critic, it is a very jocose book, strongly to be commended for the consolation of political prisoners.

Waldmeister's *Bridal-Tour*, a story of the Rhine, Wine, and Travel, is the pleasant and appropriate title of the last book of Otto Roquette. It is the story of a spring tour along the Rhine. The fire of its wine, the golden gleam of its vineyards, the faint, penetrant delicacy of the grape-blossom, the luring look of the Love-Lei, the mystery of ruins, the distant baying of the wild huntsman's pack,—they all breathe, and bloom, and sound through the little book. It is a genuine song of spring. The poet is young, —he feels, dreams, and sings—what needs poet more?

A German version of Copway the Indian's work is announced under the title of *Kah-ge-ga-gah-bouh, Hauptling d' Ojibway Nation: Die Ojibway Eroberung:* Translated from the English by N. Adler, and published at Frankfort-on-the-Main. This we presume is an after-shot from the Peace Convention.

Among the new books announced in Germany we see *The Institutions of the United States, and their Lessons of American Experience to Europe*. It appears to be anonymous. One or two other German works on this country we shall notice particulaly in our next number.

Russian literature is gradually made accessible to the general student by German and French translations, and we shall soon begin to learn more of the mysterious despotism that towers like a fateful cloud along the eastern horizon of Europe, in its influence upon social and artistic life. The publisher Brockhaus of Leipsic has recently issued a collection in three volumes of the Russian novelists. Yet, whether from the want of tact in the selection or from the absence of characteristic qualities in the tales themselves, the authors are weakest in their delineation of popular life and manners, in this resembling fine society in Russia, which ignores *Russianism*, and believes in Parisian manners, language, and life, every thing but Parisian politics. Among the authors whose works are quoted we note Alexander Pushkin, the pride of Russian literature, born in 1799, and died in a duel in 1837. Helena Hahn, born in 1815, who, married at sixteen to a soldier, travelled through a large part of Russia, and died in 1832. Her novels were first published after her death, but seem to be not of the highest merit. Alexander Herzen, born in 1812, has zealously studied Hegel, and written a series of humorous tales, the best of which is called *Taras Bulwa*. Since 1847 he has been a wanderer, pursued as a democrat, and now proposes to visit the United States.

The Emperor of Austria has appointed Aaron Wolfgang Messeley, a Jew, Professor of Criminal Law at the University of Prague. M. Messeley had long filled the chair of the Hebrew Language and Literature in the same University. The numbers of Jews now attached as professors to the different universities and educational establishments in the Austrian states is seventeen; of whom fifteen were named by the late Emperor, and two by the present.

Alexandre Dumas, who, as a simple story writer is perhaps deserving of the highest place in the temple of letters—whose *Three Guardsmen*, with its several continuations, making some twenty volumes, is the most entertaining, and in certain characteristics the best sustained novel written in our days, —announces in Paris a new tale, *Un Drame de '98*, and he occupies the *feuilleton* of the *Presse* every week with another, *Ange Pitou*, of which the scene and time are also France during the first revolution.

Madame Charles Reybaud, authoress of *The Cadet de Calobrières*, has just published another story, *Faustine*, wherein provincial life in France is daguerreotyped.

Among the announcements in Paris we notice one of the tenth volume of Thiers's *Histoire du Consulat*. The eleventh volume is also said to be nearly ready.

M. Mignet has nearly completed his *Life and Times of Mary, Queen of Scots*, the third work on the subject produced in France within a year and a half. Mignet, however, is the most eminent person who has ever essayed this service, and he has had some peculiar and important advantages. He has made use of the collection of letters published by Prince Labanoff; of researches made in the State Paper Office of England by Mr. Tytler, and of other unpublished documents which he has himself collected, in order to form more correct opinions with regard to some of the darkest and most controverted events in the queen's life. These documents, chiefly from the archives of Spain, (to which M. Mignet was enabled to obtain access only at the express request of the French Government,) are of much importance, for they bring to light the negotiations carried on with Philip II. for the deliverance of Mary from her imprisonment—a part of her history to which previous biographers have paid little attention.

In the political literature of France a new pamphlet by Cormenin is remarkable. It is entitled *Revision*, and its substance is this: Having recounted the history of the Republican Charter, elaborated during many months by men especially delegated to the work, and by a suffrage really universal, debated long and earnestly in the committee, amended by the eighteen delegates of the assembly, reviewed by the commission, deliberated by the chamber, discussed by the press,—M. Cormenin establishes that this constitution, so elaborately matured, if it has nothing which promises eternal duration, yet satisfies all the conditions essential to present permanence, and will well lead the nation to that moment, when, personal passion being somewhat allayed, it may be wisely and conscientiously reviewed. This is the pith of the pamphlet. It appeals to no passions, and justifies no excess, and is a notable and intelligent effort at the resolution of the question.

M. de Marcellus, an old French ambassador, has published two volumes entitled *Literary Episodes in the East*. His oriental travel dates back as far as 1818, but the beautiful vision has pursued him ever since, and he knew no better way to lay it than by painting it, and making it real. The volume opens with a confession that all travel and all scenery have only reminded him most strongly of his eastern experiences, and that now, chilled with age, and hoping nothing of the future, he has especial pleasure in recurring to the past. It is a series of colloquial, familiar sketches and anecdotes, and will doubtless be a pleasant companion for the eastern tour. M. de Marcellus will follow this work with *A Collection of Popular Songs in Greece*.

Victor Hugo, who has always been opposed to the punishment of death, and whose *Last Days of Condemned*, one of his most powerful fictions, had a large influence every where against the death penalty, was lately before the Court of Assizes in Paris as an advocate in behalf of his son, who was on trial for publishing an article calculated to bring into disrespect the administrators of the law. The veteran poet was allowed to deliver an elaborate and characteristic harangue in defence of the article. He tasked himself for his most brilliant antithetical rhetoric, denouncing the scaffold, and the legislation, of death. The son, however, was convicted, and sentenced to a fine of five hundred francs and imprisonment for six months.

Victor Hugo has published a volume containing twelve speeches delivered on various occasions while he has been a *representant du peuple*. They are on the Bonaparte family, the punishment of death, universal suffrage, the liberty of the press, the affairs of Rome, &c., and are all written with the author's customary fine rhetoric; indeed in thought and style they are among his best performances.

Madame Bocarme, who probably was a party to the late murder of her brother, for which her husband the Count de Bocarme is to be executed, was an intimate friend of Balzac. The great novelist dedicated one of his works to her, and another of them was written in the Château de Bitremont. Balzac, while on a visit to the château, was taken to see a farmer, and, as usual, interested himself so much in the cattle, that after an hour's conversation he was amused to find that the farmer had taken him, H. de Balzac, the brilliant Parisian, for a cattle dealer! The forthcoming memoirs of Balzac will perhaps contain something about this woman, who seems to have won for herself the execration of all France.

The Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* affirms that, on the whole, the French press has gained by the regulation requiring signatures to original articles. The abler class of contributors have profited greatly, as they have obtained a position in popular esteem, and consequently a claim on their employers, which years of anonymous drudgery would not have secured. Nor have readers, it is remarked, any cause to complain; for "men, remembering that 'those who live to please must please to live,' take far greater pains with the articles to which they have to attach their names, than to those which are unsigned."

M. Arago, the great astronomer, who is passing the summer at the mineral springs of Vichy, is nearly blind, and probably will entirely lose his sight. His brother, who is likewise a man of extraordinary abilities, has been blind many years.

GEORGE SAND dedicates her last performance to DUMAS, "because," she says, "I wish to protest against the tendency that may be attributed to me of regarding the absence of action as a systematic reaction against the school of which you are the chief. Far from me such a blasphemy against movement and life! I am too fond of your works; I read them and listen to them with too much attention and emotion; I am too much an artist in feeling to wish the slightest lessening of your triumphs. Many believe that artists are necessarily jealous of each other. I pity those who believe it, pity them for having so little of the artist as not to understand that the idea of assassinating our rivals would be that of our own suicide."

A CRITICAL *History of the Philosophical School of Alexandria* is the title of a work of serious philosophical claims, by M. VACHEROT. He had already published two volumes analyzing and developing the doctrines of the Alexandrian philosophy. In the present volume he has traced its influence upon the subsequent schools, passing in review Plotinus and his successors. The scope of the work invites and permits a discussion of the profoundest problems that now agitate the world of thought, and M. Vacherot has the credit of acquitting himself adequately and admirably of his task.

ROUSSEAU, on his death, left several papers to his friend Moulton, and the heirs of that person, in 1794, caused them to be deposited in the public library of Neufchatel, in Switzerland. There they have remained unknown until a few weeks since, when M. Bovet, of that town, examined them, and found that they embraced an essay entitled *Avant-propos et Preface a mes Confessions*, which has just been printed. Of course it will appear with all future editions of the Confessions.

BALZAC, besides his *Memoirs*, which are soon to appear in Paris, it is now stated left two other works, one a romance called *Les Paysans*, finished only a short time before his death, the other a collection of confidential letters to a lady, in which, it is said, he took pleasure in laying bare the secrets of his heart, and his real opinion of men and things.

M. NISARD was a few weeks ago received into the *Academie Française*. He succeeds the late M. Feletz, and has written a history of French literature, a book of *études* on the Latin poets, and superintended a translation of all the Latin writers.

M. GAUTIER, formerly a deputy from the Gironde, a peer of France, Minister of Finance, and sub-governor of the Bank of France, has published a volume *On the Causes which disturb Order in France, and the means of Reëstablishing it.*

GUIZOT is about to publish the *Histoire des Origines du Gouvernement Représentatif.* This is a new work, being the revised issue of his lectures from 1820 to 1822, which have never yet been printed, except in the imperfect *comptes rendus* of the *Journal des Cours Public.*

Le Drame de '98, by ALEXANDRE DUMAS, turns out to be a narrative of the Revolution, in his rapid dramatic style.

M. PIERRE DUFOUR is publishing a work of great value entitled the *History of Prostitution among all Nations and at all Times.*

A CHEAP edition of the chief writings on affairs, by EMILIE DE GIRARDIN, is published in eleven volumes.

Mademoiselle de Belle Isle, written by Dumas for Mademoiselle Mars—a sprightly, dissolute comedy, full of the life which animates the *Mémoires* of the time, and complicated in its construction with the skill of a Lope de Vega—was translated in New-York a year or two ago by Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, and brought out at the Astor Place Opera House. Our theatre-going people, however, declined a piece so broadly licentious, and it was soon withdrawn. We see that another version of it has been made in London, and that it has been played there very successfully.

THE London editors lack something of the honesty of the Americans: they never give credit for an article, but if making up an entire number of a periodical from American sources, would permit their readers to suppose it all original. *Sharpe's Magazine* is particularly addicted to this infirmity, and the July issue of it contains our excellent friend the Rev. F. W. Shelton's paper on *Boswell, the Biographer*, which appeared originally in *The Knickerbocker.*

THE Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, Jr., rector of Eversley, best known to American readers as the author of the Chartist novel of *Alton Locke*, and *Yeast, a Problem*, has been an industrious writer. He is now about fifty years of age, and besides the above works and a vast number of papers in *Fraser's Magazine*, he has published *The Christian Socialist (!)*, *Politics for the People*, *Village Sermons*, and *The Saint's Tragedy*—in point of art the best of his performances. We see by the English papers that he preached a sermon lately in Fitzroy Square, London, on the "Gospel Message to the Poor." It was so full of "socialistic" thoughts, and so severe on the richer classes, that the rector of the church, when he had finished, arose in his pew, and protested vehemently against its doctrines. The congregation dispersed in great disorder.

We doubt whether any living Englishman is capable of surpassing Sir Bulwer Lytton's version of the Ballads of Schiller, but Mr. Edgar Alfred Bowring, a son of the well-known Dr. Bowring who has published translations from so many languages, has just published a volume entitled *The Poems of Schiller complete, including all his early Suppressed Pieces, attempted in English.* The word "complete" expresses its difference from the many Schillers in English that have previously appeared. An *Anthology* edited by Schiller in 1782, when he had just commenced his career, contains several poems which the critics recognize as his. This remained unknown, however, except as a literary curiosity, till a few months ago; and several of the poems had been omitted in all the collections of Schiller's works. But the republication of the *Anthology* has brought to light the suppressed poems (in number twenty-eight, comprising nearly twelve hundred verses), and these are translated for the first time by Mr. Bowring, whose versions are much commended.

Among the new books of English verse, some of the most noticeable are *The Fair Island, in Six Cantos*, by Edmund Peel: in the Spenserian measure, with passages of fair description; *Ballad Romances*, by R. H. Horne, author of "Orion," &c.—a book containing genuine poetry; *The Reign of Avarice*, an allegorical satire, in four cantos; *Philosophy in the Fens*, in the style of Peter Pindar; and *Marican*, a Chilian tale, by Henry Inglis.

Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," has just published a new novel under the title of *The Lily and the Bee, a Romance of the Crystal Palace.* The name savors of the huckster, and we shall look for a more melancholy failure than his last previous performance.

Mr. Levi Woodbury's *Miscellaneous Writings, Addresses, and Judicial Opinions*, will be published in four octavo volumes, by Little & Brown, of Boston.

The *North American Review* for the July quarter is in many respects characteristic. Six months after every Review published in Great Britain had had its paper on Southey, and when the subject is quite worn out, the *North American* furnishes us with a leading article upon it, in which there is neither an original thought nor a new combination of thoughts that are old. Colton's *Public Economy* gives a title to an article, in which the book is treated superciliously, and some ideas by Henry C. Carey are presented as the original speculations of the reviewer. It is deserving of remark that the *Past and Present*, and more recent works of Mr. Carey, which among thinking men throughout the world have commanded more attention than any other writings in political philosophy during the last five years, have never been even referred to in this periodical, which arrogates to itself the leadership of American literature. The eighth article of the number is on the Unity of the Human Race, and considering the place it occupies in the *North American Review*, for July, 1851, it is contemptible. It is based on five publications made in England previous to 1847, and ignores all the research and discussion since that time, notwithstanding the facts that the subject never was so amply, so profoundly, or so luminously discussed as during the last year—that the very writers referred to in the article have for the chief part published their most important treatises upon it since 1847—that within six months its literature has received large accessions in France, Germany, and Italy,—and that in *our own country*, of whose intellectual advancement this Review is bound to give some sort of an index, the four years since Latham's "Present State and Recent Progress of Ethnological Philosophy" appeared, have furnished important works by Albert Gallatin, Mr. Hale of the Exploring Expedition, the Rev. Dr. Bachman, the Rev. Dr. Smyth, and several others, all of which should have been considered in any new, especially in any American *resume* of the discussion. Johnston's *Notes on North America* is treated with a spleen excited by the author's refusal to recognize the greatness assumed for certain persons connected with Harvard College, and Mr. Bowen is weak enough to say, or to permit a contributor to say, "we *understand* (!) Mr. Johnston has a high reputation," &c. Pish! And what does the reader suppose is the theme—the fresh, before unheard-of theme—of another paper? what new star, in the heaven of mind, demanded most the exploration and illustration of the *North American Review*, for this July quarter, in 1851? The best guesser of riddles would not in fifty years hit upon Mr. Gilfillan's book of rigmarole entitled *The Bards of the Bible*, but this performance, which had been criticised in every other quarterly, monthly, weekly, and daily, in the English language, that would descend to it, crowds out the subjects of "great pith and moment" upon which a periodical of such claims should have spoken with wise authority.

Our own country is full of suggestive topics for thoughtful, earnest, and learned men, and it is fit that the closet should send out its instruction to calm the turbulence awakened by tempests from the rostrum—that affairs should be subjected to the criticism of experience, and that what is new in discovery, in opinion, or in suggestion, should have quick and popular recognition and justice. We need—we must have—for this purpose a powerful and really national *Review*, to reflect and guide the life and aspirations of the country.

We mentioned some time ago that Mr. William W. Story, a son of the late Justice Story, was preparing for the press a life of his father, and we now understand that the work will soon be ready, in two large octavo volumes, to be published by Little & Brown. It will come too late. Such a memoir would have been very well received any time within a year after Judge Story's death: now the public mind is settled in an unalterable conviction that Judge Story was an overrated man, and a consideration of the processes by which his fame was acquired is likely for a long time to sink it below its just level. We but echo the opinion of more than one eminent person connected with the very school in which he was a teacher, as well as the common judgment of the leading men of the profession in all the states, when we say that Judge Story was not a great lawyer; two or three of his books were good, but the rest were made for cash profits, and sold by means of ingenious advertising. Now they will answer for the country courts, and the inferior courts of the cities, where no opposing lawyer has enough wit and knowledge to oppose Story against Story, but they are no longer weighty authorities, and every term they are found to be of declining influence. As a man of letters, Judge Story's rank will be still lower. He has left nothing to carry his name into another age. Yet he was a man of much professional learning, of taste, sagacity, an extraordinary command of his resources, and a most amiable and pleasing character, and his memoirs and correspondence, if fitly presented, will constitute an attractive and valuable contribution to the history of American society.

For several years it has been known to many students of our early history, that Mr. Lyman C. Draper was devoting his time and estate, and faculties admirably trained for such pursuits, to the collection of whatever materials still exist for the illustration of the lives of the Western Pioneers. He has carefully explored all the valley of the Mississippi, under the most favorable auspices—by his intelligence and enthusiasm and large acquaintance with the most conspicuous people, commended to every family which was the repository of special traditions or of written documents—and he has succeeded in amassing a collection of MS. letters, narratives, and other papers, and of printed books, pamphlets, magazines, and journals, more extensive than is possessed by many of the state historical societies, while in character it is altogether and necessarily unique. He proposes soon to publish his first work, *The Life and Times of General George Rogers Clarke*, (whose papers have been long in his possession, and whose surviving Indian fighters and other associates he has personally visited), in two octavo volumes, to be followed by shorter historical memoirs of Colonel Daniel Boone, General Simon Kenton, General John Sevier of East Tennessee, General James Robertson, Captain Samuel Brady, Colonel William Crawford, the Wetzells, &c., &c. The field of his researches, it will be seen, embraces the entire sweep of the Mississippi, every streamlet flowing into which has been crimsoned with the blood of sanguinary conflicts, every sentinel mountain looking down to whose waves has been a witness of more terrible and strange vicissitudes and adventures than have been invented by all the romancers.

The *Dublin University Magazine* is not very kind in the matter of the American poem of *Frontenac*, but suggests that as the author's name is Street, he cannot object to being "walked into."

Mrs. Southworth's story of *Retribution* is being republished in *Reynolds's Miscellany*, edited by G. W. M. Reynolds, the novelist. Those who are acquainted with the productions of Reynolds will perhaps recognize the fitness of the association.

Mrs. Mowatt, who has just returned from a professional residence in England, we understand will soon give the public a collection of her miscellaneous writings, prefaced by Mary Howitt. The authoress of *The Fortune Hunter*, under various signatures, has been a very voluminous as well as a very clever writer. She will in a few weeks appear at the Broadway Theatre.

Miss Beecher has published (through Phillips & Sampson of Boston), her *True Remedy for the Wrongs of Women*, and the book is much below her reputation. From a person of her character and unquestionable abilities, we looked for a rebuke of those females who have unsexed themselves, such a rebuke as should have brought to life all the latent shame in their natures, and for ever prevented any renewals of the melancholy displays they have made of an unfeminine passion for notoriety. The "wrongs of woman," in the state of New-York at least, are purely ideal; here woman has all the privileges and protections compatible with her destined offices in a civilized society. She undoubtedly has a share of the sufferings to which human nature is subject, but has literally nothing to complain of at the hands of man in the social organization. The individual wrongs of which she is the victim, are for the most part penalties of individual indiscretions, and the remedy for them is to be found in the education of woman for her proper sphere and duties, such education as shall develope her capacities for the relations of domestic life, most of all, for maternity. Miss Beecher treats parties with respect who are entitled to no respect, acknowledges evils which do not exist, and proposes for the elevation of female character plans of very questionable influence.

The Fine Arts.

All Europe abounds in memorials of illustrious men, and in the present time there is more than ever before a disposition manifested to consecrate art to the honor of the benefactors of mankind, or to those who have been most eminent for great qualities. From Munich, we learn by the latest journals, that two colossal statues—those of Gustavus Adolphus and of the Swedish poet Tegner—have just been cast at the royal foundry of that capital, with complete success. Both were modelled by Schwanthaler, and are destined for public places in the city of Stockholm. In France, the inhabitants of Andelys have been inaugurating a statue of Nicolas Poussin, with great ceremonial. On the same day a statue to Poisson, an eminent mathematician, was inaugurated with pomp, at his native place, Pithiviers, near Orleans. A little before, one was erected to Froissart, the quaint old chronicler of knightly deeds, at Valenciennes, where he was born. Jeanne Hachette is about to have one at Beauvais; Gresset, the author of '*Vert Vert*,' at Amiens; and the village of Rollot, in Picardy, has just caused to be placed in its public square a bust of the translator into French of the *Thousand and One Nights*, Antony Galland. He was sent by Colbert to the East on account of his great knowledge of the Hebrew and other oriental languages, and on his return published the Arabian Nights, and a treatise on the origin of coffee.

There is, in fact, scarcely a Frenchman of real eminence in poetry, literature, war, science, statesmanship, or the arts, who is not honored with a statue, either in his birthplace, or in the town made his own by adoption. Most of the statues are erected at the expense of the respective localities; the good people thinking it a duty to render every respect to their illustrious dead. And when they happen to be too poor to incur much cost, they erect a fountain, or some other useful work, which bears the great man's name. In the small and poor village of Chatenay, near Paris, where Voltaire was born, you see, for example, a small plaster bust of him, in an iron cage, and on the parish pump the words "à Voltaire." And, as the *Literary Gazette* has it, very justly, "the man who should scoff at this simple tribute to genius would be an ass,—it is all that poor peasants can afford to pay." The names of distinguished men are also frequently given by the French to streets and squares. In Paris alone, Molière, Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, Boileau, Montaigne, and I know not how many others, together with men of science by the hundred, have streets named after them: so have Chateaubriand and Béranger; so have even the English Lord Byron and the Italian Rossini. The ships in the navy, too, receive also the names of distinguished men, foreign as well as native—there is a man-of-war named after Newton, and several public works have the name of our own Franklin. But in the United States, although we have sometimes named after soldiers and statesmen, we have scarce any monuments, and no statues at all, except a few of men distinguished in affairs. In Union Square, opposite the house in which he lived, there should be a statue of the great Chancellor Kent; in Richmond, one of Marshall, next to Washington, the greatest of Virginians; in Northampton, one to Jonathan Edwards; in New Haven, one to Timothy Dwight; before the Academy of Sciences in Philadelphia, one to Franklin, one to Rittenhouse, and one to Alex. Wilson; at Cambridge, one to Allston; in Boston, one to Bowditch; and in New-York, memorials of some sort to Audubon, Gallatin, Hamilton, &c.

In the new park which is to be reserved in the upper part of the city, we have an opportunity to commemorate the patriotism and misfortunes of the first magistrate chosen by the people of New-York, the first under whom municipal elections were held here, and the first martyr to Liberty in the New World—Governor Leisler. Leisler Park sounds well, and it has additional fitness from the fact, that the unfortunate governor was once proprietor of a part of the grounds to be so appropriated. If it shall not be called Leisler Park, there is another illustrious New-Yorker, whose name appears to have been forgotten by those who have given names to public places here,—Governor Colden, who wrote the *History of the Five Nations*.

When the Emperor of Russia was at Rome, four or five years ago, he engaged Barberi, the worker in mosaic, to undertake certain large works, and with the instruction of six Russian students with a view to the establishment of a great school of mosaic art in St. Petersburgh. Since that time Barberi and his pupils have been occupied with works for the imperial residence, the last of which, just completed, consists of an octagonal mosaic pavement, from the ancient design of the round hall in the Vatican Museum, with twenty-eight figures, a colossal head of Medusa in the centre, and a variety of ornaments, all inclosed in a brilliant wreath of fruits, flowers, and foliage. The series already executed consist of four scenic masques, each of which is valued at £5200 sterling. With these finished works Cavaliere Barberi is about to forward to St. Petersburgh a number of vitreous mosaic tablets of every shade and style of drawing and decoration, as models for younger students.

TENERANI, the most eminent of contemporary Italian sculptors, has finished a statue of Bolivar. The figure is standing, full draped, and holding a laurel crown in the left hand. The pediment is ornamented with three bas-reliefs, the three provinces, Peru, Bolivia, and Colombia. Two statues, Justice and Liberality, symbols of the hero's virtues, stand at the side of the monument, which will be erected in the cathedral of Caracccas. It is a fine instance of the beauty and delicate grace of Tenerani's treatment. The expressive head of "The Liberator," with the high, arched brow, the large, soft, and sagacious eyes, the sharply chiselled but agreeable features, beaming with intellectual radiance, are happily conceived and exquisitely executed.

In the same kind we note an equestrian statue of Bernadotte by TOGELBERG, a Swede resident in Rome. The horseman's mantle has fallen aside, the staff of a commander is in his hand, and the able marshal, "king that shall be," looks graciously down from his horse. In his face there is the imperial force of military genius, with the genial grace of sensibility. The horse is finely done.

STEINHAUSER'S statue of Hahnemann, the father of homœopathy, destined for Leipsic, is almost finished. The same artist has in hand the Goethe monument, designed by Bettina von Arnim. The sketch serves as the illuminated title-page to the second volume of the correspondence with a child. She describes it as follows: "Goethe sits upon a throne, within a semi-niche, his head reaches over the niche, which is not closed above, but is cut away, and seems, half seen, like the moon rising over the rim of a mountain. The mantle, tied round the neck, falls back over the shoulders, and is brought forward again under the arms into the lap. The left hand rests upon the lyre, supported u, on the left knee. The right hand, which holds my flowers, is sunk negligently in the same way, and, forgetting fame, he holds the laurel wreath, and looks toward heaven. The young Psyche stands before him, as then I stood, raises herself upon tip-toe to touch the strings of the lyre, which he permits, lost in inspiration."

The artist has appreciated this conception. He has represented Goethe not as an old man, but as a man of ideal expression, holding indeed the well-won laurel, but with the harp in hand, as if inspiration were exhaustless.

HERR KISS'S group in bronze of an Amazon encountering a lion has been purchased by the Prince of Prussia as a present for the Queen of England. A copy of the same work in zinc has been purchased by a gentleman from the United States for £2500. It is said that Kiss has received a commission for two other copies for persons in the United States.

THE English critics complain that they have not any longer a great portrait painter. This branch of art is declining, and the walls of the Academy this year bear testimony to the fact. From the death of Lawrence to the present time, now more than twenty years, it has been gradually subsiding into the mere record of literal fact—ignoring those great principles which made it once a means of historical record. In America we have occasion for no such regrets. Elliot is equal to any man in the world for a masculine and noble head, and Hicks and several others would in any country or in any time command the applause due to great masters.

FOR three years Mr. PYNE, the landscape painter, has been taking a series of views in the lake counties of England. The pictures comprise all the important objects in a tour through the country they illustrate, treated under a variety of aspects, which renders the collection valuable in an artistic point of view. A feeling for atmospheric distance is one of Mr. Pyne's most important attributes, and in representing wide reaching views of mountains and lakes he has had full scope for his talent. The pictures are to be copied in a series of colored lithographs, and published in a volume.

AMONG the pictures in the Royal Academy this season are several by British army officers on foreign duty. By the Hon. Lieutenant Colonel Percy there are, *A Study of Niagara from the under Horse-Shoe Fall*, *The River St. Lawrence and Mouth of the Saguenay*, and a view on the same river *Near the Chaudiere Bridge, Quebec.*

RAUCH, the sculptor, whose statue of Frederic the Great has just been erected in Berlin, has been the object of an artistic ovation. The Academy of Sciences gave a banquet in his honor, the king, royal family, and ministers assisted, and Meyerbeer composed a *Cantata* for the occasion.

MR. HEALY'S picture of Mr. Webster replying to Colonel Hayne is completed, in Paris, and will be brought to New-York in the present month (of August). It is twenty-eight feet long. The painter has published proposals for engravings of it, at twenty dollars per copy.

AN original painting by Raphael, *The Boar Hunt*, was destroyed in a recent fire at Downhill House, the family seat of Sir Hervey Bruce, in England.

THE French and English journals mention several important improvements of the daguerreotype, some of which are of the same character as Mr. Hill's. Mr. Brady, of this city, has gone to London, to establish a branch of his house in that city.

Historical Review of the Month.

THE UNITED STATES.

On the 4th of July the corner stone of the Capitol extension at Washington was laid, before the President of the United States, the Cabinet, army and navy officers, and a very large assemblage of citizens. Mr. Webster delivered on the occasion an address, in which he pointed out with his customary eloquent clearness the extraordinary advances of the country since General Washington, fifty-eight years before, had performed there a similar duty, and for the advantage of condensation and exactness he presented many important facts in the form of a comparative table, as follows:

	1789.	1851.
Number of States	15	31
Representatives and Senators in Congress	195	295
Population of the U. States, 1850	3,929,328	23,267,498
Do. Boston, do.	18,038	136,871
Do. Baltimore, do.	13,503	169,054
Do. Philadelphia, do.	42,520	409,045
Do. New-York (city), do.	33,131	515,597
Do. Washington, do.	—	40,075
Amount of receipts into Treasury, do.	$5,720,634	$48,774,848
Am't of expenditures of U. S., do.	7,529,575	39,355,268
Amount of imports, do.	31,000,000	178,138,318
Do. Exports, do.	26,109,000	151,898,730
Do. Tonnage, do.	525,764	3,535,454
Area of the United States, do.	805,461	2,514,365
Rank and file of the army	5,110	10,000
Militia (enrolled),	—	2,006,456
Navy of the United States (vessels),	None	76
Do. Armament (ordnance),	—	2,012
Number of treaties and conventions with foreign powers	9	90
Number of lighthouses and lightboats	7	372
Expenditures for do.	$12,001	529,265
Area of the first capitol building in square feet	—	14,641
Do. present capitol (including extension)	—	4½ acres
Lines of railroads in miles	—	8,500
Do. Telegraphs	—	15,000
Number of post-offices	209	21,551
Number of miles of post route	5,642	178,671
Amount of revenue from post-offices	$104,747	$5,552,971
Amount of expenditures in the Post-Office Department	72,040	5,212,933
Number of miles of mail transportation	—	46,541,423
Miles of railroad	—	8,500
Public libraries	35	694
Number of volumes in do.	75,000	2,201,683
School libraries	—	10,000
Number of volumes in do.	—	$2,000,000

The recent anniversary—being three quarters of a century from the Declaration of Independence—was celebrated with unusual enthusiasm in nearly all parts of the United States. One small party of secessionists in a southern state chose the occasion for some farcical expressions of treason, and members of another party, equally insane or wicked, in the north, chose to violate the sacredness of the time by avowing a disregard of the Constitution; but on the whole the displays of feeling were such as to gratify a patriotic and hopeful spirit. The new constitution of Maryland went into effect on that day, and in obedience to one of its provisions all the persons confined in its several prisons for debt were then released.

The correspondence between the British Minister and the Secretary of State respecting the long-pending difficulties in Central America is not yet concluded. It appears that Great Britain is ready to relinquish her peculiar relations with the so-called Mosquito Kingdom, and surrender her control over San Juan; but she refuses to make that surrender to Nicaragua, which claims an unconditional right in the case, and refuses to submit to any restrictions. There are other territorial difficulties between Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and the other states, which seem difficult of adjustment. On these subjects Sir Henry Bulwer has addressed to the American Government a communication urging its interference to produce an amicable settlement. Mr. Webster has left Washington for a temporary residence in the country, and it is probable that this correspondence will not be concluded until his return, and the return of the British Minister from a contemplated visit to London.

It is supposed that an extensive fraud has been committed against the United States Government in the settlement of Mexican claims. The person accused, a Dr. Gardner, received a large sum from the Mexican Commission, but as is now stated, by fraudulent evidence. He is absent in Europe, but the grand jury of Washington has found a bill against him, and his brother and another party implicated in the transaction have been held to bail for perjury.

The Tehuantepec Surveying Expedition has returned to New Orleans. Surveys, which show the practicability of the railroad route, are complete. A few parties have been left on the ground to survey a line for the construction of a carriage road. The Coatzacoalcos River is reported navigable, for twenty-five miles above its mouth, for ships drawing eleven feet of water. The climate is believed to be healthy. The Mexican government having evinced some unfriendliness to the Tehuantepec project, the interference of the United States has been solicited, but declined. The balance of the fourth installment of the Mexican Indemnity, under the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, was paid at the U. S. Treasury on the 28th of June—amounting to $1,815,400. The whole amount of the installment is $3,360,000. The Court Martial convened at Washington on the 23d June, for the trial of General Talcott, chief of the ordnance department, has closed its labors by the conviction of the accused of all the charges preferred against him, and his dismissal from the service. The charges were: a violation of the 132d article of the regulations for the government of the Ordnance Department; wilful disobedience of orders and instructions from the Secretary of War in relation to a contract for supplies; and conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, among other things, in making a declaration which was positively and wilfully false, and intended to deceive the Secretary of War.

Preparations for the next presidential canvass are being commenced in many of the States. General Scott has received the nomination of two state conventions—that of Ohio, and that of Pennsylvania—besides having been nominated at public meetings in Delaware, Indiana, and other places. Mr. Woodbury has been nominated in New Hampshire, and meetings of various degrees of importance have expressed preferences for other can-

didates in various parts of the country. The crops of all sorts are represented as being in a very prosperous condition throughout all sections: of wheat and potatoes more abundant than ever before, and of cotton and rice very much better than the drought in the early part of the season promised. The Extra Session of the New-York legislature adjourned on the 11th of July, after passing several important bills. That for the enlargement of the Erie Canal is a measure of great moment to the industry and commerce of the state. It provides for the complete enlargement of the Erie Canal within four years, thus securing the immense business which would else seak other avenues to the seaboard, and endowing the state with a large revenue independent of taxes. Chief Justice Bronson, whose political relations give to his opinions in this case a peculiar value, has published an elaborate vindication of the bill's constitutionality. The legislature of New Hampshire adjourned on the 5th of July. The legislature of Connecticut has also adjourned, having elected no Senator in the place of Mr. Baldwin. Resolutions approving of the Compromise Measures, *including the Fugitive Slave Law*, passed the House by a vote of 113 to 35, but in the Senate they were indefinitely postponed. The Virginia Reform Convention struck out the section of the Constitution prohibiting the legislature from passing a law to allow the emancipation of slaves, and inserted a provision that an emancipated slave remaining in the state over twelve months shall be sold. The legislature is allowed to impose restrictions on the owners of slaves who are disposed to emancipate, but the section giving the legislature power to remove free negroes from the state is stricken out. The murderers of the Cosden family, in Kent Co., Maryland, are sentenced to be hung on the first Friday of the present month.

From California we have intelligence to the 15th of June. San Francisco and Stockton seem to have almost entirely recovered from the effects of the late conflagrations; the burnt districts were being restored with a rapidity surpassing all previous examples of Californian energy, and business, far from being prostrated, had resumed its former activity. The accounts from the mines continued to be encouraging, the yield of gold not having been diminished by the unusual dryness of the winter. The Indian Commissioners have met with great success in their work of pacification, although there were rumors of skirmishes in the northern part of the state. A man named Jennings was lately seized at San Francisco while attempting to escape with a bag of stolen money, and was, after being arrested and tried by a self-constituted Vigilance Committee, condemned, brought out into the plaza, and publicly hung in the presence of a large crowd. A crime so monstrous may well startle the world. If the persons composing the Vigilance Committee have respectable positions in society, this fact but increases the infamy of the transaction, and gives it a more fatal influence. Every member of the committee, consenting to its action, should be deemed guilty of murder, and punished as a murderer, though the magistracy of California should have to invoke for its support in enforcing the laws the whole force of the nation. There is no safety, nor true liberty, where there is not obedience; and it had been better that all the thieves in California in half a century escaped punishment than that one should be punished in this manner.

In the Mormon territory of Utah ground was broken for the Great Salt Lake and Mountain Railway on the 1st of May. When this enterprise is completed, preparations will be more vigorously prosecuted for the erection of the Temple. The condition of affairs in the new settlements is represented as encouraging.

The tide of emigration continues to flow into Texas from European ports. Milam District, on the Upper Brazos, seems at present to be the favorite point for the colonists. The new town of Kent has lately been erected at Kimball's Bend, and under the auspices of Captain Sir Edward Belcher, R. N., made up of hardy English and Scotch settlers. With the payment of its debt insured by the ten millions received from the United States, Texas must become one of the most flourishing states of the Union.

MEXICO.

Recent advices from Mexico lead to apprehensions that the unquiet and unsettled state of affairs may result in open attempts at a revolution in the government, and an effort by the partisans of General Santa Anna to recall him from exile, and place him at the head of the administration. It is understood that the President has abandoned the liberal party and allied himself with the clergy. A vigorous newspaper war is waged against the priests. The Mexican congress is engaged in devising ways and means to raise the necessary revenue to carry on the government. The proposition to impose an additional tax of eight per cent. on all foreign merchandise imported into the Republic, has been adopted by the Chamber of Deputies.

BRITISH AMERICA.

The subject of the clergy reserves, which for a quarter of a century has almost been constantly debated in Upper Canada, has lately been agitated with unprecedented earnestness and bitterness. The popular and English party advocate the appropriation of the funds thus accruing to purposes of general education. The Board of Trade of Toronto has passed a vote of censure upon the Council, for having memorialized the government to impose differential duties against American manufactures. The census returns for 1850 give the population of Canada at nearly 800,000. The proceeds of clergy reserve sales, during the year, were $220,428. In the Legislative Assembly, a series of resolutions has been moved for the repeal of the union between Upper and Lower Canada. Efforts are being made to construct a railroad from Halifax to Hamilton, where it is to join the Great Western road, constituting a continuous line from Halifax to Detroit.

WEST INDIES.

We have dates of Port-au-Prince to the 30th of June. The coronation of the Emperor Soulouque will take place very soon. Should no bishop arrive from Rome, the Emperor may create a native bishop. At the coronation, a general amnesty is expected for all political exiles, whose return to Hayti will be beneficial, for among them are men of wealth and intelligence. The affairs of the country have assumed a more pacific aspect. Immediately after the recent proclamation of the Emperor to the Dominicans, several agents

were sent to different points on the frontier, to induce the enemy to enter on amicable relations. With a single exception, these missions were successful, and a number of Dominicans were expected in Port-au-Prince, for purposes of trade. The universal desire of the Haytian people, as well as of the government, is said to be that the dispute may be honorably settled. The Emperor, however, has not relinquished the idea of effecting a reännexation of the territory of Dominica to Hayti. The excessive issues of Treasury bonds and paper currency are proving prejudicial to the true interests of the country. The number of negroes brought to Cuba from the coast of Africa, during the past fourteen months, is 14,500. Very heavy rains have fallen in the interior and in the neighborhood of Manzanilla.

SOUTH AMERICA.

In the number of the *Christian Review* for the July quarter is a very comprehensive, intelligible, and apparently perfectly correct survey of the condition of the South American states, to which we refer readers who would possess more minute information on the subject than can be embraced in this summary.

The condition of Peau appears favorable for the maintenance of peace and order. The laws relating to elections, municipal governments, and other topics connected with the internal affairs of the country, have been considered by Congress, in accordance with the recommendation of the President. The election of Gen. Vivanca, the unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency, as representative in Congress, has been pronounced invalid, on account of his not holding the rights of citizenship. The change of ministry was received with satisfaction in all the departments, except Arequipa, which continued in a state of disturbance. The Governor's proclamation, requiring that all arms should be surrendered to the government, was the occasion of a fresh outbreak. Arequipa was thrown into a state of siege: the streets were filled with barricades: trenches were constructed at all the avenues to the city: and every obstacle opposed to the entrance of the troops which were encamped in the vicinity. Gen. Vivanca, whose party have caused these disturbances, is in prison at Lima; but whether he is personally implicated is uncertain.

The Government of Bolivia has issued the plan of a new Constitution, proposing among other measures, the preservation of the Roman Catholic religion as the religion of the state, the maintenance of amicable relations with American and European states, the liberty of the press, the independence of the judicial authority, the freedom of opinion on political subjects, and the protection of foreigners in the exercise of commercial pursuits. A National Convention has been convoked for the 16th of July. The number of deputies was to be 53.

An insurrection has taken place in New-Grenada—the two southern provinces, Pasto and Tuquerres, having united in an attempt to overthrow the government, with the aid and encouragement of Ecuador. The President at once dispatched a military force to the scene of the revolt, but at the last advices it had not succeeded in its object, though two or three engagements had taken place. The government has issued proposals for a loan of $400,000 in specie, and unless this is effected soon, recourse must be had to forced contributions to defray the expenses of the war. Congress has abolished slavery, requiring only certain payments to the masters. No disturbance had arisen from the measure.

GREAT BRITAIN.

In the British Parliament important reforms in the Chancery system are still under discussion, and Lord Brougham is as ardent a reformer as he was thirty years ago. The census of Great Britain, taken on the 31st of March last, is a remarkable document. It shows that the small cluster of the British isles contains a larger population than the whole of this republic, exclusive of its slaves. The metropolis numbers upwards of two millions and a quarter, and added to its denizens during the last ten years about as many souls as New-York now reckons within its limits. But a more extraordinary and altogether different result appears in Ireland. It seems that the population of Ireland is at this moment very little more than six millions and a half. It is absolutely less than it was in 1821, and more than two millions short of the number that would have been reached in the natural order of things, but for the extraordinary occurrences of the last ten years. So startling a fact will of course become the subject of the closest inquiries.

The Anti-Papal Bill finally passed the House of Commons, by a large majority, on the 4th of July. It had previously been amended on the motion of Sir F. Thesiger, and in spite of the opposition of the ministers, so as to be much more severe than the Government had designed. These amendments make provisions of the bill extend to all Papal bulls and rescripts, impose a penalty of one hundred pounds upon any who obtain or publish them, and make it the right of any individual to sue for the recovery of the fine. The law is stringent, and in America would be both impolitic and unnecessary. But there is no doubt that the Lords will adopt the bill, and that it will become the law of the land. The state of the Church and its abuses have been presented in the Commons by Mr. Horsman, Sir B. Hall, and Lord Blandford, who brought up various facts, and contended that a bishop need not have better pay than a prime minister, that the funds of the establishment were enough to support an efficient clergy and leave something for national schools, and that the Church does not supply the spiritual wants of the people. Such discussions must finally result in the overthrow of the establishment. Some excitement is caused by an appeal addressed to the Italians by the authorities at Rome asking for aid to Roman Catholic missions in London, in which "this great work is most earnestly recommended to the charity of Italian believers, and to the zeal of the bishops of Italy." Archbishop Minucci, of Florence, has also called on the people of his diocese for aid in constructing an Italian church in London, where "the spiritual wants of the faithful" may be cared for, and announcing *an indulgence of one hundred days* for those who shall contribute for this object.

An attempt has been made to prevent the adulteration of coffee with chicory. It was thought possible to do this by means of a government inspection, but the motion failed. The Exhibition is still prosperous. The gross receipts already amount to a million and a half of dollars.

The number of troops in Ireland has, in conse-

quence of the quiet and improved condition of that country, been reduced from about 26,000 to the present strength of 18,000 men. The decrees of the Thurles synod, condemning the Queen's colleges, as institutions "dangerous to faith and morals," have been sanctioned by the Pope, without any change or qualifications. Some slight alterations have been made in the statutes of the synod, respecting matters of ecclesiastical discipline in the various dioceses; but those which refer to the colleges have been approved without any modification. The *Cork Constitution* says, "There is a great diminution in the number of emigrants proceeding to America. Only four or five vessels are now at the quays preparing to leave. It is with difficulty the requisite number of emigrants can be made up, many preferring to go by Liverpool.

Nearly a hundred Hungarian refugees had arrived at Southampton, from Constantinople. Lord John Russell has intimated that the Government will defray the expense of their passage to New-York, and of their subsistence during the time they may remain in Southampton, waiting arrangements for this purpose. Amongst the refugees is the distinguished Hungarian Lieut. General Loisar Messaros.

Preparations for another *Peace Congress* have been made on a large scale. In one important particular the London Congress will be distinguished above all others; and that is, in the greater breadth of representative character which it will acquire; for associated bodies who have never hitherto manifested a direct interest in the peace question are preparing to send delegates on this occasion.

The official returns of the *shipwrecks of the United Kingdom* during the past year, show that the average is nearly two a day; and the amount, thus far, four vessels only propelled by steam, and six hundred and sixty-eight sailing vessels of every description. The difference in the number of steam and sailing vessels afloat is far from the proportion of disasters. Navigation by steam is thus demonstrated to be much the safest.

The 4th of July was celebrated in London with appropriate honors by the American residents and others. Mr. George Peabody issued cards of invitation to meet the United States Minister and Mrs. Lawrence at a fete which he was to give in the evening, and about seven or eight hundred persons were present, including the American families in London, and a large proportion of the nobility and public persons in England, by whom the idea was received with the greatest satisfaction. The Duke of Wellington, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord Mayor, the Duke of Valencia, the Count and Countess Pulzki, Lord Glenelg, Viscount Canning, Miss Burdett Coutts, the American Ministers to London, St. Petersburg, and Brussels, and a great number of other eminent persons attended, besides Catharine Hayes, Lablache, Gardoni, and Cruvelli, who sang during the evening, and were received with more than usual applause. The affair was one of the grandest of the season.

FRANCE.

In France the chief events of importance are connected with the project for the revision of the Constitution. After a long struggle the subject was given to a committee, at the head of which was De Tocqueville. His report, as presented to the committee on the 4th of July, had not at the last dates received when this sheet goes to press, come before the public in an authentic form; but it is understood that it treats of three principal points. In the first place, M. de Tocqueville enters boldly into the question between the republicans and monarchists. He examines with skill the pretensions of the republic to Divine right put forward in the Commission itself by General Cavaignac, and sustained by him with impassioned energy and an accent of conviction which astonished the members. M. de Tocqueville denies this pretended Divine right, and maintains that of the nation to choose the form of government that may best suit it—a right which is absolute, superior, and indisputable. Secondly, he is said to oppose, by anticipation, any species of amendment which would have the effect of confining the next Constituent Assembly within any limits, or force on it the obligation of revising the constitution for the sole end of ameliorating and consolidating them, and to maintain that the Constituent Assembly should be invested with a general and unlimited mission, in order that it may act in the plenitude of a really constituent power; and thirdly, he is described as expressing hopes that the Assembly will adopt the proposition accepted by the majority of the commission; that a constituent assembly will be chosen; that the constitution will be revised or remodelled; and in such case that all will consider it their duty to conform to it; that if the proposition of revision be not admitted, the constitution of 1848 shall remain as the supreme and sovereign law for all; that the only alternative will be to maintain, until the term of a new period of three years, the provisional form of the actual government—it being of course understood, that, in such case, each person will feel it his duty to conform to the constitution, and to abstain from every act which would be tantamount to its violation. It is added that M. de Tocqueville developes this proposition in such a manner as to oppose *all unconstitutional candidateships;* that is, of the actual President, the Prince de Joinville, and Ledru Rollin. The friends of Louis Napoleon have favored the revision, in the hope that by it they might prolong his term. Several speeches lately made by the president have given a more favorable impression than that which he made at Dijon. One at Poitiers, on the occasion of the opening of a railroad, has given satisfaction to moderate men of all parties, who believe it honest.

A bill to interdict clubs has been again adopted without any attempt at alteration. General Aupick is announced as the new ambassador to Spain. Count Colonna Walewski, an illegitimate son of the Emperor Napoleon, has reached the highest round of the diplomatic ladder by being sent as ambassador to the Court of St James. The *Pays* announces that the question of Abd-el-Kader's captivity is on the point of receiving a satisfactory solution. The committee charged to examine the bill for the ratification of the treaties of La Plata is disposed to propose simply the ratification of those treaties. At Charente, recently, thirty-two adult Roman Catholics of both sexes, in the presence of a numerous congregation, in the Protestant church, publicly abjured the Roman Catholic and embraced the Protestant faith.

A measure introduced by M. de St. Beuve in the National Assembly for a commercial reform,

by modifying the present restrictive tariff, so as to accomplish a gradual approach to free trade, had been rejected by a majority of 428 to 199. M. Thiers on this occasion made a great speech against free trade, which is much criticised by the English press. The London *Times* calls Thiers the evil genius of France.

The most recent commercial letters received from various parts of France represent affairs as somewhat recovering from the gloomy appearance they wore some days since. The manufacturers have received numerous orders for the great fair of Beaucaire, which will be held in July. The Bank of France has announced a dividend of fifty-five francs per share for the first half year of 1851.

ITALY.

On the evening of the 7th of May, the Count Piero Guicciardini, the descendant of the great historian, had met in a private house in Florence six persons whose names are given in a decree, and before the party broke up, Count Guicciardini read and expounded a chapter of the Gospel of St. John. At ten o'clock the house was entered by eight gendarmes; a perquisition began, in the style now customary in Tuscany; the depositions of the party assembled were taken down; and as it was fully proved by such depositions that a chapter of the Bible had been read by Count Guicciardini, the whole of the seven offenders were straightway led to the police delegation of Santa Maria Novella, where their arrest was signed by the delegate, and a little after midnight they were lodged in the Bargello, or public prison. For ten days Count Guicciardini and his companions were kept in confinement and subjected to repeated examinations, and finally the sentence of forced residence in different parts of the Tuscan Maremme, was passed on each of the accused. This illustration of the liberality of the Roman Catholic Church—though in perfect keeping with its perpetual policy—has produced a profound sensation. It might have escaped without much observation but for the eminence of the parties, and the claims made lately in England, that the Roman Catholic authorities were as tolerant as they asked that others should be to them, in all matters of personal rights.

The French military commandant in Rome has been exercising his authority with great, but probably requisite severity. Two Roman soldiers have been tried by French court martial, and executed for riotous conduct, and seven others have been doomed to the same fate. The Pope also has been threatened with expulsion from the Quirinal Palace, which the above-mentioned authority thought at one time would be essential as a military post. So far, the weak-minded holder of St. Peter's keys has not suffered the mortification of a second forced retreat, although, between his military guardians of France and Austria and his own discontented subjects, his position is scarcely an enviable one. The three young Englishmen arrested at Leghorn yet remain imprisoned; but their real names do not appear.

GERMANY.

The military authorities of Austria give as much offence in Germany as the French in Rome. At Hamburg, several citizens have been killed in a fray with the Austrian soldiers, begun by the insolence of the latter. In Hesse Cassel, the Government has been compelled to grant immunities to the Roman Catholic clergy, scarcely compatible with the institutions of a Protestant country, under the compulsion of Austrian bayonets.

The Gottingen Professors have decided that the Government of Electoral Hesse was not required by the Constitution to procure the assent of the Chambers to the levy of taxes last year; this is the point on which the revolutionary manifestations turned. We have not the Constitution at hand, and cannot apprehend the grounds of this decision, but it is singular that all the magistrates and people of the country, who ought to have known something of their constitution, should have unanimously held a different opinion. The Prussian government have withdrawn the summons for the assembling of the provincial diets, no doubt on account of the universal condemnation excited by it. A decided schism has of late manifested itself in the commercial policy advocated by North and South Germany. Whilst the attempt to procure higher protective duties in the Zollverein has continually been defeated by the liberal principals supported by Prussia. South Germany, on the other hand, has come forward openly with the intention to assert an independent line of action.

SPAIN.

Accounts from Madrid of the 2d July, state that M. Jose Sanchez Ocana, director general of the public treasury, has been appointed under secretary of state of the finance department, in the place of M. Bordia, director general of the customs. M. Rudulfo, inspector of the finances at Madrid, succeeded M. Ocana in the direction of the public treasury. France, by her diplomatic agents at Madrid, strives to influence the Spanish government in regard to a more active repression of the slave trade in its colonies. Mr. Schoelcher adverted to the passage of the recent speech of the Emperor of Brazil, touching the abolition of the traffic, as meant simply to please England—"like all other speeches from thrones, in which the design is to give a sort of satisfaction to the foreign powers with whom friendly relations are desirable. The amendment was rejected by 389 nays to 230 ayes.

RUSSIA.

Letters from Posen allude to an ukase which had appeared, compelling all individuals throughout Russia and Poland to sell to the government, within a specified period, whatever uncoined silver they might have in their possession. An indemnity in paper money was authorized to be given on behalf of the treasury. A body of Belgian weavers and dyers has been engaged to go to St. Petersburg to set up their trade. In Circassia the Russian army has met with a serious defeat; in a battle where it had 25,000 men engaged, it lost 5.000.

AUSTRIA AND TURKEY.

The Emperor has appointed Count Rechburg Internuncio at the court of Constantinople. Accounts from Comorn state that violent shocks of an earthquake were felt there on the 1st. The shocks were accompanied by violent claps of thunder. The clocks in all the church towers struck; scarcely a single house remained uninjured; numerous chimneys fell in, and the furniture and utensils in the rooms were overthrown and broken. Many accidents had occurred, but providentially, not any of a fatal nature are yet known.

Scientific Discoveries and Proceedings of Learned Societies.

The British Association met this year on the second of July, at Ipswich. Among those present we notice the names of Prince Albert, the Prince of Canino, the Duke of Argyle, the Earl of Rosse, the Earl of Enniskillen, the Earl of Sheffield, Lord Monteagle, Lord Londesborough, Lord Stradbroke, Lord Rendlesham, Lord Abercorn, Lord Alfred Paget, Lord Wrottesley, the Bishop of Oxford, Sir Charles Lemon, Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir Charles Lyell, Sir Henry de la Beche, Sir Edward Cust, Sir William Jardine, Sir William Middleton, Sir W. J. Hooker, Sir J. T. Boileau, Professors Airy, Asa Gray, Harvey, Sedgwick, Henslow, Owen, Sylvester, Forbes, Bell, Anstead, Phillips, and Faraday, Dr. Lyon Playfair, Dr. Hooker, and many eminent scientific men.

At a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society in London, a report of the Oriental Translation Committee mentioned the printing of the second volume of the *Travels of Evliya Effendi*, of the fifth volume of *Haji Khalfæ Lexicon*, and of the *Makamat* of Hariri. The Committee had received from Col. Rawlinson the offer of a translation of the valuable and rare geographical work of Yakút, which it accepted, and is about to proceed with the printing of the third and concluding volume of M. Garcin de Tassy's *Histoire de la Littérature Hindoui et Hindoustani*, including a Memoir on Hindústani Songs, with numerous translations. The Report concluded with noticing the presentation of William the Fourth's gold medal to Prof. H. H. Wilson, in acknowledgment of his services to Oriental literature generally, and especially in testimony of the merits of his traslation of the *Vishnu Purana*.

The annual Report of the Council gave some notice of the progress of Babylonian and Assyrian decipherment as carried out by Colonel Rawlinson, and now in the course of communication to the world by the Society. The Babylonian version of the great Behistún inscription was exhibited on the table; and, in allusion to it, the Report contained a concise *résumé* of what had been done from the information of Colonel Rawlinson himself, who is of opinion that the inscriptions read extend over a period of 1,000 years—from B. C. 2000 to 1000; that he has ascertained the religion of the ancient Assyrians and Babylonians to have been strictly Astral or Sabæan; and as he finds among the gods the names of Belus, Ninus and Semiramis, he thinks that the dynasties given by the Greeks were, in fact, lists of mythological names. The geography of Western Asia as it was 4,000 years ago appears to be clearly made out. Col. Rawlinson finds a king of Cadytis, or Jerusalem, named Kanun, a tributary of the king who built the palace of Khursabad, warring with a Pharaoh of Egypt, and defeating his armies on the south frontier of Palestine. The Meshec and Tubal of Scripture were dwelling in North Syria, the Hittites held the centre of the province, and the commercial cities of Tyre and Sidon and Gaza and Acre flourished on the coasts. And so well does Colonel Rawlinson find the geography made out, that he is of opinion he can identify every province and city named in the inscriptions.

The last Bulletin of the Geographical Society of Paris, opens with an appeal to the governments of Europe and America, for the adoption of a Common First Meridian. The author, M. Sedillot, is a high authority in geographical science, and would trace an imaginary line in the midst of the Ocean; designate it by some "systematic term," acceptable to all, and bring, thus, Europe and the new world into a community of views and interests apart from all national prejudices or pretension. The appeal followed by a letter of M. Jomard on the same subject, and another from the traveller Antony D'Abbadie, who prefers Mont Blanc, or Jerusalem—"against which the Christians of America can have no objection." Among the contents of the Bulletin, is a notice of Lieut. Com. MacArthur's report, eighteenth December, 1850, to Professor Bache, which has been translated entire for the *Hydrographical Annals*, a periodical work. Mr. Squier's Observations on the Route of the Proposed Canal across the Isthmus of Nicaragua, are also translated. There is a paper of some compass, on the various projects and undertakings for a communication between the Oceans and a like one on the services rendered to geography by the French and British missionaries. Those of the German and American, who have not been less zealous, will be duly credited and recorded, when materials can be obtained for the purpose.

At the meeting for the 22nd May, of the Royal Society of Literature, in London, a very interesting Greek MS. was exhibited. It is owned by a Mr. Arden, who purchased it of an Arab near Thebes. It is nearly four yards long, divided into pages or columns containing twenty-eight lines, the length of which exceeds six inches, and the breadth two inches; the whole is written in a large and clear hand, with great accuracy, since few corrections or interpolations are visible. Although it is difficult to assign to it the actual age, still there seems to be every reason to conjecture that it is of the commencement of the present era—or indeed, which is by no means improbable, that it was written a century or two before the birth of Christ. The delicacy of the texture of the papyrus will afford a strong presumption in favor of the latter period; for it is well known to Egyptologists that a coarseness and inferiority of papyrus indicate a more recent date. The first portion of the MS. is much broken, and presents many gaps and fragments; the end of it bears the title of an Apology, or Defence of Lycophron. The second, or larger portion of the MS., is much more perfect, as it contains only here and there an hiatus, which will probably be easily restored; at its termination we are informed that it is a Defence of the accusation of Euxenippus against Polyeuctus. The author of these orations will, in all likelihood, prove to be the great Athenian orator Hyperides, whose works have been long lost. Indeed, this appears to be almost certain, since some of the Greek lexicographers mention a speech of Hyperides 'for Lycophron,' and another 'against Polyeuctus concerning the accusation.' But who Lycophron was, and what was the nature of the defence for him, remain to be more

amply detailed. The subject of this second oration, however, appears to be known,—for Polyeuctus, the Athenian orator, was accused, with Demosthenes, of receiving a bribe from Harpalus. Moreover, the fragments of a papyrus MS. procured a few years ago at Egyptian Thebes by Dr. Harris, lately ably edited by Mr. Babington, at Cambridge, and proved to be parts of the oration of Hyperides against Demosthenes, are so exceedingly similar, both in handwriting and the papyrus, to the present MS. belonging to Mr. Arden, that it is not improbable but that they may have been copied by the same Greek scribe and may originally have formed one entire MS. roll of the orations of Hyperides. A careful examination and comparison of these interesting MSS. will, after a time, decide these questions.

At a late sitting of the Paris *Academy of Medicine*, M. Orfila, the celebrated toxicologist, read a paper on *Nicotine*—the poison used in the Bocarme murder. It is the essential principle of tobacco. Virginia tobacco yields the largest proportion of *nicotine:* from twenty pounds, were extracted four hundred *grammes* of the poison; a gramme is equal to 15-444 grains troy. The Maryland leaf affords about a third of that quantity. Nicotine is nearly as powerful and rapid as prussic acid with the animal economy. Five or six drops applied to the tongue of a dog, killed in ten minutes. The progress which medical jurisconsults have made recently, is so great, that poisoning by morphine, strychnine, prussic acid, and other vegetable substances, hitherto regarded as inaccessible to our means of investigation, may now be detected and recognized in the most incontestable manner. M. Orfila, in closing his notice, says: "After these results of judicial medical investigation, the public need be under no apprehension. No doubt intelligent and clever criminals, with a view to thwart the surgeons, will sometimes have recourse to very active poisons little known by the mass, and difficult of detection, but science is on the alert, and soon overcomes all difficulty; penetrating into the utmost depths of our organs, it brings out the proof of the crime, and furnishes one of the greatest pieces of evidence against the guilty."

In the London Royal Institution, May 23, M. Ebelman, of the Sèvres works, near Paris, being present with various specimens of the minerals which he has produced artificially,—Mr. Faraday stated the process and results generally. The process consists in employing a solvent, which shall first dissolve the mineral or its constituents; and shall further, either on its removal or on a diminution of its dissolving powers, permit the mineral to aggregate in a crystaline condition. Such solvents are boracic acid, borax, phosphate of soda, phosphoric acid, &c.:—the one chiefly employed by M. Ebelman is boracic acid. By putting together certain proportions of alumina and magnesia, with a little oxide of crome or other coloring matter, and fused boracic acid into a fit vessel, and inclosing that in another, so that the whole could be exposed to the high heat of a porcelain or other furnace, the materials became dissolved in the boracic acid; and then as the heat was continued the boracic acid evaporated, and the fixed materials were found combined and crystallized, and presenting new specimens of spinel. In this way crystals having the same form, hardness, color, specific gravity, composition, and effect on light as the true ruby, the cymophane, and other mineral bodies were prepared, and were in fact identical with them. Chromates were made, the emerald and corundum crystalized, the peridot formed, and many combinations as yet unknown to mineralogists produced.

At a meeting of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, held on May 31 last, the venerable Alexander von Humboldt made an interesting communication upon some observations of singular *movements of fixed stars*. It seems that at Trieste, January 17, 1851, between 7 and 8 o'clock P. M., before the rising of the moon, when the star Sirius was not far from the horizon, it was seen to perform a remarkable series of eccentric movements. It rose and sank, moved left and right, and sometimes seemed to move in a curved line. The observers were Mr. Keune, a student in the upper class of the gymnasium, and Mr. Thugutt, a saddler, both certified to be reliable persons. The family of the latter also beheld the phenomena. Mr. Keune, with his head leaned immovably against a wall, saw Sirius rise in a right line above the roof of a neighboring house, and immediately again sink out of sight behind it, and then again appear. Its motions were so considerable that for some time the beholders thought it was a lantern suspended by a kite. It also varied in brilliancy, growing alternately brighter and fainter, and now and then being for moments quite invisible, though the sky was perfectly clear. As far as it is known, this phenomenon has been remarked but twice before, once in 1799 from the Peak of Teneriffe by Von Humboldt himself, and again nearly fifty years later, by a well-informed and careful observer, Prince Adalbert, of Prussia.

"In the great Exhibition," the *Athenæum* says, "Daguerreotypes are largely displayed by the French,—as might have been expected, that country being proud of the discovery: but the examples exhibited by the Americans surpass in general beauty of effect any which we have examined from other countries. This has been attributed to a difference in the character of the solar light as modified by atmospheric conditions; we are not, however, disposed to believe that to be the case. We have certain indications that an increased intensity of light is not of any advantage, but rather the contrary, for the production of daguerreotypes; the luminous rays appearing to act as balancing powers against the chemical rays. Now, this being the case, we know of no physical cause by which the superiority can be explained,—and we are quite disposed to be sufficiently honest to admit that the mode of manipulation has more to do with the result than any atmospheric influences. However this may be, the character of the daguerreotypes executed in America is very remarkable. There are a fulness of tone and an artistic modulation of light and shadow which in England we do not obtain. The striking contrasts of white and black are shown decidedly enough in the British examples exhibited in the gallery,—but here there are coldness and hardness of outline. Within the shadow of the eagle and the striped banner we find no lights too white and no shadows too dark: they dissolve as in Nature, one into

the other in the most harmonious and truthful manner,—and the result is, more perfect pictures. The Hyalotypes or glass pictures are of a remarkable character. They are but a modification of the processes of Mr. Talbot and of M. Evrard as applied to glass; but the idea of copying Nature on this material,—and, having obtained a fixed picture of the shadowed image, of magnifying it by means of the magic lantern, and thus producing a truthful representation of the original,—is certainly due to the artist of Philadelphia. Many beautiful views of the Smithsonian Institute, of the Custom-house at Philadelphia, and of churches in several cities in the United States, show the minuteness of the detail which can be obtained by the use of the albuminized glass. Amongst the professed improvements Mr. Beard exhibits some enamelled daguerreotypes, in which the permanence of the picture is secured by a lacquer."

In the Royal Geographical Society, in London, the President, regretting the undignified controversies respecting the rise and course of the Nile which had taken place, unhesitatingly expressed his conviction that no European traveller, from Bruce downwards, had yet seen the source of the true White Nile. Concerning this, we may still exclaim "*Ignotum, plus notus, Nile, per ortum.*"

Experiments with chloroform as a propelling power, in the place of steam, are now making in the port of L'Orient; and there is reason to hope, from the success which has already attended them, that they will result in causing a considerable saving to be effected in cost and in space.

The Geological Society of France will hold its annual meeting this year at Dijon. The Congress will commence on the 14th of September.

Recent Deaths.

General M. Arbuckle, U. S. A., died on the 11th of June, at Fort Smith. He was about 75 years of age, and had been nearly fifty years in the army, and twenty on the Arkansas frontier. At the time of his death, he was commander of the 7th Military Department of the United States Army, and had held that station for several years, and was peculiarly calculated for the office, being thoroughly acquainted with the Indians, and Indian character, he always had their confidence, and by that means, kept up and maintained friendly relations with them on behalf of the United States. The St. Louis *Republican* remarks that, "as a man, Gen. Arbuckle was honest and humane, loved and respected by every person with whom he had intercourse. No one pursued a more straight-forward course in all transactions. He was strictly economical in expenditures for the Government. His whole mind was engrossed with the present expedition of the 5th Infantry to the Brazos, and on the frontier of Texas, and he gave orders and directions for conducting, it as long as he was able to converse."

The Chevalier Paribot de Guymont, who belonged to the family of Lavalette, the illustrious Grand Master of the Order of Malta, of which the chevalier was one of the few surviving knights, has just died in the convent of St. Jean de Catane, in Sicily, to which the directing chapter of that celebrated order had retired. He distinguished himself in the expedition which the last grand master sent against Algiers towards the end of the eighteenth century; and General Bonaparte, when he took possession of Malta, demanded to see M. de Guymont, and received him with marked distinction. He was in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

Sir J. Graham Dalzell, Bart., died on the seventeenth of June in Edinburgh, aged seventy-seven years. He was president of the Society for promoting Useful Arts in Scotland, vice-president of the African institute of Paris, and author of several works on science and history, and of various articles in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

The widow of Thomas Sheridan, died in London on the ninth of June. She was the author of *Carwell*, a very striking story illustrating the inequalities of puniahment in the laws against forgery. In a later novel, *Aims and Ends*, the same feminine and truthful spirit showed itself in lighter scenes of social life, observing keenly, and satirizing kindly. Mrs. Sheridan wrote always with ease, unaffectedness, and good-breeding, her books every where giving evidence of the place she might have taken in society if she had not rather desired to refrain from mingling with it, and keep herself comparatively unknown. After her husband's early death she had devoted herself in retirement to the education of her orphan children; when she re-appeared in society it seemed to be solely for the sake of her daughters, on whose marriages she again withdrew from it; and to none of her writings did she ever attach her name. Into the private sphere where her virtues freely displayed themselves, and her patient yet energetic life was spent, it is not permitted us to enter; but we could not pass without this brief record what we know to have been a life as much marked by earnestness, energy, and self-sacrifice, as by those qualities of wit and genius which are for ever associated with the name of Sheridan. Three daughters survive her, and one son—Lady Dufferin, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Lady Seymour, and Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, the member of Parliament for Shaftesbury.

From Stockholm we hear of the death of Mr. Andre Carlsson, Bishop of Calmar, and author of numerous and important works on philology, theology and jurisprudence. He occupied at one time the chair of Greek language and literature at the University of Lund, and was, say the Swedish papers, in his place in the Diet, a champion of religious liberty and parliamentary reform. He has died at the great age of 94.

Poland has lost a writer of distinction, chiefly on geographical subjects, in the person of Count Stanislaus Plater. He had long been eminent both in society and in literature.

General James Miller died in Temple, New-Hampshire, on the 7th of July, of paralysis, aged 76 years. He was born in Peterboro, N. H., and bred to the profession of the law. In 1810 he entered the Army, and served with distinction throughout the last war with Great Britain. He rose rapidly from the rank of captain to that of major general. He was present at Tippecanoe, under Gen. Harrison, but was prevented by sickness from taking part in the battle. He rendered eminent services in the battles of Chippeway, Bridgewater, and Lundy's Lane, making himself conspicuous by his courageous and intrepid conduct. It was at the last named battle that he is said to have uttered the renowned declaration, "I'll try, sir," when asked if he could storm an important and nearly impregnable position of the enemy. Gen. Miller was subsequently made Governor of the Territory of Arkansas. Afterwards he was collector of the port of Salem, which post he resigned in 1840. He is the "old soldier collector" referred to in the introduction to Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*.

The celebrated Polish General Uminski died at Wiesbaden on the 16th of June. He was one of the most prominent actors in the last Polish Revolution, but for several years had lived in great retirement at Wiesbaden. He was born in the year 1780, in the Grand Duchy of Posen. As early as 1794 he commenced his military career, as a volunteer under Kosciusko. When the Poles were summoned to new efforts for freedom by Dombrowski, in 1806, Uminski was among the first to take up arms. He formed a Polish Guard of Honor for Napoleon, fought at Dantzick, received a wound at Dirschau, where he was taken prisoner and sentenced to death by a Prussian Court Martial. His sentence was not executed, however, as Napoleon threatened reprisals. In the war against Austria he commanded Dombrowski's advanced guard, was made Colonel, and formed the 10th hussar-regiment, which signalized itself at Masnisk, in 1812, and at whose head he was the first to enter Moscow. In the retreat, he saved the life of Poniatowski. At the battle of Leipsic, where he acted as Brigadier General, he was again wounded and taken prisoner. After the dissolution of the national army of Poland, he entered into the Polish-Russian service but soon obtained his discharge, and lived in retirement in Posen, though without intermitting his efforts for the freedom of Poland. In the year 1821 he helped to found a patriotic union, was arrested after accession of Nicholas I., and in the year 1826 sentenced to six years' imprisonment in the fortress of Glogau. Escaping from this in 1831, he went to Warsaw, and took part as a common soldier in the battle of Wawre. The next day he was made General of Division. On the 25th of February he beat Diebitsch at Grodno, and distinguished himself in several other battles. Outlawed and hung in effigy at Kosen, he found an asylum in France. The remainder of his subsequent life he passed in Wiesbaden. Uminski was also known as a writer on military affairs. Those who knew him in the latter years of his exile, are loud in their praises of the sweetness, benevolence, and dignity of his character. He will be remembered for his devotion to Polish liberty, and the people, who in future times shall struggle for the same boon, will gain new encouragement from his glorious example.

Viscount Melville died on the tenth of June. He was in his eightieth year, having been born in 1771. In 1809, he (then the Right Honorable Robert Dundas), was President of the Board of Trade under the Perceval administration. He succeeded his father in 1811, and, in 1812, when Lord Liverpool assumed the reins, he became first Lord of the Admiralty, which office he held during that long administration which ceased in April, 1827, by the death of the Premier. Mr. Canning having been called to power, Lord Melville retired with the majority of his former colleagues, which caused some surprise at the time, as he was favorable to the claims of the Catholics, which was understood to constitute the bond of the new administration. The Canning administration had a brief career, and that of Lord Goderich, the present Earl of Ripon, which attempted to carry on affairs after the death of Canning, was still more brief. On the Duke of Wellington becoming Prime Minister, early in 1822, Lord Melville resumed his former office, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and continued until the breaking up of the Tory Administration, and the advent of the Reform Ministry of Earl Grey, in November, 1830. He then ended his official career, but for several years attended occasionally in the House of Lords, but he chiefly resided at the family seat

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Mr. Dyce Sombre died in London, July 1. His history is very generally known. He was understood to be the son of a German adventurer in India, of the name of Summer, who espoused the late Begum Oomroo. All manner of wild and scandalous stories are afloat as to the life of this woman and the death of her husband. After her death, Mr. Dyce Sombre came to Europe, and first made himself remarkable, in Italy, by the extraordinary black marble monument which he caused to be executed and sent to India in memory of his benefactress. His arrival in England, with a reputation of almost fabulous wealth, attracted much notice. He became one of the fêted lions of the season, and ultimately married, in 1840, Mary Anne, daughter of the Earl St. Vincent. A separation soon took place, and the legal proceedings consequent on this ill-starred marriage, followed by those adopted for the purpose of establishing Mr. Dyce Sombre's lunacy—were long matters of public talk and universal notoriety. His attempt to enter public life was seconded by the "worthy and enlightened" electors of Sudbury, who sent him to Parliament, from whence he was speedily ejected on petition—the borough being soon afterwards disfranchised. For the last few years Mr. Sombre has resided on the Continent, to escape the effects of the decision of the Court of Chancery in his case—a decision against which he had come over to petition when he was seized with his fatal illness. In consequence of his death in a state of lunacy, his money in the funds, railway shares, and other property, of the annual value of £11,000, will become divisible between Captain Troup and General Soldoli, the husbands of his two sisters, who are next of kin. An additional sum, producing £4,000 a year, will also fall to their families on the death of Mrs. Dyce Sombre.

Bishop Medano, of Buenos Ayres, died in the second week of April. He was 83 years old.

The Earl of Shaftesbury, one of the most notable of the members of the House of Lords, died at his country residence in Dorsetshire, on the 2d of June, aged eighty-four years. Though neither an orator nor a statesman, he was one of the most remarkable personages of the age in which he lived. His position as a public servant was quite peculiar; and his character, though it could not be called eccentric, had little in common with the world around him. Cropley Ashley Cooper, was the second son of the fourth Lord Shaftesbury. That Lord Shaftesbury who became Chancellor in the reign of Charles II. was the first peer in the Cooper family, and under the title of Lord Ashley was a member of the Cabinet well known by the name of "the Cabal." To him we are indebted for the Habeas Corpus Act, at least for being its chief promoter; and he is likewise entitled to the gratitude of posterity for having introduced a measure to render the Judges independent of the crown. The third Earl—grandson of the first—was the celebrated author of the *Characteristics*. The fourth was his son; the fifth and sixth Earls were his grandsons; the former of these dying without male issue in 1811, the earldom devolved on the deceased, who was born in London on the 21st of December, 1768. From Winchester, where he was contemporaneous with Sidney Smith and Archbishop Howley, he in due course went to Christchurch, where he passed his time as most young men of rank do at college, and graduated with quite as much credit as was then usually attained by the son of an Earl; after which he made those excursions on the continent of Europe that our ancestors were accustomed to call "the grand tour;" and all these operations he brought to a close before he had completed his twenty-second year. His next step was to get into Parliament, and a seat in the House of Commons was obtained for him in the usual way by family influence, Dorchester having had the advantage of calling him its member from the thirtieth of January, 1790, for a period exceeding twenty-one years. This was pretty good experience in the more active branch of the Legislature, though the body that elected him was of that small and quiet order of constituencies that do not greatly overburden their members with the labors of representation. Mr. Cropley Ashley Cooper had, therefore, had a long apprenticeship to political life, when, by the death of his elder brother, on the fourteenth of May, 1811, he succeeded to the peerage as sixth Earl of Shaftesbury.

The Earl was nearly forty years of age when, upon the death of Fox, the Tories recovered their long possession of office, and among their good deeds may be reckoned their appointment of Lord Shaftesbury, then Mr. Cooper, to the office of Clerk of the Ordnance. To the duties of his department he applied himself with marvellous zeal, and it was always his own opinion that he there first acquired those habits of industry and method which rendered him one of the most efficient members of the Upper House. When, on the death of his elder brother, he reached the dignity of the peerage, he thought it necessary to resign the clerkship of the Ordnance, though his private fortune was scarcely sufficient for a man encumbered with an earldom and a large family. He took his seat as a peer in June, 1811, and it was not until November, 1814, that he became permanently the Chairman of Committees; the duties of which place were well done for nearly forty years by "old" Lord Shaftesbury, who was never old when business pressed. Strong common sense, knowledge of the statute law, and above all, uncompromising impartiality, made him an autocrat in his department. When once he heard a case, and deliberately pronounced judgment, submission almost invariably followed. A man of the largest experience as a Parliamentary agent has been heard to say that he remembered only one case in which the House reversed a decision of Lord Shaftesbury; and on that occasion it became necessary to prevail on the Duke of Wellington to speak in order to overcome the "old Earl." It would not be easy to cite many instances of men who have taken an active part in the business of a deliberative assembly after the age of 75; but the labors of Lord Shaftesbury were continued beyond that of fourscore. To all outward seeming he was nearly as efficient at one period of his life as at another. By the time he had reached the age of fifty,—which was about half-way through the fifteen years that Lord Liverpool's Ministry held the government,—Lord Shaftesbury's knowledge of his duties as chairman to the Lords was complete, and then he appeared to settle down in life with the air, the habits, the modes of thought and action, natural to old age. Although there are few men now alive whose experience would enable them to contrast his performance of official duties with the manner in which they were discharged by his predecessor, yet, even in the absence of any thing like *data*, there seems to be a general impression that the House of Lords never could have had a more efficient chairman. He was certainly a man of undignified presence, of indistinct and hurried speech, of hasty and brusque manner, the last person whom a superficial observer would think of placing in the chair of the greatest senate that the world has ever seen; yet it cannot be said that their lordships were ever wrong in their repeated elections of Lord Shaftesbury; for in the formal business of committees he rarely allowed them to make a mistake, while he was prompt as well as safe in devising the most convenient mode of carrying any principle into practical effect. He was no theorist; there was nothing of the speculative philosopher in the constitution of his mind; and he therefore readily gained credit for being what he really was, an excellent man of business. It is well known that the Lords, sitting in committee, are less prone to run riot than the other House; still it required no small ability to keep them always in the right path, as was the happy practice of Lord Shaftesbury. In dealing with minute distinctions and mere verbal emendations a deliberative assembly occasionally loses its way, and members sometimes ask, "What is it we are about?" This was a question which Lord Shaftesbury usually answered with great promptitude and perspicuity, rarely failing to put the question before their Lordships in an unmistakable form. Another valuable quality of Lord Shaftesbury as a chairman consisted in his impatience of prosy, unprofitable talk, of which, doubtless, there is comparatively little in the Upper House; but even that little he labored to make less by occasionally reviving attention to the exact points at issue, and sometimes, by an excusable manœuvre, shut-

ting out opportunity for useless discussion. When he sat on the woolsack as speaker, in the absence of the Lord Chancellor, he deported himself after the manner of Chancellors; but when he got into his proper element at the table of the house, nothing could be more rapid than his evolutions; no hesitation, no dubiety, nor would he allow any one else to pause or doubt. Often has he been heard to say, in no very gentle tones, "Give me in that clause *now*;"—"That's enough;"—"It will do very well as it is;"—"If you have anything further to propose, move at once;"—"Get through the bill now, and bring up that on the third reading." He always made their Lordships feel that, come what might, it was their duty to "get through the bill;" and so expeditious was the old Earl, that he would get out of the chair, bring up his report, and move the House into another committee in the short time that sufficed for the Chancellor to transfer himself from the woolsack to the Treasury bench and back again.

Mr. Thomas Wright Hill, eminent in England for some of the most important improvements that have been made in the means of education during this century, died on the 9th of June, at the age of eighty-eight. Hazelwood School, near Birmingham, established by Mr. Hill, was the most successful, as it was the first large experiment as to the practicability of governing boys by other principles than that of terror, of extending the range of scholastic acquirements beyond a superficial knowledge of the learned languages, and of making the acquisition of sound knowledge not only a duty but a delight. The views of Mr. Hill were set forth in *Plans for the Government and Liberal Instruction of Boys in large numbers, drawn from Experience*, first published in 1823; and a very elaborate paper in the *Edinburgh Review* of Jan – 1825, brought the system into general notice.

The *London Builder* contains a brief notice of Melchior Boisserée, brother to Sulpize Boisserée, whose death is much regretted throughout Germany. It was so far back as the year 1804, that three young men, citizens of Cologne, conceived the idea of collecting and resuscitating the mediæval art-relics of the Rhine-lands. But what was, probably, but contemplated as a provincial undertaking, soon attracted the eyes of Europe, and became a great fact of modern art-history. When, about 1808, Sulpize Boisserée determined to devote himself entirely to the work on the Cologne Cathedral, Melchior and his brother Bertram continued the research and collection of ancient paintings. But already in 1810, the old pictures had outgrown the scanty spaces appropriable to them at Cologne. They were transferred first to Heidelberg, and in 1819 the three brothers migrated with them to Stuttgardt, where the king afforded room to this unique gathering of mediæval art. It was Melchior who chiefly attended to the restoration of the pictures, and enriched the collection during his travels in the Netherlands, in 1812 and 1813. Having found some of the pictures of Hemling and Memling, it was he who first attracted notice to these excellent, hitherto hardly known artists. In 1827 the collection was sold to Ludwig of Bavaria, and as the Pinakotheka (where they were to be placed) was not ready, the pictures were conveyed to Schleissheim. In this retirement, Melchior Boisserée devoted his whole attention to the art of glass painting, which at that time was nigh considered as lost. If now such great things are accomplished at Munich in this department of Art, it was Melchior (conjointly with his brother Bertram) who paved the way by this collection of old specimens, seen with astonishment by travellers from the whole of Europe. When Bertram had died (about 1880), Melchior joined his brother Sulpize at Bonn, where Melchior, in the prosecution of his favored Art-studies, concluded his life in serene quiet and contentment.

In the death of Christian Tieck, German sculpture has lost one of its most illustrious ornaments, a man of rare intelligence, of long experience, and of profound artistic cultivation. He was born in Berlin, on the 14th of August, 1776, and early destined for a sculptor. The poetic genius and rare qualities of his brother Lewis Tieck, the poet, his elder by three years, and the graceful artistic and literary accomplishments of a sister, afterward the Baroness Knooring, inspired the young sculptor with the warmest interest in the then young and hopeful German literature and art. This taste he never lost. Perhaps no artist, so distinguished as an artist, was ever so devoted to various study, to the last moment of his life.

In 1797, he went to Paris as Royal Pensioner, and although a sculptor, entered David's studio, and in the year 1800 took the prize for sculpture. In 1801 he returned to Berlin, and his distinguished talent was acknowledged. Goethe immediately summoned him to Weimar, and employed him in the adorning of the Ducal palace, and in the moulding of a series of busts. Of this latter, an idealized head of Goethe and of the philologist Frederic August Wolf, are the best. The young Tieck continued in the closest correspondence with his brother, who was then pursuing his poetical studies at Jena and Dresden, and they went with Rumohr to Italy, in the year 1805, and there by his beautiful busts, won the friendship of William Von Humboldt, a man of the most delicate and accurate artistic taste, as well as of the noblest character and intellectual ability. Madame de Staël invited Tieck to execute sculptures at Coppet, for the Neckar family, and in 1809 the Prince Royal of Bavaria, Louis, selected Tieck to mould the busts for the projected Walhalla. He did them, and in 1812 passed into Switzerland. He lived in Zurich, where Rauch was then engaged upon his noble work, the reclining statue of Queen Louisa, now at Charlottenburg, and a warm friendship was formed between the sculptors. In 1819 he returned to Berlin, was elected into the Senate of the Academy, and appointed Professor by the Grand Duke of Weimar. He then quietly devoted himself to his art, and Berlin is beautiful with Tieck's sculptures. Named in 1830 director of the Gallery of Sculpture, he did not relax his artistic activity, and after a long illness he died gently in the spring of this year, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

His elder brother Lewis, the most deservedly famous of the living illustrations of German literature, the only worthy translator of Shakspeare, the most genial friend, the most single-hearted of poets, whom the King honors and who loved Novalis—now seventy-eight years old, awaits in continued and patiently endured illness the gentle guiding of death to his best friend and brother.

Ladies' Summer Fashions.

THE strong and superb stuffs of winter are quite superseded by ball dresses, at the various watering places. The *élégantes* seek *toilettes* which, without being rich, are remarkable for lightness and tasteful patterns. We commend a white mousseline dress, with three flounces, simply hemmed; a long sash of ribbon of colored taffeta; natural flowers in the hair and on the front of the dress; a dress of colored taffeta, white or straw ground, or blue or pink ground; these stuffs are striped, or running and small patterns, or great branches with detached bouquets. Barèges are also much worn, with white ground sprinkled with little rose-buds; silk barège, with wreaths of flowers, are newer. The shape of the bodies of evening dresses has not undergone much change. *Berthes* are still worn, forming a point in front, only varying in the disposition of the ornaments, interspersed with small ribbons or lace and mousseline. Natural flowers will be worn for headdresses and bouquets. Walking dresses are much in vogue of barèges and mousseline, the body skirted, open in front, and lower down than in winter. We must mention a new dress, named *Albanaise*, made of barège. It is of several shades, but the most *recherché* are *gris poussière*, or dust gray. Five dull silk stripes begin from the bottom of the dress; then an intervening space and four other stripes; another space and, to finish, three more stripes ending right in the belt, always diminishing in size. We have also seen a jaconet dress, embroidered *à l'Anglaise* as an apron to the waist; the body embroidered at the edge flat, as well as in the skirts and sleeves; and three knots of blue taffeta fastened the bodice. For the country, dresses of Chinese nankeen and Persian jaconet are worn; and to protect from the sun, a kind of hood, of similar stuff. There are a great many black lace *schales*, embroidered muslins, printed barège, square or long, with cashmere patterns.

The scarf *mantelet* is also much in fashion, and is the article which permits of the most frequent

change; a point scarcely perceptible in the middle of the back makes it still more graceful. It is made in all shades, but the most *comme-il-faut* are black; it is more suitable, and sets off the freshness of the dress. It is trimmed with lace, fringe, or net, covered with small velvet dots. We have seen some quite covered with common embroidery; others embroidered with arabesques intermingled with braid and silk, and black jet.

For the seaside there are also worn many *mantelets*, which remind us of the winter by their shape; but the materials are somewhat lighter, chiefly of thin summer cloth, or felt of gray shades.

The *Promenade Dress*, on the preceding page, is of a rich plain chocolate-colored silk, made perfectly simple. Pardessus of a damson-colored brocaded silk, the lower part of which, as well as the large sleeves, being decorated with a magnificent double fringe, the under and deepest being of black, and the upper composed of long silk tassels, put at equal distances. Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with pink silk, cut the width of a broad ribbon, and pinked at the edge; the interior having a fulling of the pink silk encircling the face, with brides to match.

Coarse straw *chapeaux*, though principally intended for the country, are employed, though not much, for morning *neglige*, in town, and will be very much in request for the watering-places; they are of the *capote* form, in open-work, and lined with taffeta, of one of the colors of the ribbon that trims them. The ribbon is always plaided, and the most fashionable has a great variety of colors; the knots are large, and formed of several *coques*, divided in the middle by a torsade of ribbons; some are decorated with ribbons only, but small flowers and foliage may be employed to trim the interior of the brim. Fancy *chapeaux* are composed of bands of *paille dentelle*, alternating with rose-colored taffeta *biais*, &c. Rice straw is also employed a good deal for fancy *chapeaux* that are formed of more than one material.

The following figures are copied from Parisian fashion plates for 1811. The shortness of the frocks should certainly satisfy the most extreme innovators of the present time.

LADIES' FASHIONS IN PARIS FORTY YEARS AGO.